THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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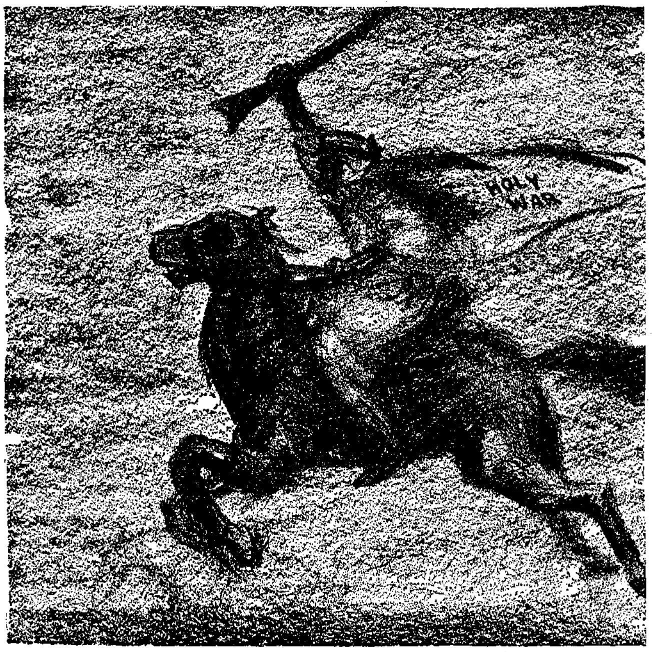
THE UNHOLY FLARE-UP IN THE HOLY LAND

THE MURDEROUS SPIRIT that flamed up in the tragic anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem, and spread like wildfire throughout Palestine, wiping out hundreds of lives, may be forced under cover, we are warned, but not extinguished, by the prompt repressive measures of British forces on land and in the air. "This is a serious national revolution, the reverberations of which soon may be heard in every corner of Moslem Arabia," declares Haj Amin el Husaini, Grand Mufti and President of the Supreme Moslem Council of Jerusalem, in a statement given to an English newspaper correspondent. Moreover, says this high Moslem authority, "in this rebellion we have the sympathy, and, if need be, should have the support, of not only Moslem Arabs of Syria, Egypt, and North Africa, but of the whole of Arabia, with its sixty million people." "Ultimate peace in Palestine and Arabia will never be made," adds this ruler, "while Great Britain continues to pursue the policy of the Balfour Declaration." This is the declaration that pledges the best endeavors of the British Government to aid in the establishment of the Jewish national home in Palestine, and at the same time states that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." In announcing the appointment of a commission to investigate the causes of the Jerusalem outbreak, the British Colonial Office now makes it clear that the policy of the Balfour Declaration is not to be abandoned.



BEYOND THE JORDAN LIES INDIA
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Between Jewish hope and Arab hate, the rôle of Great Britain as policeman in Palestine is not a happy one, especially as the specter of a general Moslem revolt against British power in the Near and Middle East looms darkly behind these local disturbances. Will the Prophet's green flag, observers ask, be unfurled to arouse Islam to a holy war? Already, a dispatch from Bombay tells us, "distorted reports of the Palestine happenings have been spread throughout the Moslem population of India, with the purpose of creating a wave of anti-British feeling."

The population of Palestine is said to be about 87 per cent. Arab. Of the 150,000 Jews now in that country, about 2,000, according to figures given out by our State Department, are Americans. Let us glance first at the situation as seen through Arab eyes. "Zionism is responsible for the outbreaks," seems to be the burden of the Arab argument. According to the Grand Mufti at Jerusalem, whom we have already quoted, "the troubles were fundamentally engendered by the Zionist policy, which after ten years of experience has failed socially, economically, and politically." In a United Press dispatch he says further:

> "The Government, aided by responsible Arabs, will restore order, but permanent settlement of the long-standing political dispute and its attendant increasing excitement seems impossible, unless a democratic government is established and the Zionist policy changed.
>
> "After these troubles, Arabs will resume their political activities to end the conflict by peaceful means."

An Arab statement issued in Jerusalem accuses the Palestine Government of arming the Jews, and criticizes the British Zionist policy for "aiming to annihilate the Arab nation in its own country in favor of reviving a non-existent nation." In the case of Hebron, where forty-five Jews, including twelve Americans, were massacred on August 25, the Arabs express regret, but blamed the Governor of Hebron for not interfering after the first murder, which occurred on the eve of the massacre. They explained that "the mob interpreted his attitude as encouragement of lawlessness." Jerusalem Arabs, an Associated Press dispatch tells us, demand "an impartial inquiry by outsiders whose sense of justice is not curbed by Zionist influence," the abrogation of the Balfour Declaration, suspension of Jewish immigration, and establishment of a parliamentary government. Arab spokesmen, we learn from another Jerusalem dispatch, also charge that Jewish mobs killed Arab women and children, and that British troops shot Arabs in their beds. In New York, three Arab organizations met to protest against the "unfair reports" of the clash in Jerusalem. Reporting their meeting, the New York *Herald Tribune says:*

> "The Wailing Wall incident, the Arabian sympathizers here contend, was only the spark that lighted the tinder of ill feeling that has been brewing since the British mandate was set up and the Zionist colonizations begun.
>
> "The Arabs, it was pointed out, resent the Jewish colonization

as an invasion of their territory by foreigners. As evidence that religious prejudice is not the motive of the present outbreak, the Arabian sympathizers pointed yesterday to the amity that existed when the only Jews in Palestine were limited to those who had been there for generations under Turkish rule."

Dr. Abdullah Surawardy, representative of the Bengal Moslems, is quoted as follows in a dispatch to the New York *World:*

"Recalling the tolerant treatment of the Jews in Palestine under Moslem rule for centuries, I was trying to find some explanation of this outburst of anti-Jewish feeling among the Moslem Arabs. To my mind it appears that the root of the whole trouble is an attempt to bolster up into a State a non-military minority community and to make them a dominant ruling caste over a militant majority with the help of the bayonets of a third party installed there by the League of Nations.

International Newsreel photograph

WHERE AMERICANS TOOK REFUGE

A scene in Haifa, on the coast of Palestine. Many American families fled to this town when the Arabs pillaged Safed. Haifa itself was previously the scene of Arab riots, during which a British railroad official was stoned to death.

"The western wall of the Mosque of Omar, known as the Wailing Wall, is one of the most sacred shrines in Islam. The intensity of Moslem feeling can be gaged by the fact that the fabulous price offered by the Jews for the sacred spot was summarily rejected by the impoverished Moslems as unthinkable.

"Any attempt at sale or barter or absorption of this sacred place will be strongly resented by the Moslems of the world. I am afraid that any hasty action on the part of the Mandatory State is bound to have a violent reaction on Moslem opinion in India, Egypt, and elsewhere in Moslem countries.

"Moslems all over the world are watching with anxious eyes the action of the Labor Government, wondering whether it will be able to show the same spirit of statesmanship and justice in dealing with Palestine that it has shown in the case of Egypt."

Jerusalem dispatches of September 4 told of proclamations circulated among the Arabs heralding a "fighters' holy war," and calling upon them to "exterminate all Jews and to destroy all Jewish houses." On the same date fighting was reported between British and Arab forces between Beersheba and Gaza. Official figures for the first two weeks of the Palestine upheaval reveal the following casualties: Killed—Moslems, 870; Christians, 4; Jews, 119. Seriously wounded—Moslems, 121; Christians, 11; Jews, 175.

Turning to Jewish comment on the Jerusalem outbreak, we find the blame placed on the political ambitions of the Grand Mufti by Rabbi A. J. Kook, President of the Rabbinical Court of Appeals at Jerusalem and Chief Rabbi of Palestine. In a dispatch to the New York *World*, Rabbi Kook is quoted as saying:

"The basic cause for the well-organized and long-prepared attack against the Jews of practically all Palestine can be found in the desire of the Grand Mufti to regain his political influence over the Moslems, which he lost when it appeared to the majority of Mohammedans that the Mufti had compromised with the Government and the Jews in the matter of concessions on the Wailing Wall.

"The Grand Mufti is the real head of the Mohammedan religion in Palestine, altho his political status is that of Chief Judge of the Mohammedans in the larger cities and towns. He expounds Mohammedan law and has vast power over his subjects. When he heeded the advice of the British Government that an open conflict with the Jews would in its reaction bring him more trouble than success, he agreed to a sort of compromise.

"Under this agreement the Government granted him consecutive concessions on the Wailing Wall. His compromises, however, somewhat shattered the confidence of the Mohammedans in him, but at the same time created the impression on both sides—that is, with Jews as well as Moslems—of a deliberate anti-Jewish pro-Mufti policy on the part of the Government.

"The Wailing Wall question increased steadily in seriousness until it became of first-grade political importance. Every Palestinian Jew defended vehemently the Jewish rights on the most holy wall, knowing that Jewish defeat would mean the leadership of Arab Nationalists in every future political issue in Palestine. Exactly the same sentiment animated the Arabs.

"Between the seventeenth and the twenty-third of August, numerous incidents occurred which step by step widened the breach of compromise that existed for a short while. The Arabs attacked Jewish synagogs, Jewish holy places, Jewish holy books and private individuals without being punished immediately by the Government.

"Then the Arab agitators succeeded in convincing ignorant Arab villagers that the Government had decided on a policy of non-interference with the Arab plans for exterminating the Jews. On Friday, the 23d, a few thousand villagers came to Jerusalem.

"The protection offered by the police force to the Jews was insufficient, especially as they were ordered not to fire. Consequently the Arabs succeeded in stabbing, murdering, and plundering practically undisturbed, and the Jews suffered heavy losses in life.

"At 3 in the afternoon the Jews organized their self-defense. Combined with a selected police force, they managed to protect the Jewish quarters in Jerusalem.

"A few hours later wild rumors were circulated that the Jews had dropt bombs over Jerusalem on a Moslem procession, and had massacred a large group of the Moslem population. This report infuriated the Arabs anew.

"The next day, sixty Jews, men, women, and children, were barbarously murdered in the small community of Hebron. The Jews had warned the Government two days before of the impending attack, but the police and the Government both overlooked the solemn responsibility of keeping peace and order.

"I, Chief Rabbi of Palestine, call to every American citizen of the United States and to all the people of the civilized world and to every friend of justice to help us in our desperate struggle."

In a later statement, the Chief Rabbi announces that "despite the latest events, I am still hopeful the ancient tradition of Arab-Jewish friendship, based on their kinship and racial ties, and in the belief in one God, will prevail." And a similar note of conciliation is sounded by Felix M. Warburg, banker and chairman of the new Jewish Agency for Palestine, just returned from the conference of World Zionists in Zurich. As quoted in the New York *Times*, Mr. Warburg said in part:

"Protest we must against such carelessness, horrified we must be by the cruel, unnecessary death of innocent teachers and students who had no other desire but that of improving their minds. Help we must those bereaved families whose property was wantonly destroyed for nobody's benefit.

"I am quite sure that the better part of the Mohammedan population deeply regrets this uprising.

"We mourn for the suffering of the innocent and pity the misguided, and we have only one resolution—to bring about as speedily as possible better understanding between the three groups in Palestine."

The editor of *The American Hebrew* blames both Arab and Zionist agitators for the Jerusalem trouble. He says in part:

"The Arabs of the cities and towns are normally peaceful in their relationship with the Jews. They know that the millions spent by the Jews on the economic rehabilitation of Palestine have benefited them and the whole population.

"The Arab attackers of the Jews are the hillmen of the villages and the Bedouins of the desert, who may be at any time aroused to frenzied religious fury by unscrupulous Moslem agitators.

"The arrest and punishment of a few of these agitators to indicate to the Arab population that Great Britain means to maintain peace, and to protect the whole Palestinian citizenry, will effect normalcy more speedily than the maintenance of a large armed force in the country.

"And what we say of the Arab malefactors we apply also to the Jewish agitators in Palestine. The arrogance of the so-called Zionist Revolutionists is doubtless a causative factor behind the unhappy Moslem outbreaks against the Jews.

"The bravado with which they claim Jewish Palestine against the Arabs, the aggressive zeal with which they demand an exclusive Jewish nationhood in Palestine, the inflammatory political harangues with which they demonstrate their foolhardy assertiveness are in no little measure to blame for the ill-will and recurrent clashes between Moslem and Jew in the Holy Land."

Another interesting analysis of the situation is supplied by Marion Weinstein, one of the editors of *The Day*, a Yiddish daily published in New York, who has made a first-hand study of the Palestine problem during the last decade. Says this writer in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The Arabs have never become reconciled to the Balfour declaration. No Briton or Jew has so far succeeded in convincing them that the Zionist enterprise has brought, does or will bring substantial benefit to their people. To this day the Arabs quote 'Mr. Wilson's theory of self-determination,' referring to our War President's original political concept, as their brother Arabs do in Egypt, in Syria, in Mesopotamia.

"They insist that they were promised 'freedom' by Great Britain in return for their services to the Allied cause during the war. Even Colonel Lawrence, who was responsible for enlisting their aid, lends considerable weight to the claim. Hence Arab-Jewish relations have always been more or less at a tension since Palestine's political fate was settled.

"Only the unseeing or uninformed can call the present outbreak 'mob violence.' It has far-reaching roots in the smoldering situation between the Jewish settlement and the Arab majority. It has a directing hand and head that can be traced to the educated, unreconciled Moslem notables, who form an oligarchy in the ancient land where the masses are unbelievably poor, illiterate, and helpless. This is no clash of two religions, but of two nationalisms. The Wailing Wall scandal and the outrages throughout Palestine are a smoke-screen behind which burn Arab resentment against Zionist enterprise and British support of the Jewish homeland project.

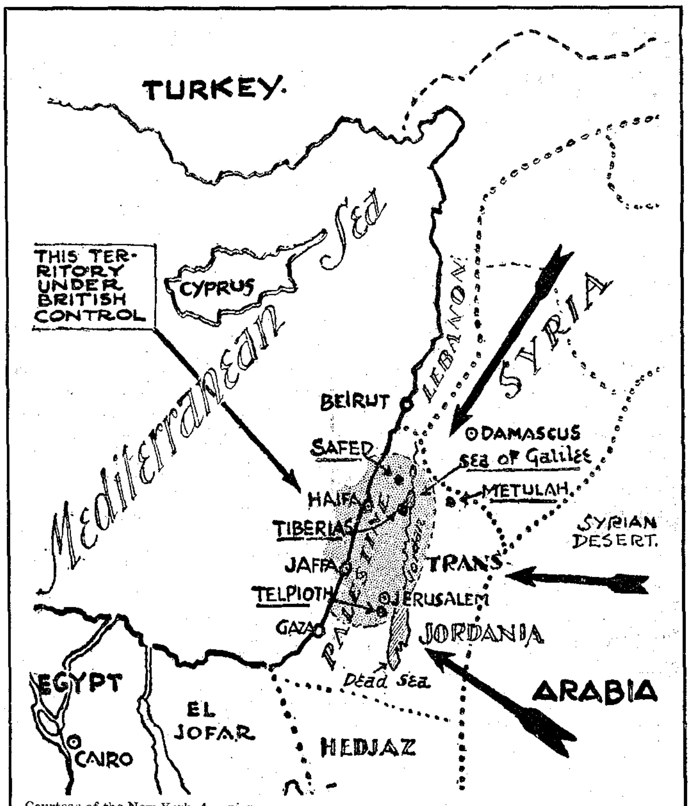
"Jewish protests, American and even world opinion matter only to Great Britain. The Moslem Arabs in Palestine—the Christian Arabs have not joined them in the latest outrage—can be reached only by British might or Zionist negotiation. The Jews' historic claim to their ancient homeland, recognized by every civilized nation in the world, falls on deaf ears, no matter how often it is reiterated to these Arabs. They must either be convinced that such a homeland would serve their interests handsomely, too, or be kept in awe of military power girded for defense.

"World Jewry unquestionably favors peace through negotiation. Such a process requires infinite patience and tact.

"It is easy for bystanders to criticize Great Britain and the Zionists, particularly their world leader, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, to whom Jewry owes the historic Balfour Declaration. Upon them rests the grave responsibility of proceeding cautiously along a tight-rope path. Their course is unique in history. They know its pitfalls only too well. Patience, silence, spade work is their counsel to well wishers of the new Palestine, a program they will find all the more difficult to put into practise, however wise it may be, now that the specters of Jewish martyrs rise between the Arabs and the Jews in the Promised Land."

Glancing at the difficulty of Great Britain's task in keeping the peace between "the growing and aggressive Jewish minority and the intolerant Arab majority," the Chicago *Tribune* remarks:

"The British are pledged to the protection of the Jews, and they have an imperial concern in keeping the Arabs in hand. They do not wish wild tribesmen sniping at traffic in the Suez Canal, and even threatening Port Said and Aden. On the other hand, they do not wish to inflame their millions of Moslem subjects in Africa, India, and Malaysia. To keep a safe balance amid these many irrepressible conflicts is one of the hardest and most important tasks of imperial policy, but British statesmanship, rich as it is in experience, is more competent to accomplish it than any other."



Courtesy of the New York *American*

WHERE THE ARAB REVOLT CENTERS

The arrows indicate the directions from which three Bedouin forces are reported marching on the Holy Land.

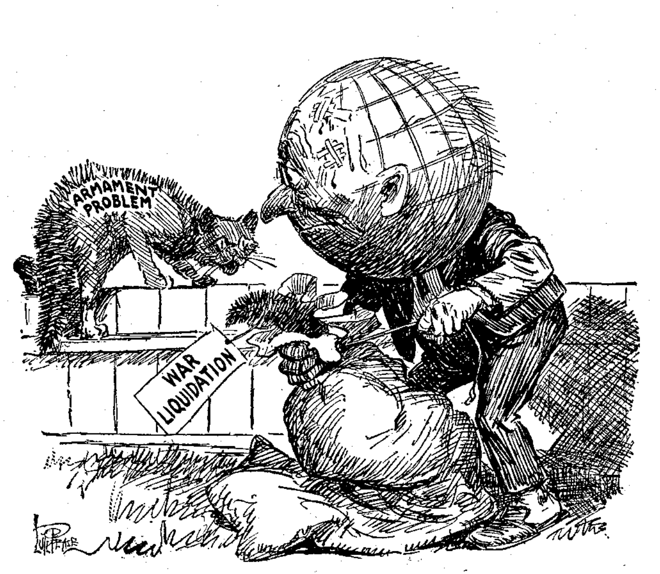
Still other reasons why Britain is interested in the solution of this Jewish-Arabian problem are listed by the Chicago *Daily News:*

"Palestine is displacing Egypt as the spinal-cord of the British Empire. With the completion of enterprises now under way there, it will become as vital a British interest as Egypt has been in the past, and for the same reason. Communication with India, Australia, and New Zealand must be kept up. For decades the safeguarding of the route to the East has been a cardinal feature of British foreign policy.

"Ever since the World War the British Government has been developing Palestine as a station on this route. The harbor at Haifa is being deepened and enlarged, and in time is likely to become the most valuable port in the eastern Mediterranean. It is generally agreed that the pipe-line for Mosul oil will terminate at Haifa, and with it the railroad to Mesopotamia. The imperial airways already have an important post in Palestine. Much of the commerce now using the Suez Canal in another decade may move by rail and airplane through Palestine."

GAINS FROM THE HAGUE SETTLEMENT

WHO THE VICTOR WAS in the Hague Conference "is of no consequence," says the Los Angeles *Evening Express*—"the important thing is that nobody was defeated; there was glory enough for all in the final compromise on the Young plan of reparations settlements, by which economic intelligence is applied to solution of the most vexing of post-war problems." Simultaneously across the continent the New York *Times* says that disputes over what country won are made futile by the event—"all countries won." There has been "too much *réclame* about England and Mr. Snowden." If we are soberly to ask who won the biggest triumph at The Hague, continues *The Times*, "the answer must be, not any individual, but a great conception. The Young plan emerges as the true victor. Behind the Young plan stands its animating principle, now triumphant. It is the spirit of friendship and of peace between nations. It was peace which won the greatest of the victories at The Hague, and extorted submission and praise even from the wrath of man." According to the Philadelphia *Record*, if the Hague settlement is to be regarded as a victory at all, it is a victorious return toward "normalcy" in Europe:



ONE IN THE BAG

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

"We should say it is a victory for what psychologists call THE WILL-TO-LIVE.

"Europe simply will not let reparations submerge it.

"More specifically, the conference, blocked momentarily by Snowden's abrupt Oliver Twist demand for 'more,' emerges with gains for all parties, thus:

"Germany gains welcome assurance of a free Rhineland.

"England gains a better status in the distribution of reparations funds.

"France and Italy gain acceptance of the Young plan.

"Europe as a whole gains renewal of confidence as the clouds of hatred and envy are dissipated by the breeze of compromise.

"It is unnecessary to go into ecstasies of idealism in commenting on this happy emergence from the pit of disagreement, but a calm satisfaction with the result is permissible—for another step, and a long one, has been taken in the return to normalcy."

Besides such examples of the range of American press commendation our editors are given to high-spotting features like Mr. Snowden's "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," Stresemann's refusal to accept a creditor-nations' agreement until he got a definite promise of Allied evacuation of the Rhineland, and Briand's conclusion that what was bought by concessions was "worth the price." Agreement was not reached, observes the Mobile *Register*, without a yielding of points by all concerned; "the redoubtable Snowden himself finally acquiescing in a proposal which granted 80 per cent. of his original demands."

The Hague Conference brought together the diplomatic heads of six countries—Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Japan—to pass upon the plan for continuing reparations payments formulated by financial experts in Paris last June, credited to an American, Owen D. Young, and proposed as a substitute for the Dawes plan, to become effective September 1. Its provisions for liquidating war obligations contained no reference to the question of continuing occupation or evacuation of the Rhineland. The political agreement finally secured at The Hague accepts the basic principles of the Young plan, changes the percentages of reparations payments from Germany to be divided among the creditor nations, and provides for complete evacuation of the Rhineland by British, French, and Belgian troops before July 1, 1930. The Hague agreement is, of course, subject to ratification by the respective governments concerned when their parliaments meet, but their eventual approval is generally assumed, the Young scale of reduced annuities becomes effective, recall of Rhineland troops begins, and other readjustments are in process at the hands of subcommissions for report later. It is expected that the Conference will reassemble, following the current Assembly of the League of Nations, to pass upon the controversial location, scope and mechanism of the International Bank, for instance, proposed as a part of the original Young plan, and other technical details. That the political accords already achieved by the Hague conferees constitute a turning-point away from European war policies embodied in the Versailles Treaty, our press emphasizes above all else.

In brief, the Hague agreement, as the New York *World* summarizes it, accomplishes three great ends:

"It terminates the occupation of the Rhineland, an occupation which has been without real excuse since Locarno and the entrance of Germany into the League. It lightens the reparations burden to be paid by Germany, and makes it definite instead of indefinite. It frees Germany's finances from the humiliating foreign control necessary under the Dawes plan (tho it furnishes a machinery of payment), and makes Germany's debt rather an obligation of honor than a debt secured by specific mortgages on property."

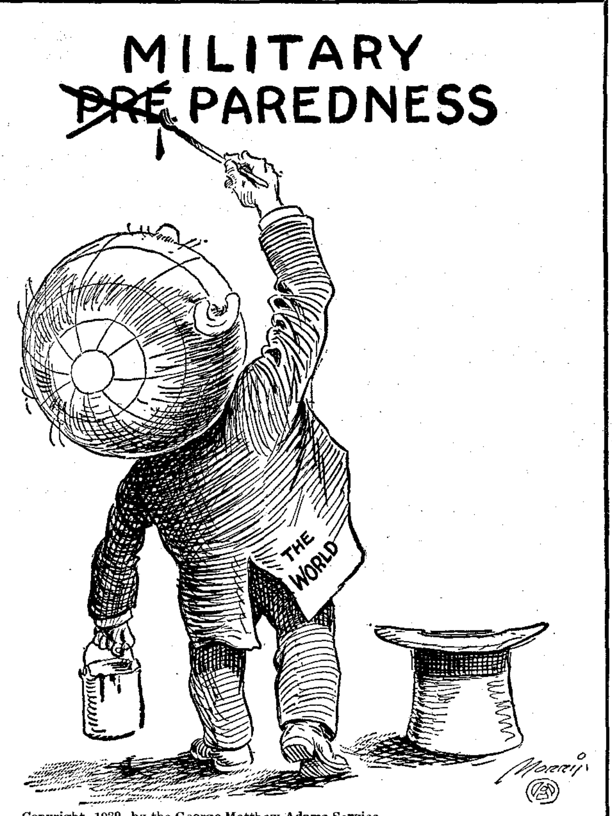
Among interesting details of the compromises made to obtain agreement, correspondents tell us that the Allies will jointly take troops out of the Rhineland four years earlier than under the Versailles Treaty. Instead of setting up a continuing Commission of Control, alleged treaty violations may go to arbitrators under the Locarno pact, or to the League of Nations. Costs of occupation after September 1 will be prorated, half to Germany, 35 per cent. to France; 12 per cent. to England, and 3 per cent. to Belgium. Germany gives up her claims upon some $72,000,000, the overlapping difference between the Dawes plan account and the Young plan of payments, and France, Italy, Belgium and Japan finally concede about 80 per cent. of the increase demanded to bring Great Britain's share into line with the percentages fixt at the Spa conference of 1921. Germany's total war obligations are fixt at $9,000,000,000 present value. Compared to the Dawes payments of about $600,000,000 annually, Young plan payments begin on a sliding scale for the first year at about $400,000,000 and never rise to the Dawes level. Another comparison is that Germany gains an annual reduction of $108,000,000 in reparations payments of the first thirty-seven years.

Mr. Snowden remade the Young plan in important particulars, according to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, for:

"Britain gets more than 80 per cent. of the additional annuities demanded. Moreover, about $23,000,000 of the British annuities will be in the unconditional payments—which France previously had almost monopolized. Again, Britain wins concessions regarding reparations deliveries in kind; allied with this is the agreement of Italy, which receives German coal as reparations, to have the Italian State railways buy a million tons of British coal a year for three years; by this agreement Mr. Snowden obtains work for 4,000 idle British miners."

MACDONALD THE HOPEFUL

IT WAS IN HIS "BEST PRESBYTERIAN MANNER" that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of England made that eloquent speech before the League of Nations Assembly, and like *Hopeful* in the dungeon of Doubting Castle, overwhelmed, at least for the moment, all those pessimistic about the outcome of the British-American disarmament negotiations, which have been going on for three months. In fact, the British Prime Minister so bubbled over with hope that the next day the Washington correspondents were reporting that he was altogether too optimistic to suit the Hoover Administration, and Secretary of State Stimson felt compelled to issue this cautious middle-ground statement: "In the opinion of those of us who have been working on it on this side, we have been making hopeful progress, but we feel that it will require still a considerable period of hard work on details before an agreement on parity is arrived at." But the Brooklyn *Eagle* is inclined to attribute Mr. Stimson's caution to his feeling that "the Prime Minister's enthusiastic optimism must be braked lest it stir up too many animosities in the Senate of the United States." To many of our editors the MacDonald hopefulness appeals, and they do not believe that he would speak without solid justification. Others are too conscious of the breakers ahead to predict clear sailing for the Hoover-MacDonald-Stimson-Dawes negotiations for an arms limitation agreement on a basis of parity, or substantial equality between the two navies.



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HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

The discussion of the British-American plans in Mr. MacDonald's notable address began with the remark that disarmament is an essential part of the peace program, that "one of the greatest risks of war is that some of us—all of us—are still too heavily armed." The best preliminary to a successful international agreement on limiting arms is an agreement on naval armaments between Great Britain and the United States, according to Mr. MacDonald, who continued:

> "The problem of armaments is not a problem between the United States and ourselves. The British Government declines absolutely to build up against the United States.
>
> "But what we want is to get an agreement which, having been made, can be a preliminary to the calling of a five-power naval conference, the other Powers being as free to put in their proposals, and we being as free to negotiate with them as tho no conversations had taken place between America and ourselves.
>
> "Our conversations have not yet been ended, but the agreement has gone very far. I do not quite know what form it will take, but I think we might produce a document that would have something like twenty points of agreement in it.
>
> "It will be a very great pleasure to you—to the League of Nations—to know that if I say it runs to twenty points, there are only about three of the twenty outstanding."

The three points unagreed on, so Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune* understands, are these:

> "1. Great Britain's total cruiser tonnage.
> "2. The United States total cruiser tonnage.
> "3. The divergence in the cruiser types each requires."

Our naval authorities according to Elliott Thurston of the New York *World*, have been holding out for building all the fifteen authorized cruisers in order to attain partial parity with Great Britain. And it is interesting to note that Chairman Hale, of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, openly declares in a statement that all these fifteen cruisers will be built. Still another Washington correspondent, however, Richard V. Oulahan of the New York *Times*, insists that, in spite of all the talk, President Hoover is still going ahead with the idea of not building more than ten or twelve of the fifteen cruisers; in other words to provide "for armament reduction and not mere limitation." Continues this correspondent:

> "It seems to be certain that the outcome of the current exchanges will be the establishment of principles which will enable the British to have a heavier actual cruiser tonnage and a larger number of cruisers than the United States, parity being found in the fact that the cruisers of the United States will be much superior in fighting strength than the larger number of British cruisers, many of them of a size suitable chiefly for policing the seas."

The MacDonald address "is one calculated to strengthen the hope of the world that President Hoover and the MacDonald Government will find some reasonable basis upon which to arrive at naval parity," thinks the Los Angeles *Times*, and similar statements appear in the Omaha *World-Herald*, Kansas City *Star*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Baltimore *Sun*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, and New York *Herald Tribune*. "If that assurance from the most exalted place in the British Government, uttered in a forum that had the whole political universe for an audience, does not banish the prospect of a senseless Anglo-American naval-building race to the limbo of the impossible, then the pledges of responsible statesmen have ceased to be anything but mealy-mouthed flamboyancies," contends the Washington *Star*. And the New York *Telegram* is convinced that agreement is at hand, "otherwise MacDonald, who is a master in handling public opinion, would hardly dare risk the disastrous public reaction to a disagreement following such officially inspired hopes."

On the other side comes the reminder from the New York *Evening Post* that Mr. MacDonald's three unsettled points may be the most important in the treaty. The Washington *Post* points out that the Prime Minister is far from final success; he must formulate "a program which meets the United States halfway and is acceptable to the Opposition in Parliament and to the British Admiralty." And he must secure the concurrence of France, Italy, and Japan, "for the reason that the attitude of the first two Powers mentioned vitally concerns British naval policy." The British Empire, reflects the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "still clings to its demands for supremacy in the waters of Europe, at least; yet the Italo-French rivalry seriously menaces it so far as the high-road to the Indian possessions goes —the Mediterranean Sea." As this paper concludes:

> "Plainly the naval millennium is not yet here. The spirit is willing but, as usual, the body is wofully inert."

LEAGUE PAVING OUR WAY TO WORLD COURT

HOW FAR UNITED STATES ENTRANCE into the World Court—where Charles E. Hughes already sits as one of the internationally elected Justices—has been advanced by League of Nations members accepting Mr. Root's formula for our adherence with reservation that without our consent no "advisory opinion" will be given on "any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest," is the query raised by the latest "friendly gesture" made at Geneva. The Council of the League placed the formula on the agenda of the conference of Court members present at the League's Assembly, who promptly and unanimously approved it after being informed that Secretary of State Stimson would sign the instrument and submit it to the Senate for ratification. Eventual acceptance by all of the fifty-two League Assembly members is required and considered probable by Geneva correspondents. League member nations "have gone a far way to win American cooperation," concludes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which adds: "It is now up to President Hoover and the Senate." Mindful of the Senate's record vote of 76 to 17, in 1926, adopting a resolution providing for adherence to the Court with five reservations, Washington correspondents have considered that final ratification of the covering Root formula would hardly be denied the Hoover Administration when it came to that issue. The New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent now reports Washington opinion that the Administration is likely to side-track the World Court issue for more immediate pressure on the Senate in behalf of naval disarmament policies. Naturally numerous papers, like the New York *World*, maintaining that the Root formula is "simple, practical, and fair," urge that acceptance by League nations "should be followed by our prompt adherence to a Court which owes more to American ideas than to those of any other nation. By this adherence we shall at once take a long step toward the practical implementing of the Kellogg pact, which we have so proudly sponsored." On the other hand, the Washington *Post* is among the papers which as promptly repudiates this League "entanglement," declaring that—

> "When the Old World has reached the stage of peace and liberty that has been reached by the New World, it will be time to think of joining hands in a world system of jurisprudence that will be binding upon all nations. The simple fact is that the Old World is incompetent to manage its own affairs. It is involved in hereditary hates and schemes for revenge. Some of its statesmen are doing their best to prevent new wars, but the chances are against them, because other men in power are plotting war. The United States would be a fool, indeed, to subject itself and its trusteeship in this hemisphere to the judgment of European Leagues and Courts."

To understand the situation, recall that the League convoked a conference of signatories during the Assembly sessions at Geneva this month to consider the revision of the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice, proposed by the body of international jurists last March. Mr. Elihu Root and Sir Cecil Hurst of Great Britain also collaborated in what is popularly called the Root formula for United States adherence, which accepts the five reservations made by the Senate. This protocol, offered as a substitute for the original of 1926, to which the Senate objected, provides a method of getting around the chief objection of the fifth reservation concerning "advisory opinions" by the Court. As the Springfield *Union* explains:

> "Fundamentally, the formula provides for an exchange of views between the United States and the League Council on subjects in which we claim an interest. The United States had demanded power of the veto on a request for advisory opinions from the Court as a condition precedent to our adhering.
>
> "The Root formula attempts to overcome this obstacle by providing that when a nation requests the League to ask the Court for an advisory opinion, the United States should first be asked for a discussion, and we would agree to express our views. Hence, before an advisory opinion should be given by the Court, the United States would have opportunity to state whether or not the matter affected our interests. If it were found to do so, either we could consent to an advisory opinion, or, in case we objected and the Council refused to defer to us, which is unlikely, we could withdraw from the World Court 'without any imputation of unfriendliness.' If the Assembly accepts Mr. Root's formula, which it is expected to do, it must then be accepted by the United States Senate."

Other nations adhering to the Court originally made reservations as they saw fit, and the announcement at Geneva that England and Canada have just adhered to the optional clause of the statutes providing for compulsory arbitration of all so-called justiciable disputes involved in legal interpretations of treaty obligations, attracts public attention. The Root formula does not commit us to that jurisdiction, but Mr. James in his cable dispatch to the New York *Times* points out that Great Britain's change of attitude may affect the campaign for ratification of the Root plan, altho before the war we advocated the compulsory principle at successive Hague conferences.

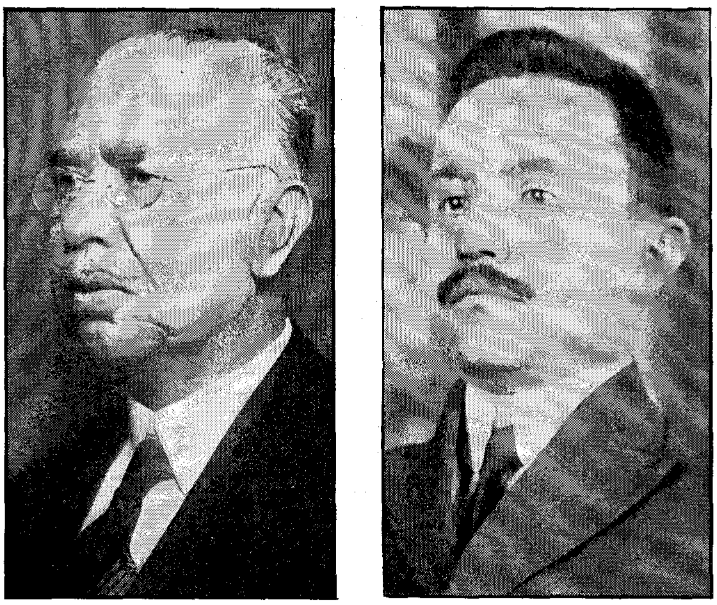
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Where is the most costly theater in the world? (p. 24).
2. What is precipitating the greatest conservation conflict since the days of Theodore Roosevelt? (p. 14).
3. Who is Britain's Hague hero? (p. 19).
4. What country produces the most nitrates? (p. 83).
5. What American church has a fortune of fifteen millions, founded on whales and flotsam? (p. 29).
6. Where is there a railroad built on ice? (p. 54).
7. What eleven States are looking President Hoover's "gift-horse" in the mouth? (p. 15).
8. What does the average American factory worker earn per week? (p. 80).
9. Are there more telephones or automobiles in use in the U. S.? (p. 80).
10. Of what American President is there a legend that the ghost of his funeral train sometimes passes over the route from Washington to his home? (p. 58).
11. What policy of President Hoover is said to "open a new epoch for the West"? (p. 15).
12. What city is the capital of the Chinese Nationalist Government? (p. 21).
13. What are the courts doing to save the home? (p. 29).
14. Is "the good life" of to-day a human or divine product? (p. 27).
15. Who are the two civilian candidates for the Mexican Presidency? (p. 13).
16. What is the former name of the Chinese city Peiping? (p. 21).
17. Are our novelists "playing hob with holy things"? (p. 28).
18. Where are passing vehicles counted day and night? (p. 37).
19. Who was the lone woman on board the first dirigible to circle the globe? (p. 40).
20. What Presidential candidate charges admission to his campaign speeches? (p. 13).
21. Who is called the "George Washington of the Chinese Republic"? (p. 21).
22. How wide is the Grand Canyon, Arizona? (p. 37).
23. What air commander deliberately chased a typhoon to get the benefit of its "pulling" winds? (p. 47).
24. What famous European has been called the "Admiral on Horseback"? (p. 62).
25. How would paper conservation benefit the race? (p. 38).

NEW-STYLE PRESIDENT-MAKING IN MEXICO

TWO SPEECH-MAKING CANDIDATES for President of the Republic of Mexico, to be elected in November, both civilians without close friends among generals of the regular army, impress our correspondents and editors as striking impersonators of democratic progress since the days of rival military dictators. Pascual Ortiz Rubio, nominee of the Government party, is an engineer; José Vasconcelos, nominee of the Opposition, is a scholar and educator. The successful candidate will fill the remainder of the six-year term of the assassinated President-elect General Obregon, from February 5, 1930, to November 30, 1934. Provisional President Portes Gil, elected by Congress after Obregon's death, who is serving out two years of the term up to next February, definitely does not choose to run for reelection, and proclaims to Congress and the Mexican people that the November election is to be wholly "free" for peacefully registering the popular will. Correspondents tell that Rubio was at one time a member of Obregon's first Cabinet, and has an excellent personal and professional reputation, but has been out of the country so much during stirring revolutionary times that he is not widely known—a campaign description, we note, curiously reminding us of certain publicity during our own Hoover campaign. His nomination was prest by Perez Trevino, Governor of Coahuila, whose entertainment of Ambassador Morrow before the Government party convention met is recalled as a contact of significance. Vasconcelos is said to have wide popularity as a speaker and advocate of "Mexico for the Mexicans," as against commercial and industrial aggression from the United States. According to a Washington dispatch to the New York *World:*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STUMPING MEXICO FOR PRESIDENT

Pascual Ortiz Rubio (at the reader's left), the Government party candidate is, like Mr. Hoover, an engineer. José Vasconcelos, opposition candidate, is a scholarly spellbinder, who charges admission to his campaign speeches.

"Rubio has been more or less prominent in Mexican affairs since the time of Madero. Under Carranza he held several important positions, and he was Minister of Communications under Obregon. He also served as Mexican Ambassador to Brazil and as Minister to Germany. Whatever he may lack in popularity, through his absence from the country for considerable periods while in the foreign service, is more than made up for by the fact that he has the backing of the dominant political party.

"Vasconcelos, on the other hand, has no party to speak of, but he is known throughout Mexico and in fact Latin-America as the man who has been foremost in the new educational movement in Mexico. He was formerly Minister of Education, and it is believed that if he had been less neutral in the revolution that upset De La Huerta's plans, already might have occupied the President's palace, and surely would have been one of the strongest men in the country to-day."

Among the interesting sidelights on these two Mexican aspirants for President, the following come from Cedric Worth in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Rubio is the candidate of the Government party, the Partido Nacional Revolucionario, a party organized by Calles, which held its first national convention in March, at Queretaro, the town where Maximilian was executed. It is composed of many elements inimical to each other, but they hold together so long as Calles is able to speak through the men he placed in power when he left the Presidential chair. Rubio comes from the southern State of Michoacan, and accepting the nomination proclaimed the policies of Calles as his own, but being an engineer he leans more to economic development.

"Vasconcelos is from Oaxaca, also a southern State. How he has escaped military rank in difficult to understand, for he has had a hand in most of the revolutions since that of Madero, and he has often been actively on the side of men regarded here as bandits.

"Like Woodrow Wilson, he combines an ability to act in a directing capacity with army men while retaining his essential character of scholar.

"In the first Cabinet of Obregon, where Ortiz Rubio also had for a time a seat, Vasconcelos was Minister of Education. He had the same post in the nebulous Cabinet of Francisco Villa, organized when that fierce fighter held Northern Mexico, but could never take the capital.

"The candidacy of Vasconcelos is in the name of the anti-Reelecionistas, a party founded by Miguel Alessio Robles, to oppose the election of Obregon, advanced by Calles. Two successive leaders, Generals Serrano and Gomez, were shot and, disgusted with the action of military men, Vasconcelos withdrew, so the present alinement is a campaign affair."

The *Evening Post* writer observes, too, that the election machinery is in the hands of the present government, that perhaps three in ten of the estimated 15,000,000 people can read, and "there is no doubt in Mexico as to who will win the election, if there are ballots cast." How the campaigns differ Mr. Worth tells us:

"Ortiz Rubio, having behind him Calles, and therefore President Portes Gil and the Government machinery, has a trifle the advantage in his stumping of the country. The military, acting with their officers, cheer him wherever he appears, and so on. He makes speeches in line with the social programs of Calles; more schools, more roads, more land for the poor, and so on.

"Since Mexico became a country there has probably been no man so popular with what are usually called the masses as Vasconcelos. He pays his personal campaign expenses by charging admission—sometimes a peso and a half—to the theaters and halls in which he speaks. His addresses appeal to the spirit of nationalism, as before stated, but they are simple in address and learned."

United States press comments on Mexican prospects contain numerous "ifs"; typically the Brooklyn *Times* says:

"More important than the attitude of either of these men toward this country, however, is the fact that neither of them is a military man or has military backing. There is as yet no tendency to substitute bullets for ballots as a method of electing the next President. If a free and open election is held, and the victorious candidate duly assumes the Presidential post, Mexico will have won an important victory for constitutional government. It will offer additional evidence that the country is really beyond the revolutionary era."

Photographs by courtesy of the New York *Times*

AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT A GOVERNMENT RECLAMATION PROJECT CAN DO FOR THE WEST

Before irrigation ditches had watered the land.

After the same land at Yakima, Washington, had been irrigated

THE ROW OVER MR. HOOVER'S "GIFT HORSE"

A CONSERVATION BATTLE at Washington such as has not been seen since the days of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot is in the offing, say political correspondents at the capital, as a result of President Hoover's tentative plan to turn over to the eleven Western States control of the surface rights of unreserved public lands making up an area roughly equal to that of the thirteen original States. This drastic change in governmental policy raises new issues and revives old ones. It brings a number of Republican Senators into sharp disagreement with the President; and the States involved, so far as their attitude may be learned from newspaper comment, seem to be divided on the question of accepting this "gift horse" from the White House, since the Government would retain control over oil, coal, and other mineral deposits. "All or nothing!" seems to be the motto of several of the public-lands States, while others would accept Mr. Hoover's tentative offer, in the hope of getting a larger slice of our natural resources when they have demonstrated their ability to administer the 194,000,000 acres involved in the Hoover plan.

The President, we are told, apparently contemplates transfer of control only as to surface rights, reserving mineral and forest resources, with a degree of supervision over reclamation development. Much of the alarm and criticism over the Hoover plan, says Mark Sullivan in one of his Washington dispatches, "is based on misconception of what the move means. The phrase 'public lands' is not understood in the East, where frequently it is supposed to include national parks and the like." Moreover—

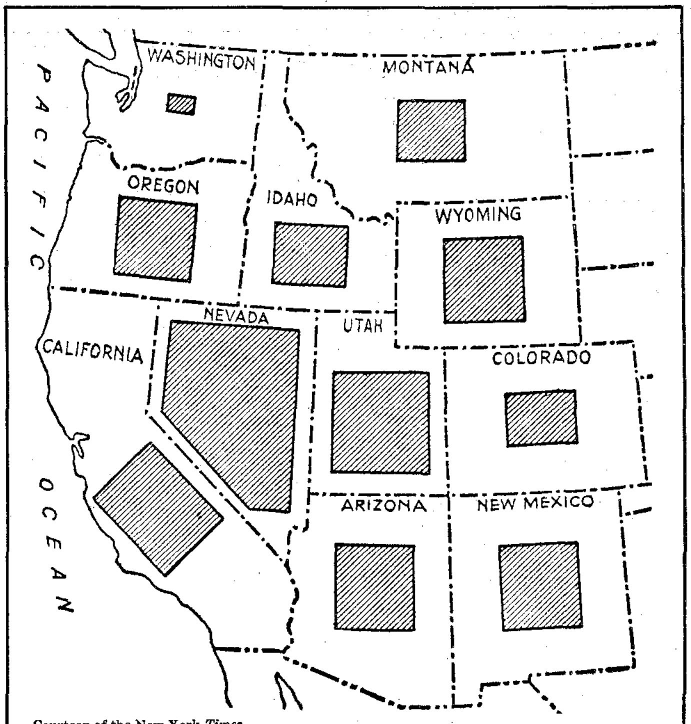
> "There is no intention of alienating any part of any national parks, or any national forest, or any Indian reservation. The intention is quite the contrary. Before the remaining public lands are transferred to the States, they would be minutely surveyed, and any forests on them would be withheld. All the mineral lands, and especially the oil lands owned by the Government, will be held and administered in a spirit of strict conservation.
>
> "The lands that would be turned over to the States, under the present proposal, are almost wholly lands adapted to grazing or farming. The principle is that such lands can be better administered by local State governments close to the scene and familiar with the conditions. One type of land involved in the proposal consists of reclamation and irrigation projects. Such projects involve intimate and continuing contact by the Government with settlers who pay for water rights. It is considered that future reclamation projects can be administered by State governments better than by the distant capital at Washington.
>
> "Carrying out of Mr. Hoover's proposal would release to Western States large sources of taxation. At present, in some of them, a third or even a half of the territory is unavailable for taxation because held by the Federal Government."

President Hoover, it will be recalled, made his proposal by letter, in a more or less tentative way, to the Salt Lake City conference of Governors of public-lands States on August 26. To further it, he intends to appoint a commission consisting largely of Westerners to recommend to him a definite policy that he can lay before Congress. In a letter which Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon read to the conference, the President said, in part:

> "Western States have long since passed from their swaddling clothes and are to-day more competent to manage much of these affairs than is the Federal Government.
>
> "It seems to me that the time has come when we should determine the facts in the present situation, should consider the policies now being pursued and the changes which I might recommend to Congress.
>
> "The most vital question in respect to the remaining free public lands for both the individual States and the nation is the preservation of their most important value—that is, grazing. The remaining free land of the public domain are valuable in the main only for that purpose.
>
> "The first of the tentative suggestions, therefore, is that the surface rights of the remaining unappropriated, unreserved public lands should, subject to certain details for protection of homesteaders and the smaller stockmen, be transferred to the State governments for public-school purposes and thus be placed under State administration. Under such arrangements the States would have entire management of all new reclamation projects, and would themselves deal with the irrigation-land questions and land settlements.
>
> "These suggestions are, of course, tentative, pending investigation of the full facts, but generally I may state that it is my desire to work out more constructive policies for conservation in our grazing lands, our water storage, and our mineral resources; at the same time check the growth of Federal bureaucracy, reduce Federal interference in affairs of essentially local interest, and thereby increase the opportunity of the States to govern themselves, and in all obtain better government."

Right here, however, we come upon a strange phenomenon—a section of the country which can not agree upon what it wants. While the Salt Lake *Telegram* maintains that "no man occupying the Presidency has ever made a pronouncement of such immediate and vital importance concerning the land problems of the West," *The Deseret News*, of the same Utah city, is of the opinion that, "stript of its mineral rights and exclusive of power sites, forests, and other reservations, the remainder of the public domain is largely a worthless husk." "If President Hoover wishes to put local problems under local control, he should transfer the mineral rights as well as the surface rights to the States," thinks Senator Kendrick, of Wyoming. Senator Borah, of Idaho; Senator Smoot, of Utah; and Senator King, also of Utah, likewise oppose the transfer of control of grazing lands, while the Government holds the subsoil rights, says a Universal Service dispatch from Washington. Two Western dailies, the Colorado Springs *Gazette* and the Arizona *Republican*, of Phœnix, even go so far as to question the ability of the States properly to administer these lands. According to the Phœnix paper, "bureaucratic control at Washington, bad as it may have been at times, has at least been attended by conservation, where in many cases there undoubtedly would have been waste under State control." This is also the attitude taken by the Boise *Statesman*.

Governor Dern, of Utah, looking the Government's gift-horse in the mouth, fears that "it may turn out, on closer inspection, to be a white elephant." Without the mineral and other rights, the Albuquerque *Independent* is afraid that the government lands might be a liability, rather than an asset. So far as Montana is concerned, points out the Great Falls *Tribune*, "what remains of the public domain is nothing but skimmed milk—and poor skimmed milk, at that." However, this paper and practically all others in the West favor President Hoover's idea of naming a commission to clarify Western sentiment and place a truthful picture of the land situation before the entire nation.



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

THE ELEVEN "PUBLIC-LANDS" STATES

The shaded areas on the map are said to total in acres an area of unappropriated and unreserved public lands greater than that of *the thirteen original States.*

Still another objection to the President's tentative plan is that each State might develop a different reclamation and conservation policy; that, given a free hand, they might be more concerned in immediate exploitation than in husbanding their natural resources; that endless squabbles might ensue, similar to the Boulder Dam conflict. Moreover, explains *The Montana Standard*, of Butte, "the States will have no funds with which to finance reclamation work if they are denied the revenues from royalties on minerals taken from the public lands, which the Government has used in this work." *The Nevada State Journal* and *The Gazette*, both of Reno; *The Oregon Journal*, of Portland; the San Francisco *Chronicle*; and the Denver *Post* are against the transfer of grazing-lands control. In fact, "the one possible good point about the Hoover gift-horse," as *The Chronicle* sees it, "is the suggestion that eventually he may lead all other public lands into State pastures." "We are trustees to posterity for these lands, and we haven't the moral right to break them up and let them disappear into the maws of the individual States," asserts the New York *Evening Post*. The suggestion of the Boston *Globe* is that we "make haste slowly in formulating a decision."

This, however, is exactly what the President plans to do, explains W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*. A commission of nine members, five of whom will be chosen from the public-lands States shown in the accompanying map, to make a careful study of the problem, is the best solution, thinks this Westerner. And, he adds, Mr. Hoover "probably has a better understanding of the problem than any of his predecessors, and is prepared to favor any well-considered policy that the commission evolves." The Government's forest lands, it is pointed out, are not involved in the Hoover plan, as most of them are embraced within reserves that are fully protected. In the opinion of the Providence *Journal*, "a majority of the public-lands States have reached the stage in their economic and political development where they ought to assume the burden of managing both the used and unused public lands within their borders." There is also general agreement among a number of Eastern dailies that the States shown in the accompanying map, being most familiar with grazing and other problems, might administer them to the best advantage. Of course, points out the New York *World*, speaking of the 194,000,000 acres in question:

> "This is a vast domain, and Federal policy regarding it should not be changed except after careful consideration. It comprises one-fourth the whole area of the eleven public-lands States. It includes one-third the total range area of the country. Several years ago the Interior Department estimated its potential value at $26,000,000,000. But it is recognized that the present policy is in important respects faulty. Successive Secretaries of the Interior have complained that the public lands are overgrazed; that natural grasses have been destroyed and watering-places damaged, and that unrestricted use of the range breeds constant quarrels in which the weaker cattlemen are pushed aside. Mr. Hoover, therefore, addresses himself to a problem which really needs some solution.
>
> "The great difficulty of the problem, now as in the past, lies in reconciling two desirable principles—the principle of conservation and the principle of State autonomy. Both principles are entitled to the utmost respect."

As for the charge that citizens of Western States want these lands for exploitation purposes, that, says the Helena *Independent*, "is absurd. The lands given to the States by the Government in former years have not been exploited, but developed; the income has not been wasted, but saved and invested in schools, universities, and public buildings." Under the Hoover plan, points out the Albuquerque *Journal*, "the reclamation projects which have real merit will receive first consideration by the States, whereas heretofore it has been a matter of Congressional juggling." As the Boise *Capital-News* points out:

> "One of the greatest burdens Western settlers have had to carry is construction cost of dams and canal systems for reclamation projects. In some instances it has been almost unbearable. As a matter of fact, it never was fair.
>
> "The President's proposal to lift this and place it where it belongs—with the Government—should be hailed with genuine enthusiasm by all Western States. By tying this in as part of the Federal flood-control and water-storage program, it is placed exactly where it belongs."

Administration of these lands and reclamation projects, maintains the Los Angeles *Times*, "can best be administered by those most familiar with them." Eventually, believes the Seattle *Times*, they can be made to yield something in taxes to the State governments. The Portland *Oregonian*, for this and other reasons, "welcomes President Hoover's public-lands policy as opening a new epoch for the West."

THE STORY OF THE SUMMER

IN A SUMMER SEASON, when vacations slacken the pace of business, and legislatures, courts, and schools, close their doors, it might almost seem that little happens worth recording. But this is far from the case. The Government at Washington still lives, and the executive departments continue their activities. Rumors of wars either fade out or grow into reports of actual hostilities. The stock market keeps on boiling, and in the fields of sport and transportation, activities are redoubled. So it is distinctly worth our while to help readers who have been vacationing out of contact with news sources, or who have allowed the hot weather to lessen their interest in the events of the passing day, to realize just what significance these past three months have had in the history of the world and of our own country. This will be of particular value to students and teachers returning this month to their serious study of current history. The summer of 1929 was noteworthy for advances in aviation and for real progress toward a warless world. So these two topics deserve first mention.

AVIATION

Man's conquest of the air was marked in the summer of 1929 by conspicuous progress in both heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air flight. The spectacular achievement of the giant German dirigible, *Graf Zeppelin*, commanded by Hugo Eckener, deserves first mention. Back in May, the airship started for Lakehurst, but was forced by an accident to its motors to return to its hangar at Friedrichshafen. After repairs, the *Graf Zeppelin* left its German home port on July 31 with a view of going to Lakehurst, and then starting a journey around the world, eastward, from that point of departure, carrying besides twenty passengers, a stowaway and a crew of forty. She reached Lakehurst on the 4th of August, traveling more than 5,000 miles in 93 hours. The airship left Lakehurst, beginning its round-the-world trip on August 8, and made Friedrichshafen on the tenth. The *Graf Zeppelin* started for Tokyo on August 15, with sixty-one persons aboard, including twenty passengers. On the 19th the great dirigible landed easily at Kasumigaura, Japanese airport near Tokyo, after traveling without stop across Germany, northern Russia, and the entire length of Siberia, a distance of 6,880 miles from Friedrichshafen, in 101 hours and 53 minutes. The *Graf Zeppelin* left Tokyo on August 23, and flew across the Pacific to Los Angeles, 5,500 miles, in 78 hours and 58 minutes, landing on the 26th. Early the next morning, Dr. Eckener started the last lap of his history-making journey, and after flying 3,500 miles across the United States, reached the Lakehurst airport on the morning of the 29th, having flown 51 hours and 51 minutes. The *Graf Zeppelin* flew on its aerial circumnavigation of the globe approximately 20,000 miles, and did it, including stops, in 21 days, 8 hours and 26 minutes, beating by a good margin all previous globe-circling records.

Aside from the deeds of the German dirigible, it was a summer of record-smashing in the air, to say nothing of other interesting aeronautical happenings. Toward the end of May, Charles A. Lindbergh married the daughter of Ambassador Morrow. On June 14, two French aviators in the *Yellow Bird* ended a flight from Maine on a beach near Santander, Spain. On the 27th, the summer's record-breaking began when Frank Hawkes flew from Roosevelt Field, New York, to Los Angeles, in the record non-stop time of 19 hours and 12 minutes, and then turned around two days later to make a record eastward time of 17 hours, 38 minutes and 16 seconds. On July 9, the *Pathfinder*, a plane piloted by Lewis A. Yancey and Roger Q. Williams, on a flight from Maine to Rome, was forced down in Spain by the lack of fuel. By July 8, both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania had established a regular air-rail schedule from New York to Los Angeles, making the trip in about 48 hours.

August was marked by the competition for sustained flight helped by refueling in the air. Back in May, the pilots Kelly and Robbins had set a mark of 172 hours, 31 minutes and 10 seconds. On the 6th of July, Mitchell and Newcomb flew the *City of Cleveland* 174 hours and 59 seconds. Three days later, in California, Mendell and Reinhart flew the *Angeleno* 246 hours, 43 minutes, and 32 seconds. The climax came when Jackson and O'Brine landed their *St. Louis Robin*, on July 30, after flying over St. Louis for 420 hours, 21 minutes, and 30 seconds.

There have been tragedies as well as triumphs this summer in the air, one being reported when two Swiss aviators hopped off from the coast of Portugal, on August 19, and were never heard of again. More records fell when Nick Mamer and Art Walker, on August 20, completed the first round-trip non-stop flight across the country. They started from Spokane in the *Spokane Sun God*, flying to New York and back, refueling without landing, making a record by covering 7,200 lineal miles without a stop. On the same day the first American all-metal dirigible, *Z M C-2*, made a successful trial trip over Detroit.

At the end of August came the air meet in Cleveland. In this connection we may notice the first Women's Cross Country Derby, from Santa Monica, California, to Cleveland. It was won by Mrs. Louise McPhetridge Thaden, who finished first out of the nineteen entrants; one of three who didn't finish was Marvel Crosson, killed in the crash of her plane in Arizona.

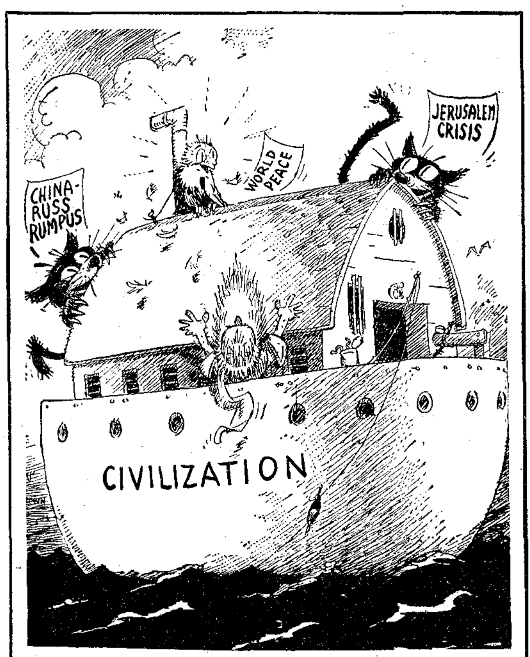
PROGRESS TOWARD A PEACEFUL WORLD

The past summer will go down in history as one of notable accomplishment in paving the way toward the elimination of war, toward world disarmament, and toward the final settlement of the lingering problems left by the World War. At the same time, in sharp contrast with the general peaceward trend, came the dispute between Russia and China over a railroad in Manchuria, bringing the two nations on the verge of war; and at the very end of the summer anti-Jewish riots started by Arabians in Palestine threatened the peace of the Near East.

On June 1, a final and definite settlement of the reparations problem was agreed upon by the so-called experts who had been meeting in Paris ever since February 11. At this conference Americans played a leading, tho absolutely "unofficial," part. They were Messrs. J. P. Morgan, Thomas W. Lamont, and Owen D. Young; the last-named being Chairman and chief conciliator of the conference, and the scheme of settlement being named, after him, the Young plan. The Young plan takes the place of the Dawes plan. It fixes a definite total for German reparations—about $27,000,000,000, in total payments, making the present capital value something like $8,800,000,000. The annuities to be paid by Germany are to be a trifle smaller than those of the now superseded Dawes plan, averaging a trifle less than $500,000,000 for thirty-seven years, then a little over $400,000,000 for twenty-one years, then about half the latter sum for one year. The plan also includes the establishment of an international bank to take care of reparations payments. The plan adopted at Paris then had to be accepted by representatives of Germany and the Allies. This was generally looked on as a mere formality, but when the official delegates met at The Hague, on August 6, the Young plan struck an unexpected snag. At the very outset, Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, insisted that while Britain approved the Young plan in principle, the division of annuities in the plan was unfair to Great Britain. Day after day, French and Belgian diplomats tried in vain to shake the inflexible Snowden. Compromise after compromise was made and rejected. Finally, at a dramatic midnight session, in the wee small hours of the morning of August 28, a settlement was reached whereby Snowden was granted something like 80 per cent. of what he asked for, in larger payments to Britain, and was promptly acclaimed at home as victor. German approval of the change was secured, partly through an agreement that withdrawal of Allied forces of occupation from the Rhineland would be speeded up, so that all troops would be out by next June. German payments on the Young-plan basis began on September 1, altho the plan will not go into effect in its entirety until about the first of November. This arrangement was formally signed on August 30.

Toward the end of July, a group of vital peaceward steps were taken. On the 22d, the United States Government announced the receipt of assurances that China and Russia were willing to settle their dispute peacefully. The next day President Hoover said that he would try to bring about a cut in our Army expenditures. But the 24th was the big day, for it was marked by Prime Minister MacDonald's announcement in the House of Commons that his Government was stopping work on two cruisers as proof of zeal in the disarmament campaign; by President Hoover's promulgation of the effectiveness of the Kellogg anti-war treaties; and by the President's decree that work on three American cruisers, scheduled to begin this fall, would be suspended, "until there has been opportunity for full consideration of their effect upon the final agreement for parity which we hope to reach." From various statements and speeches by representatives of the British and American governments, and dispatches by "inspired" correspondents, it became evident during the summer that the two governments were coming to an agreement on a general policy of reduction of both British and American navies on a basis of equal strength, or "parity"; that a conference would be held to draw up a limitation agreement which would complete the work of President Harding's conference; and that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald would visit this country to discuss the subject face to face with President Hoover at the White House.

But while Europe and America have been so busy clearing up after old wars, and trying to prevent future conflicts, war-clouds have settled over the easternmost and the westernmost edges of Asia. When summer opened, the old rivalry in China between Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Government, and Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian general," threatened to break out into a civil war. But Feng dropt his belligerency and at last the new Chinese Republic seemed to be in a fair way to attain real unity. Then came suddenly, on July 11, the news that China was on the brink of war with Russia, that diplomatic relations with Moscow had been broken off by Nanking. Manchuria, the northeastern province of the old empire, has for years been practically independent under the old Marshal Chang Tso-lin and his son, Chang Hsueh-liang; but of late there were signs of getting together with Nanking. Across Manchuria from east to west runs the Chinese Eastern Railway, a short-cut across a great loop of the Trans-Siberian Railway. This railroad has long been a source of controversy, and was once a symbol of Russian penetration of Manchuria. It has been jointly operated by Chinese and Russians, in accordance with a 1924 treaty. On July 11, the Chinese-Manchurian Government took over the road, ousted Russian officials, and justified the act by complaints that the Russians had been engaged in active Communistic propaganda in violation of the treaty. After some days both governments assured the Western Powers that as signatories of the Kellogg pact, they would keep the peace. They started to negotiate with each other, but these negotiations were later broken off. Both Moscow and Nanking deluged the world with accusations of each other. Frontier skirmishes were reported as large hostile armies were mobilized on either side of the Manchurian border. So far, however, there has been no serious war, but the issues remain unsettled, and huge armies face each other in hostile array.



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Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

THERE WOULD BE TWO

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

No less suddenly came the news of the trouble in the Near East. This began with minor physical encounters between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem, particularly near the famous Wailing Wall, where for centuries Jews have gathered to worship under this remnant of their old temple. The religious clash between Jew and Moslem is perhaps less significant than the political difficulty, based on the fact that the British during the Great War encouraged Arabian aspirations for independence, and at the same time promised the Jews a homeland in Palestine. Serious rioting began on August 16, and grew worse and worse as armed Arabs attacked Jews throughout the city, then in its suburbs, and then in Zionist Jewish colonies throughout Palestine. On August 28, it was estimated that 152 people (96 of them Jews) had been killed, and 426 (151 Jews) wounded. As the month ended, British forces were suppressing the troubles in the Holy City, while the news dispatches told of uprisings by Arabian tribesmen in the desert lands south and east of Palestine. As September opened there was danger of general rising of the Moslem peoples of Syria and Arabia against Western domination.

OTHER EVENTS ABROAD AND AT HOME

Of course, not all the news from foreign lands is concerned with rumors of wars and tales of terror. During the summer there have been several important peaceful political changes of government. On May 31, the British elections gave the Labor party a plurality, tho not a majority, in the House of Commons. On June 4, Ramsay MacDonald succeeded Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister of Great Britain, and proceeded to form a Labor party administration. On July 2, Yuko Hamaguchi succeeded Baron Tanaka as Prime Minister of Japan. At the very moment of his success in forcing the ratification by an unwilling Parliament of the Mellon-Berenger war-debt settlement with the United States, Raymond Poincaré was forced by severe illness to resign the French Premiership, on July 25. He was at once succeeded by Aristide Briand.

It will be remembered that President Hoover entered into office promising to appoint a commission to try to find a remedy for increasing lawlessness and crime in this country, including conditions brought about by the Eighteenth Amendment. On May 20, a commission of eleven was appointed, headed by former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham. On June 6, the House of Representatives passed the bill providing for the 1930 census-taking and for reapportionment of House membership in accordance with the census, and the Senate accepted it a few days later. On June 15, President Hoover signed the farm-relief bill, which had been one of the main objects of the spring special session of Congress. On the 19th, Congress adjourned, leaving the House tariff bill in the hands of the Senate Finance Committee to be revised and reported in September.

During the summer the President picked the members of the Farm Board, who are to be in charge of farm relief under the new law, which is primarily a matter of establishing great marketing associations on the basis of existing or new farmers' co-operatives in order to do for farmers what trade associations and consolidations are doing for industry. The Chairman of the Board is Alexander Legge, former head of the International Harvester Company. The Board has already begun to function, having set up a great $20,000,000 grain corporation; having extended millions in credit to grain and cotton producers, having planned a wool-growers' selling agency, and having watched with favoring eye a great union of cooperatives and a new privately managed $50,000,000 fruit-and-vegetable-marketing organization.

Chairman Wickersham of the Crime Commission jumped into the limelight on July 16 with his letter to Governor Roosevelt of New York, suggesting that the work of Prohibition-enforcement might be divided up so as to leave the "wholesale" work to Washington and the "retail" work to the States.

An interesting event in July was the record-making voyage of the new German steamship *Bremen*, which crossed the Atlantic on its maiden westward trip in 4 days, 17 hours, and 42 minutes, beating the *Mauretania's* record of 5 days, 2 hours, and 34 minutes.

Later in the month, it was less pleasant to read of large-scale attempts at jail-breaking, accompanied with loss of life, in two New York State penitentiaries and one Federal prison. After much talk in the press of serious overcrowding in our prisons, President Hoover announced that he would ask Congress for $5,000,000 for enlarging and improving Federal prisons.

President Hoover also, toward the end of July, announced that he would call a national child-welfare conference. A new controversy, of particular interest to the States west of the Mississippi, was started by President Hoover's letter of August 26, to Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon, suggesting that a considerable proportion of Federal public lands be turned over to the States.

Business has been good all summer. Low wheat prices in the spring were followed by rise in quotations in the early summer, following news of poor crops abroad.

Early in July we were treated to something new in the way of paper money, new bills being issued a third smaller than the old ones which have been in use so long. During the summer the merger movement in industry went on apace, affecting particularly the utilities, aviation concerns, and food distributers. On August 9, the financial world was given a jolt when the New York Federal Reserve Bank's rediscount rate was changed from 5 to 6 per cent.; but this only produced a momentary reaction in the bull market in Wall Street. Later in August facilities for speculation and investment were increased by the setting up of branch brokerage offices on several transatlantic liners.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE only dependable jack of all trades is money.—*Kay Features.*

EVERYBODY wants to relieve prison congestion, but when the convicts try it we discourage them.—*Dallas News.*

THE only people who should refuse to hear the other side are those who know it all and those who don't want to learn.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

A BROTHER-IN-LAW of the former Kaiser is a waiter in Luxemburg, emulating the example of Wilhelm, who is waiting at Doorn.—*Indianapolis News.*

COLONEL CHARLES is teaching Anne to fly. Sooner or later families will be told in advertisements that they should have a second plane.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE father of twins is always proud. Puts on heirs, you might say.—*Palm Beach Post.*

HOUSEHOLD hint says table scraps can be converted into many things. Including divorces.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MR. KELLOGG ought to take his treaty over to Jerusalem and explain to the Arabs what a success it is.—*Dallas News.*

SECRETARY GOOD says Chicago has growing-pains. The trouble, you remember, seems to be in the joints.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

RUSSIA and China engage in a battle of words, according to a news item. The slaughter must be awful.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

A CONNECTICUT supreme court decision invalidated 1,493 laws at one shot. We have great respect for supreme courts.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

TO pay a bet, one of two girls is to walk around State and Madison Streets in Chicago drest in pajamas only. The sight of a young woman wearing so much clothing in Chicago will no doubt be novel.—*Des Moines Tribune-Capital.*

THE pacifist says we have come to the end of wars—the pessimist says there is always peace talk between wars.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

WE'LL be a self-sustaining people when somebody discovers a nutritious vegetable that can be cultivated with a brassie.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

DETROIT must be setting up some high standards. The police out there have stopt a play on the ground that it was silly.—*Manchester Union.*

THE old theory that wars are essential to kill off the surplus population fails in face of the fact that Sunday automobiling is doing a thorough job in a large way.—*Tulsa World.*

HENRY FORD says he would quit making cars if Prohibition were repealed. It would be a great pity to have Detroit's two leading industries destroyed at one blow.—*The New Yorker.*

THIS country is really getting drier. We mean there hasn't been much rain for a long time.—*Judge.*

OTHER endurance records don't impress the man whose neighbor has a pup that gets lonesome at night.—*Boston Post.*

A SCIENTIST, C. H. Curran, has discovered that mosquitoes are cannibalistic. Well, here is more strength to their appetites.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE only war we can think of just now that would help this country much would be a war between the corn borers and the potato bugs.—*Kay Features.*

WELL, if grapes have gone from $20 to $175 a ton under Prohibition, obviously we could relieve the wheat farmer by Prohibiting bread.—*Detroit News.*

A SCIENTIST says some lipstick kisses are poison. Well, we never kissed a lipstick in our life.—*Dallas News.*

IF war and hell are synonymous, why do the naughty abolish one and the good abolish the other?—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A DEMOCRACY is a land in which everybody has equal right to feel superior to the common people.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

SHE'S a clever girl who can remember to call her regular fellow by his right name when she returns from vacation.—*Palm Beach Post.*

THE naval yardstick may play its part, but for universal peace there would be nothing like the strict application of the golden rule.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

AIRPLANES find it easier to cross the Atlantic from America to Europe than from Europe to America. And cash seems to have the same experience.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

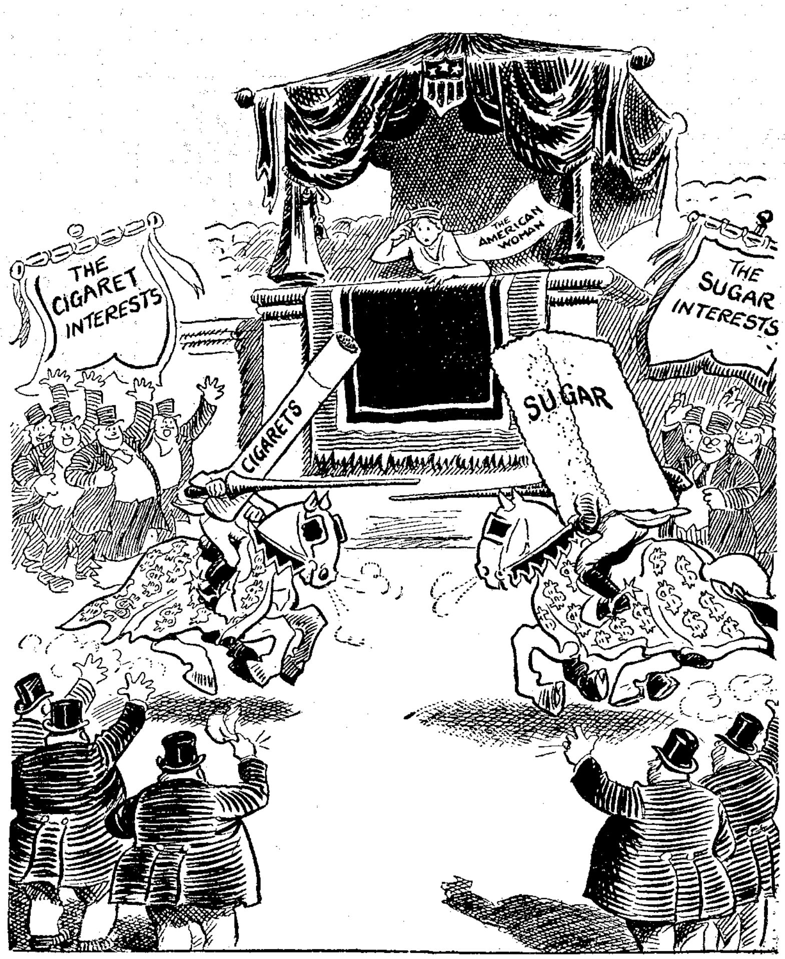
THE difficulty in buying a newspaper's influence is that the one that can be bought hasn't any influence.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THERE is a magnificent chance for some genius to invent an elastic telegraph-pole that will merely toss the too-speedy motorist back upon the right of way.—*Manchester Union.*

THE Neighborhood Cynic says that every time he sees a woman kissing another woman it reminds him of two prize-fighters shaking hands just before the starting gong is rung.—*Louisville Times.*

IT is easy to explain the report that telephone calls from the United States to Europe have fallen off during the summer months. The only Americans who can afford them are already in Europe.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

PAJAMAS will not be popular as a street costume for men until provided with pockets for a watch, knife, key-ring, fountain-pen, pencil, billfold, the twelve-ride railroad ticket, the driver's license, and the little red memorandum book stuffed with newspaper clippings.—*Boston Transcript.*



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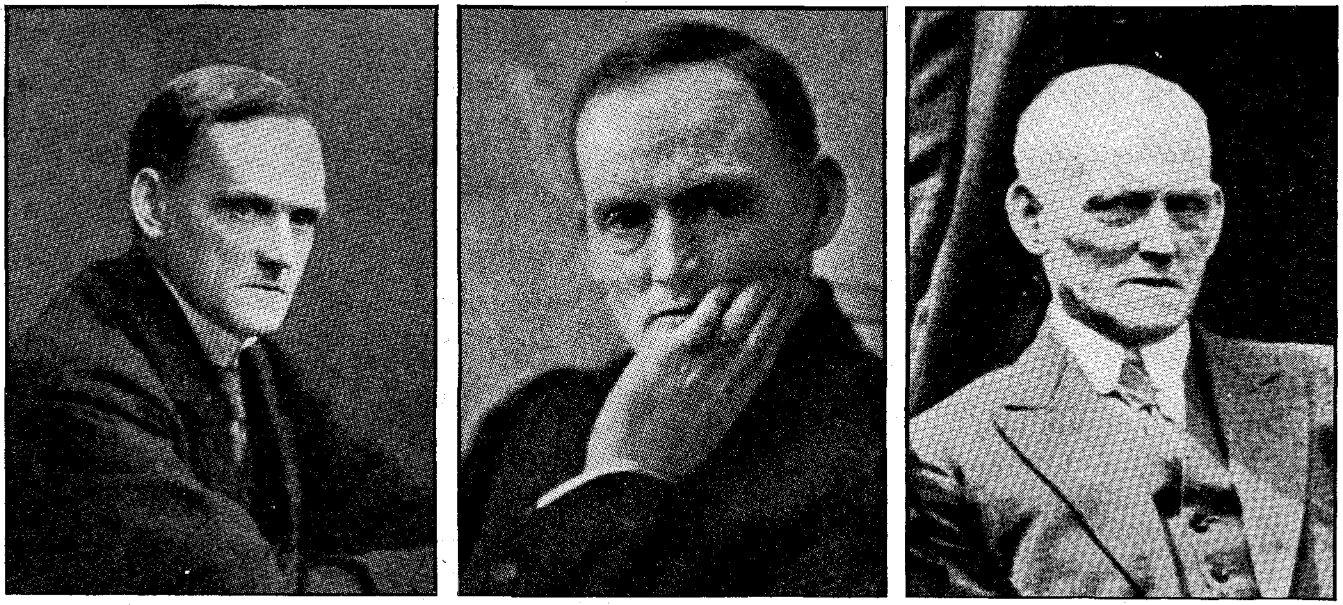
ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



International Newsreel photograph

BRITAIN'S NEW POLITICAL HERO—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

The man who shattered into fragments "with a single, brutal blow" the entire carefully conceived scheme of German reparations payments.

A GERMAN PORTRAIT OF BRITAIN'S HAGUE HERO

BRITAIN'S SHARE OF THE "PLUNDER" is what Philip Snowden fought for at The Hague, say some British editors, who give him a sly dig at the same time by pointing out that "plunder" is surely the word that Labor pacifists would have applied a few years ago to war indemnities. Yet the London *Nation and Athenæum* goes on to declare that it is not suggesting there is any inconsistency between Mr. Snowden's past record and his present rôle. Rather, on the contrary, it adds, the dramatic irony of the situation lies in its inevitability, and in the unanimity with which the entire British audience is now applauding the "former villain of the piece." It will be recalled, as previously recorded in these pages, that Mr. Snowden, at the Hague Conference of Germany's creditors, obtained for Great Britain at least three-fourths of the increased reparations payments which he had demanded to the very point of having the Young plan blown to pieces. France, Italy, Belgium, Japan, and Germany, it was told, have agreed to give Snowden $9,528,000 of the $11,433,000 increase he demanded in Great Britain's annual receipts. Great Britain's share of the unconditional annuities is to be increased by $8,575,200—from $14,292,000 to $22,867,200. The enthusiastic welcome home that was given to Labor's Chancellor of the Exchequer is one evidence of the approbation of his countrymen, for London press dispatches relate that he was greeted by great crowds assembled at Harwich Docks at seven o'clock in the morning on his return from his success at The Hague. In these dispatches Mr. Snowden is quoted as having said:

> "The influence of Britain in international affairs has been re-established, and British relations with other countries are now more cordial than at any time since the war. Britain is now better understood. We succeeded in all our important points, and our claim for withdrawal of foreign troops from the Rhine is the greatest political achievement since Locarno."

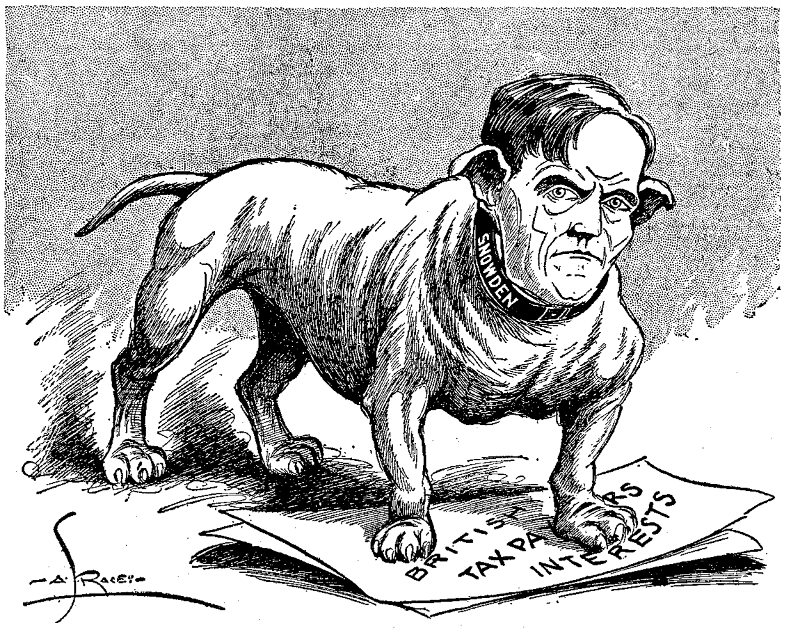
Perhaps the best portrait of this patient toiler in the field of labor politics in England is drawn by a journalist of the one-time enemy country of Britain, namely, the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who assures us that Philip Snowden was never in all his political career a demogog. He never took delight in playing the part of a fluent political leader, it is reported, and he never promised his followers a social paradise. He was never an agitator, a bully, or a flatterer, and yet he remains the "most influential figure" among the politicians of the Labor party in England, according to this informant, who continues:

> "He does not impress one by a romantic aspect like Lloyd George or Ramsay MacDonald. He is of small stature; and for years he has been lame as the result of a bicycle accident. The features of his countenance are sharp. His voice does not resound and ring like the notes of an organ. His speech is not infectious, not burlesquely humorous. The smile playing about his grimly firm lips and small mouth does not seem expansive, but rather like a pale sunbeam on a winter day.
>
> "Moreover, Philip Snowden is sarcastic, intellectually superior, and remorselessly critical. What characterizes him is less the trait called in England 'humorous' than a striking capacity for witticisms of the satirical kind in a somewhat continental European manner. Often his speech seems stuck all over with needles and pins. Sometimes it seems to afford him delight to play with an opponent as a cat plays with a mouse. And amid the play a mood of bitterness will find expression in his words. And always he is mercilessly frank—ask Poincaré!
>
> "All these are traits which in England and among the masses of the English people do not win popularity without something besides. In fact, Philip Snowden owes his towering position in English politics to quite other qualities than those which in an age of democracy and publicity have hitherto been held indispensable.
>
> "Here is a man who throughout his long political life—Snowden was born in 1864—has ever been true to himself. Forty years ago, when he was a subordinate official in the civil service, he looked not very different—he did not dress differently, and he did not deport himself differently. A little house in the rural district, a comfortable and rising income from journalism, and the knowledge that he is the first Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Labor Ministry comprise the most important changes

in his existence. Not that we need omit to mention the appearance, now and then, in the social column of the London *Evening Standard* of the list of guests in Mrs. Snowden's salon.

"The man himself is unaltered. He is consumed with a longing to accumulate the intellectual building stones for a reconstruction of the overgrown autocratic-capitalistic State edifice into a humble, orderly home. Snowden was for years the chairman of the Independent Labor party, which means commander of the intellectual advance guard of the Labor movement. That is his peculiar field—thinking out, construction, drawing up the program. His extremely powerful intellectual capacity destined him to such a task, and his bodily infirmity relegates him more and more to the study."

In addition to his journalistic activities, the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* London correspondent reminds us, a number of books written by Snowden attest his mental powers. But he is far too practical of mind to become a mere expert in Labor lore and a social investigator, avers this informant, who believes that a great part of Snowden's efforts might be said to alternate between theory and practise. We read then:



AT THE HAGUE SHOW

The 1929 Champion British Bulldog.

—A. G. Racey in *The Star* (Montreal).

"Snowden looks always for bridges whereby to cross over from Socialistic theory to political practise. He is no opportunist, no weakling, no seeker of easy compromises. He shrinks from no conflicts. He aspires to no government.

"Yet long before there was any possibility of the formation of a Labor Ministry he busied himself with a problem: what can and what should the Labor party do if ever it were called upon to form a government? In the sphere that comes closest to him in personal interest—financial policy—he has long been equipped to assume full responsibility. It was seen soon enough that he—the baited Socialist and pacifist—could bring forward a Labor budget as well constructed and as moderate and as English as any other budget had ever been. This did not come as a surprize, for Snowden had already written books that prepared the people for this development."

Thus Snowden is declared to be the personification of the sane, fundamental concept of the Labor party. He is a man who, with his whole heart and soul, is a friend of the weak and the helpless, we are told, and in this sense he is a "passionate Socialist." He toils for a reform of the social and political order—

"He wants the great questions before the country, questions involving millions of economically weak men rather than a few hundred thousand rich ones, to be discust from the right point of view. He looks at society and at government from the standpoint of the masses. This is true modern Socialism."

THE LITTLE WHO'S WHOS AT THE HAGUE

THE AMICABLE ADJUSTMENT of the differences between Great Britain and the other great Powers at The Hague Conference on the Young plan leads some European observers to call attention to the fact that this adjustment does not mean the end of the travail of the assembled representatives. Other countries have claims on the conference, it is said, and the fact that England seems to have gained its point will make them more insistent in their demands. Along this line the *Journal de Genève* recalls, that according to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was solidly responsible for the debts of her former allies. The Young plan suppress this solidarity of responsibility, we are told, and then Italy noted that her share of 10 per cent. from Germany had been fixt in consideration of her part of the 25 per cent. of the Austro-Hungarian reparations. The latter having disappeared, it is recorded, Italy felt it only just that her percentage of the German reparations should be increased, and the experts ranged themselves in accord with this reasoning. We read then:

"Such a line of argument was reproduced with variations by Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Greece. Their theoretic percentage, resulting from the agreements at Spa and at Paris, have not been changed, but they are asked to renounce the solidarity of Germany with also the debts of former Austro-Hungary. This is practically to say that they renounce any hope of getting anything from these two countries. Without having published such renunciation, without which the Young plan can not go into effect, these States demand that they be recompensed for the loss of the Austro-Hungarian or Bulgarian reparations; in other words, that they be treated like Italy.

"Roumania, which was entitled to 10 per cent. of the Hungarian reparations, asks to be placed in the situation of all the other Allies by having allotted to her a sufficient amount of the German reparations to cover her entire war debt."

As far as Greece is concerned, the *Journal de Genève* goes on to say, in money matters bad luck has persistently followed her since the return of King Constantine. At that time France, England, and the United States announced that they would no longer give financial aid to Greece, and it was understood that this meant they would cease to lend money to that country. But—

"This was not at all the case. What they stopt doing was to pay their own debts, contracted during the war, not only with the Greek State but also with the National Bank of Greece, which is an independent institution. These debts proceeded from the fact that the Western States, in order to protect their exchange, did not wish to buy drachmas for the upkeep for their armies in Macedonia, and preferred to permit the costs to be borne by Greece. These debts were never paid. But, on the other hand, France never renounced any of Greece's obligations to her for furnishing war material, so that the French Government is grabbing with both hands. France, in other words, is doing to Greece exactly what France complains of the United States doing to France, only even more so."

Then it is pointed out by this Geneva daily that the Czechoslovaks themselves went to The Hague and fully decided to pay nothing. According to the treaty, Czechoslovakia owes a double debt to the cash drawer of reparations, and it is related:

"The first concerns the value of State properties that the Czechoslovak people received with territory acquired. This point is not contested, but estimates are contested. There are twenty matters in dispute. As to the so-called debt of liberation, it is a real reparations debt, and the Czechoslovaks have no intention of being treated with less consideration than the Hungarians and the Austrians."

Finally, it is noted that Portugal wants a share in the indemnities in order to mobilize its credit at once so that it may help to the financial restoration of the country.

A DYING NEW-NAMED CHINESE CITY

WITHIN PEKING'S WALLS no one ever starves, according to an ancient Chinese saying, but it is no longer true, we are told, for Peking is not the prosperous city of old, despite the fact of its new up-to-date name of Peiping. The capital of the Chinese Nationalist Government is at Nanking, on which city the eyes of the political world fix themselves, and some journals published in China predict the Government is not likely to return to Peiping. The fact that the Sun Yat Sen Memorial is at Nanking is said to give the Government a stronger motive than ever for keeping its headquarters in the vicinity of the tomb of the "George Washington of the Chinese Republic." Nothing less than another revolution in the Chinese nation would be capable, we are told, of making the Government return to the capital of the north. But quite apart from this political change in the situation of Peiping, writes E. S. in the Shanghai *China Weekly Review*, is the material decay of the famous city which seems "doomed to decadence and the same slow devouring avidities of time and neglect that have overtaken other great centers in the history of East and West." He tells us then of the summer palace—

"where scenes of the ravages of the time and the elements are even more painful to wistful souls who still believe that a thing of beauty, even tho it was made for a royal tyrant, ought to be preserved as long as possible. Resting in the lap of the Western Hills, the famous Summer Palace Grounds are perhaps the most impressive mementoes of China's imperial past. In the buildings of this group, and the articles contained in them, are exprest much of the individuality of the cultural attainment of Chinese civilization for several recent centuries. Perhaps here is the peak, the most superb zenith of Chinese artistic accomplishment. And yet the fingers of dilapidation slowly are spreading over the area, and apparently no one is responsible for combating this deterioration.

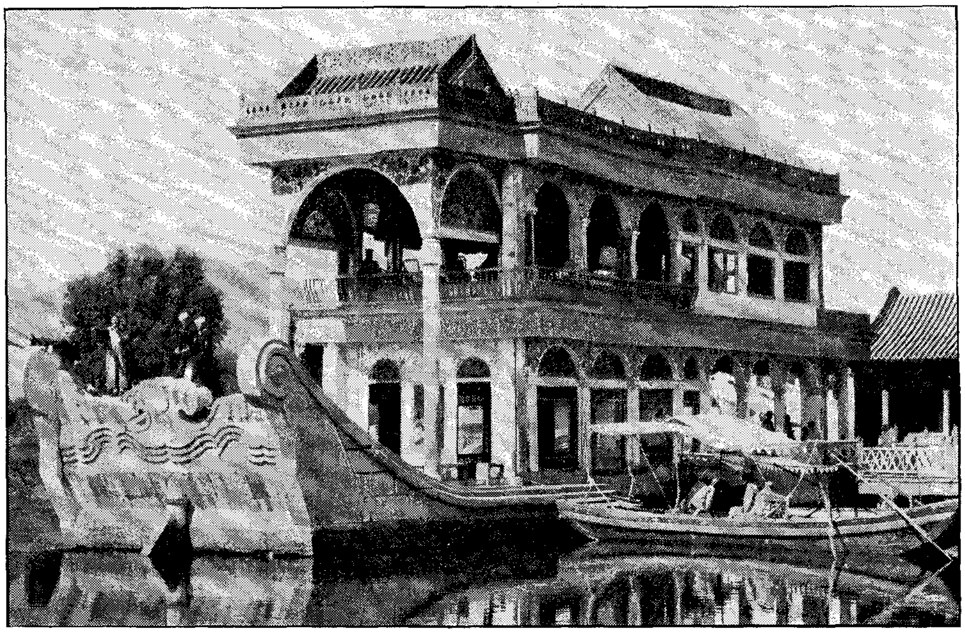
"The celebrated marble boat, that 'lost China a war' because it was made with money that was supposed to have been spent in building a Chinese Navy for use in the Chinese-Japanese war, is to-day a sagging-roofed, broken-balustraded, crumbling-corniced edifice, already robbed by decay of much of its original beauty, and now being used as a playground by Shansi soldiers, who are quartered nearby. Tiles in the pavilions are broken, and sprouting weeds in the stone-paved courtyard indicate the need of a troop of caretakers. Leading to the 'Summit of Long Life' is a double stairway, flanked with tiled balustrades, of imperial yellow hue. The tiles are of an especially smooth, satiny texture, and many of them are exquisitely embossed. Along one side of this stairway, for almost its entire length, these tiles have fallen down and broken to pieces, or have been removed by curio-seekers. One notices a number of them offered for sale in the Peiping art shops. Somebody has suggested that they may have found their way there through the medium of the hundreds of soldiers who flood in and out of the once forbidden villa."

But, this contributor to the *China Weekly Review* goes on to say, there is nothing new in thus witnessing the early stages of the decay of an ex-capital, for looking back through Chinese history, and also through the history of other countries, for that matter, one is reminded that seldom are the glorious past capitals preserved intact, once a new régime has definitely broken away from them, and this informant continues:

"Nanking, the Ming capital, faded and waned, its regal palaces swooned, and finally were obliterated by the Taipings. When, after the lapse of about six centuries, the Kuomintangers once more made Nanking the national seat, nothing but a stone tomb on a purple hill remained to suggest that this straggling city might have held the Dragon Throne in another era. Likewise, in Soochow, Sianfu, and Hangchow only a few bits of broken masonry testify to the fact that these places, too, once cradled the Forbidden City.

"Present conditions in Peiping, regarded separately from the general indifference toward expiring *objets d'art*, also indicate that the Ming-Manchu capital is on the path of regression. Tho to the tourist it is still by far the most interesting city in the Orient, the animation that once made it also the most fascinating place to observe Chinese life at its best, is no longer there. The cup has been drained. The vessel still has its old curves of beauty, but its content, its meaning, has been lost. Peiping languishes."

Three reasons, more important than numerous others, are given by E. S. as having combined to bring about the beginning of Peiping's decline. The first, and by far the most significant, it is declared, is the removal of the capital to the south. Never an industrial city, we are reminded, Peiping's prosperity has been due largely to the commerce and trade attracted to it because it was the seat of the national government, and we read:



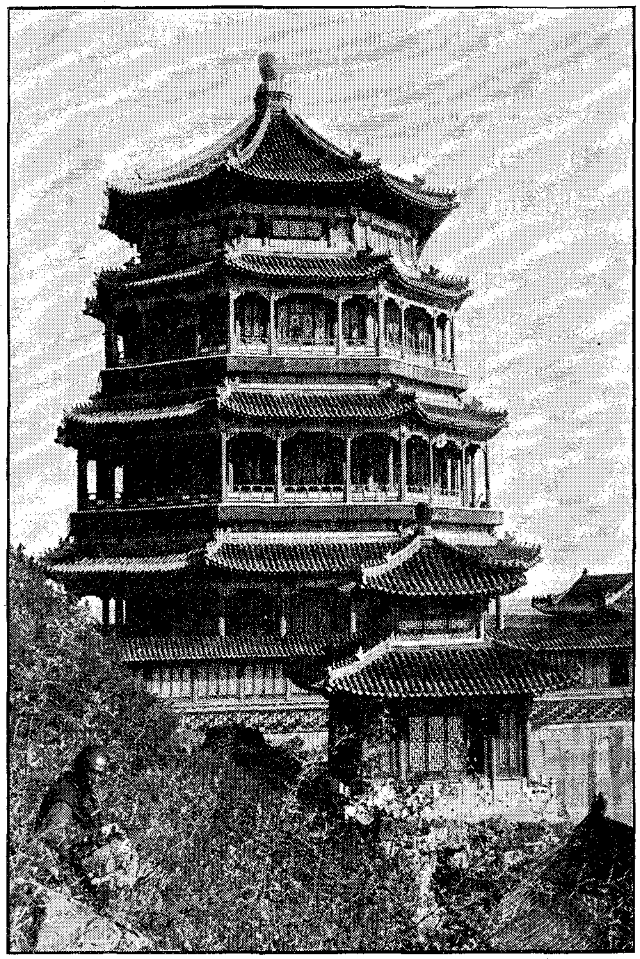
Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE MARBLE BOAT THAT "LOST CHINA A WAR"

because it was made with money supposed to have been spent in building a Chinese Navy, for use in the Chinese-Japanese war. Originally built for the Empress Dowager of China, it now serves as a public tea and refreshment room. Note the American sailors on the prow.

"It is almost 100 miles from the seacoast, and it has no waterways affording communication with the rest of the country. Once the Grand Canal was the principal thoroughfare between it and the south, but this has been allowed to silt up till it is no longer available at the northern end. Fortunately, Peiping has good railway connections; lines enter it from four directions. But it has few other industrial or commercial advantages—upon its asset as capital alone it always has depended for its popularity in trade. The presence of the official departments furnished ample stimulus to business. Thousands of clerks were required to manipulate the machinery of government; purchasing offices bought millions of dollars' worth of material annually. Politicians and militarists emptied their fortunes into the local markets, and for their families bought expensive homes and furnishings. Foreign diplomats brought more wealth, and their staffs and attachés, with their friends and relatives, encouraged Chinese-foreign trade. The removal of the capital to Nanking not only robbed Peiping of its most important business accelerant, but it also put thousands out of work, making their dependents destitute, and generally lowering the scale of living.

"The loss of the Mongolian trade was the second blow to Peiping. Formerly it was a common sight to witness camel caravans coming in from the plateaus, laden with furs and hides, with wool and amber and jade, and other rich products of the outlands. After the Peking-Suiyuan Railway had been thrust into the northwest, passing through Kalgan, Suiyuan, and Paotao, much of this traffic was handled by rail, and it steadily increased the prosperity of the capital. But since the Russian influence became so dominant in Urga and other cities under the Mongol banners, most of this trade has been diverted through Soviet Siberia. Particularly within the last two years the Mongols have routed their caravans almost exclusively toward Russian trading-posts. The reasons for this are that the Soviet has given the Mongols opportunities for increasing their profits, while Chinese military disturbances have made it more and more difficult for them to trade in the Chinese frontier cities at all."



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF PEIPING'S IMPERIAL SUMMER PALACE

Where the ravages of time and the elements are painful to those "who believe that a thing of beauty, even tho made for a royal tyrant, ought to be preserved as long as possible."

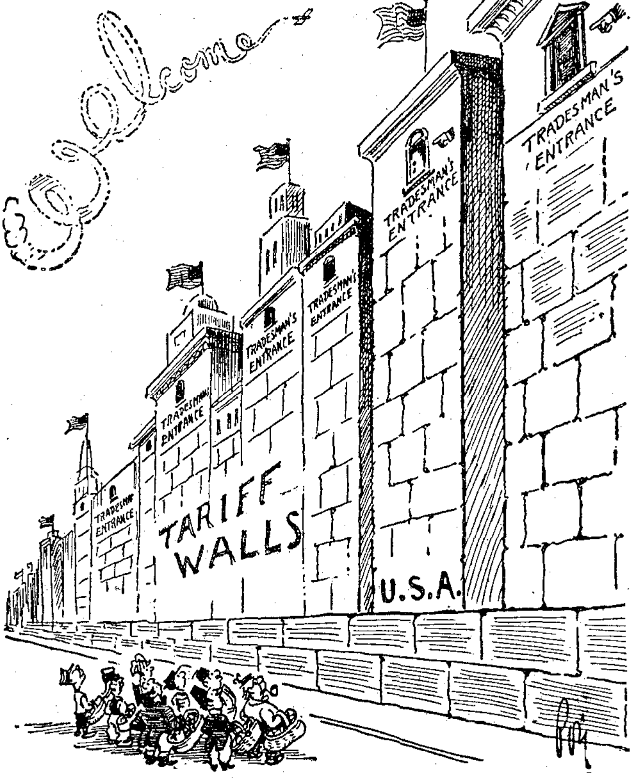
The third reason for Peiping's present decline, we are advised, is the generally impoverished condition all through the northwestern provinces, which formerly fed into the city their best products. It is related that drought, famine, bandits, civil war, and maladministration have all combined to afflict seriously the great area from which Peiping once drew an opulent commerce. Not till the rehabilitation of these districts has taken place can Peiping hope for a return of a measure of her old prosperity, and it is averred that:

> "While Chairman Chiang was in Peiping, several hundred Chinese merchants staged an 'indignation parade,' and attempted to present to him a petition for the return of the capital. Chiang did not see them, but through his spokesman he indicated that it was useless to agitate for such a change. It was pointed out that the National Government clearly had stated its views on the matter—its reasons for wishing to make a clean severance from the corrupt past that shrouded Peiping—and that nothing had happened which made their decision open to renewed discussion."

OUR "UNFRIENDLY" TARIFF BILL

A TARIFF BILL WHICH ELICITS the protest of twenty-five nations and fails to elicit any from those that have not the heart to protest is "a deliberately unfriendly act." Thus bitterly exclaim some Far East editors, and one among them declares that the Great Wall of China has its counterpart in the tariff "great wall of America." Considering the enormous natural advantages possest by the United States, the great wealth of the country, and the high organization already attained, some of these critics suggest that the time has come when it could do no possible harm to the United States to declare a free-trade policy. Such a policy, it is argued, might make neighboring countries more prosperous, and might even enable them to pay their debts to the United States. Nevertheless, remarks the Kobe *Japan Chronicle*, instead of any movement in this direction "we have the preposterous exhibition of greater excesses than ever." The new tariff, it adds tartly, is a strange sequel to the lectures delivered by Commodore Perry on the duty of every country to open its ports to international trade. This rampant foe of a protective tariff proceeds as follows:

> "The advocates of protection have one very strong argument which they modestly refrain from using, tho it is the effective idea that is at the back of everybody's mind and insures any tariff measure passing. Every measure of protection taken does some injury, often a very slight one, to the country introducing it; but it does a very definite and direct injury to some other country. Where a protective duty brings into existence an exotic industry, the loss to the country at large is slight. It levies on the whole community the cost of making up the economic loss entailed by the setting up of the industry, and so enables the workers in that industry to get the good wages that they would otherwise fail to get. On a balance, if the industry is not a very large one, it may even seem to have been of benefit owing to the employment provided; but there is a very definite loss in the country whose goods are shut out by this process."



UNCLE SAM'S TARIFF SKY-SCRAPERS

CHORUS OF OTHER NATIONS: "A bit steep, aren't they?"

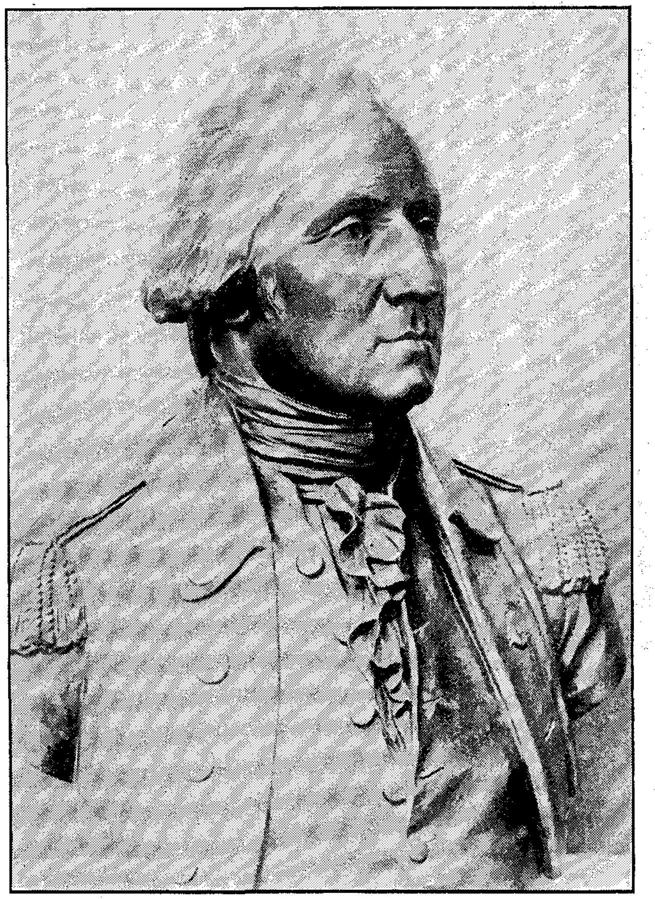
—*Evening News* (London).

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

"WASHINGTON" RETURNING

GO TO VALLEY FORGE and you will see there, in the interesting little museum, a wall covered with small portraits of George Washington, of widely differing character, and you will be puzzled to decide just what he looked like. Stuart's "Washington" has become almost the norm by which we visualize him, but here we see the "Father of His Country" in old age. Houdon's portrait statue is proudly exhibited by Virginia, but the French sculptor, brought here by Franklin to create Washington in stone, modeled the bust only, and departed to his home to finish the full figure at his leisure. Now the precious bust, lately in the possession of the Locker-Lampson family in England, will return to America after one hundred and forty-four years, and no little satisfaction is voiced by the press in different parts of the country. Quoting first from the *Free Press* (Detroit):



Acme News picture

THE HOUDON WASHINGTON,

Modeled from life at Mt. Vernon but a sojourner abroad for one hundred and forty-four years, now returns from England.

"Through the enterprise of an American art dealer in London, a bust of George Washington by the French sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon has been purchased for approximately $243,500 from the English family which has had it in its possession since the early part of the nineteenth century. Altho the name of the purchaser has not been announced, it is presumed that the bust will find its way into one of the important museums in the United States.

"The debt of art lovers, historians and biographers to the talent of Houdon lies in the fact that this gifted man lived and worked during a period of extreme importance to students of social and political progress. At a time when photography and motion-pictures did not exist, as a means of recording the likenesses of famous personages, Houdon's skill and activity saved for posterity the counterparts in marble of Catherine II, Diderot, Turgot, Gluck, d'Alembert, Buffon, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Molière, Franklin, John Paul Jones, and, later, Marshal Ney, Josephine and Napoleon. In addition Houdon executed the celebrated draped statue of Voltaire in the Théâtre Français, and the full-length figure of Washington in uniform in the Virginia State capitol at Richmond. It is said that the bust of Washington is a perfect likeness, generally conceded to be that of the head on the American two-cent stamp.

"It was Benjamin Franklin who persuaded Houdon to go to Mount Vernon in 1785. For some time the French sculptor stayed in Washington's home, studying his subject. While there he modeled the bust, but returned to France to complete the full-length statue and the bust.

"Shortly afterward, the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 interrupted Houdon's commissions for portrait sculpture. He set to work on a half-forgotten idea for a statue of St. Scholastica, but was at once denounced to the convention. Houdon had a mind as nimble as his fingers, however, for he assured the convention, on the threshold of the Age of Reason, that he was modeling a figure representing Philosophy. The experience must have been a lesson to him, none the less, for the Houdon Washington in Richmond bears on its base the inscription, '*Fait par Houdon, Citoyen Français*'—(Done by Houdon, French Citizen). From this it may be inferred that the sculptor, who had known royal patronage, had taken good care to convince the new masters of his country that the man who modeled Washington's statue was, like his subject, a thoroughgoing republican. The existence of the inscription should also help to date the completion of the statue, since the convention did not declare France to be a republic until September, 1792, seven years after Houdon visited Washington at Mount Vernon."

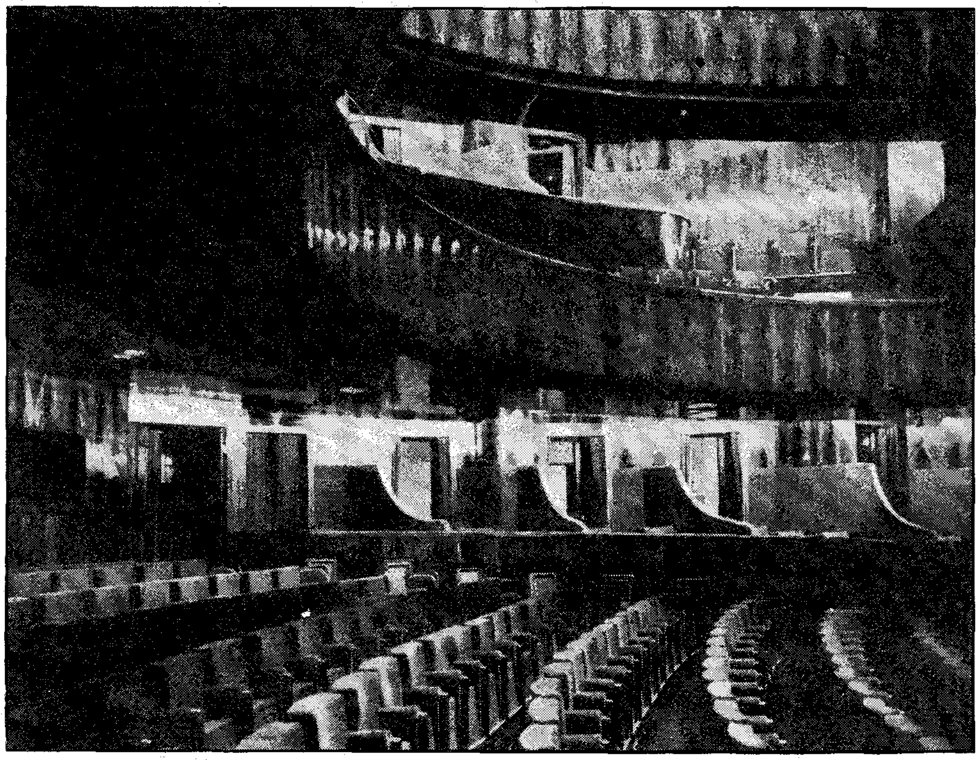
Many are said to believe that the Houdon bust approximates more than any other portrait what Washington really looked like, for as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says, "some curious jinx seems to have hung over all the painters who tried to portray Washington." Stuart and Trumbull are thus dealt with:

"In the case of Gilbert Stuart, who painted the familiar picture that serves as a frontispiece for most of our school histories, there is evident a plain case of hero worship that prevented the execution of a good job. You become aware of this as soon as you compare the contours of the face with those in all the other portraits of Washington. Here they are obviously softened, idealized. The nose, for example, is delicate, and finely chiseled, whereas all the testimony indicates that Washington had a good big nose that may have been remarkable for ruggedness but not for beauty. And you are convinced of it the moment you begin to think about the expression. It is too noble, too saintly, for a man who did the deeds that Washington did. The man behind that face might have written moving books on philosophy, but he would never have waged a war and founded a republic. The picture is said to have been the favorite of Washington.

"And in the case of the other contemporary artists the trouble was exactly the opposite. They didn't have enough hero worship. You feel that they got the details of the face correctly, but that they missed the thing that Stuart was trying to get. The portrait by Trumbull in uniform, for example, merely suggests a ranking general of the period, a good fighter, but no man of destiny. Trumbull apparently did not realize how big a man he was painting, or if he did realize it he had no capacity to express it. But in the Houdon bust you are satisfied."

THE LAST WORD IN THEATERS

STUDENTS OF THE DRAMA have been going to Germany or Russia for new devices in the theater, now it appears that the first and, perhaps, last stop will be Paris. In October will be opened the Théâtre Pigalle, where "the perfect setting to modernism" is thought to have been achieved. Two million dollars has been spent in building this house, and there is no prospect of its going the way of our own Century (born as The New Theater), since the Rothschild fortune is behind it. It is the Baron Henri de Rothschild, who has already figured as playwright and producer, who built the house which stands at the foot of Montmartre. Tho the regular season begins in October, the theater has already been opened for a few soirées in June, one of which was attended by Manuel Seff, who favors the New York *Herald Tribune* with the following account:



DEDICATED TO MODERNISM

The auditorium of the $2,000,000 Théâtre Pigalle, Paris, erected by the Rothschilds.

"Théâtre Pigalle, in spite of its enormous cost, seats only eleven hundred. Most of the space is taken by the mechanical requirements of the stage, or stages, as there are four of them, which may be shifted about, raised, and lowered.

"There are several enormous foyers, one of which is built for dancing, and is flanked by two charming balconies, from which orchestras dispense rhythms. The larger foyer is surrounded by a modernistic grill, made entirely of chrome metal in geometric designs. Passing from the last foyer into the auditorium, one goes through a double set of glass and wooden doors, discreetly lighted by oblique shafts of crimson.

"The auditorium is a rare thing of beauty. There are three balconies above the orchestra, with loges in the rear of the lower floor. Boxes have been cut into two huge columns, which almost jut upon the stage. The entire interior is built of solid mahogany, upon which have been carved straight-line designs in keeping with the modernistic decorations throughout. The chairs are covered with an especially woven rose-tinted velvet, into which one sinks several inches.

"In the ceiling there is a huge glass dome, resembling mother-of-pearl, constructed like four shells of graduating sizes. Here there are thousands of electric bulbs which may be lighted in hundreds of color combinations. The baron informed us that these lights will be changed constantly during the performances to suit the mood of each scene. He then had the third assistant electrician give a demonstration of its possibilities.

"Baron Henri de Rothschild, because of his manifold interests, has turned Théâtre Pigalle over to his son, Phillipe, as a gift. Baron Phillipe gave us the following statistics: Back of the proscenium the space is sixty feet wide, sixty-six feet deep, and 144 feet high; there are 14,000 electric bulbs of various colors in the house; every mechanical appliance and light in the building is operated from the control board back-stage, where there are 228 switches, as well as a number of levers; about forty stagehands will be needed when a play is in progress; there are four stages on two levels, and a scene may be changed in forty seconds without the slightest sound. One thousand horse-power are necessary to operate these stages, which work by electrohydraulic power; there are 100 baby spotlights in the wings, a dozen rows of border lights, eight huge lamps, and a cloud machine; innumerable spotlights have been cunningly concealed in various parts of the auditorium. The acoustics are perfect, the mahogany of which the interior is built acting as a sounding-board."

At the soirée attended by Mr. Seff, the Baron Phillipe de Rothschild, to whom the theater is now committed, "expatiated to the audience upon the artistic possibilities of his theater as his staff gave appropriate demonstrations." Thus:

"He announced that the passing of an entire day would be shown. The rose-colored curtains parted, and it was dawn. Dainty clouds appeared in the sky, which seemed to stretch miles in the distance; it grew brighter until the full glare of the sun indicated that noon had come. Then the heavens slowly grew darker, while the stage turned almost black. A dim moon peeped through jade clouds.

"We managed to draw Baron Phillipe aside for a few minutes and asked him to enlarge upon the information imparted in his address. He promptly obliged.

"'We shall open Théâtre Pigalle in October with a new spectacular play called "The History of France," by Sascha Guitry, which will be done in fifty scenes. André Antoine, whom we have appointed general director, will be in charge. After that our productions will be confined to intimate comedies and drama.

"'My father built this house to give the perfect setting to modernism on the stage. You may wonder why we thought it necessary to go to an enormous expense when an ordinary comfortable, well-built house might have served the purpose just as well. We feel that the manner of presentation is of utmost importance to a play. There are moods, there is an environment, which must be created by the producer. This theory, we believe, must be followed out from the moment the spectator steps into the lobby. He will feel instinctively that he is in a theater where every detail has been carefully thought out. When he is seated it becomes obvious that the play he is about to witness will not be done in slipshod style, but that the best appliances mechanical genius can devise, the best direction obtainable, the finest scenic art have been utilized to bring the work of the author to him in as nearly perfect form as is humanly possible.

"'Before we started work we took a large staff of experts to every part of Europe to see what other countries had done for the theater, so that they could surpass in modernism of machinery, lights, and other equipment anything in existence. In this we think we have succeeded.'

"Here is an appreciation from Jean Cocteau, of the Vieux Columbier, in which he says: 'It is a cage in which occurs the death of the commonplace. Some day, too, it will be old, but at present it is the last word. We have put into our theater the best architectural and technical brains in Europe as well as every obtainable luxury. In October you shall see the results.'"

THE YOUNGER POET AND HIS PUBLIC

THE MODERN POET AND THE GENERAL public have been at odds for a long time over what is and what is not poetry. The public, which took rather unkindly to free verse, seems to have scored there, for the poets are largely abandoning that form. "The public," says a writer in the London *Spectator*, "demands from the poet a traditional language and a traditional imagery, which, even if they lack force, are conceived as poetic." The poet, on the other hand, is represented as "unable to conform to this desire, finding that he can not express himself in language that is outworn, or at any rate can not thus express his particular reactions to contemporary civilization." The writer we assume to be under thirty, since the article is one of a series in which *The Spectator* provides "an opportunity for its readers under thirty to express their views, which are not necessarily those of *The Spectator*." Going on to enlarge on the clash as existing between poet and public, the writer proceeds:

"Mr. Robert Graves and Miss Riding in their 'Survey of Modernist Poetry' define poets as the 'Psychologists of each generation.' If this is so, clearly the poet is justified in searching for a new poetic language, when he lives in an age whose difference from all preceding ages most of us are concerned to emphasize. For example, he finds that in a crowded industrial country the most emphatic symbol for love is not the word 'rose,' but something much more closely associated with Hyde Park. The blanched skeleton that inspired the people of the Middle Ages with a fear of death, hardly frightens us now, but the smell of anesthetics, a doctor's rubber gloves, these are symbols that we quickly recognize.

"The problem of the modern poet is to reconcile a new poetic system with a tradition of which he should already be well aware. To be effective he must certainly have a very strong historic sense, a conception of his own place in literature, and also critical understanding. A poet well able to express himself in the conventional language of his own time, can fall into a historic surrounding by imitating his contemporaries: but the poet who seeks new conventions and new symbols must ground himself in the traditions of a remoter past. Thus in the work of most of our younger poets there is a parade of scholasticism, the like of which we can only find in the literature of the eighteenth century."

Modern life calls out to be celebrated in verse as well as in paint and sculpture:

"The true poet can not avoid being conscious of the significance of many aspects of modern civilization. But, however discriminating his mind, it may easily be overwhelmed by what he sees, and he may easily misread his own reactions. He has to decide what is *important* in contemporary life; and it seems to me that a good many poets exaggerate to themselves the importance of such devices as gas-works and railway stations, which, altho very imposing, neither they, nor any of us, feel very strongly about.

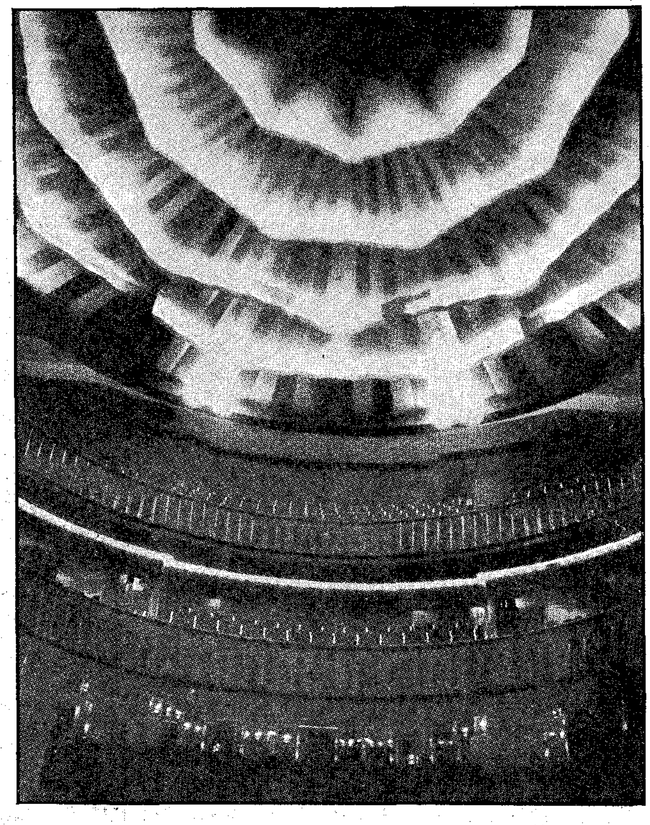
"On the other hand, our eyes constantly meet with striking poetic images, exploited by the cinema proprietor or the advertiser, which we ignore completely. For instance, that advertisement for a foot-supporter in chemists' shops, in which the skeleton of the lower part of the leg is modeled with a ten-stone weight constantly falling against it and rising again; and that crude device used in the intervals at cinemas, which consists in making a platform ascend with the orchestra on it, are poetically used images.

"Modern dance music is intensely suggestive. But the cinema seems to me more important, with its absurd unrealism, and its way of superimposing completely different aspects of one idea, the scene changing like the stanzas of a poem."

The public and most of the critics, so the writer complains, "not only neglect the experiments of the 'moderns,' but also ridicule them." Friend and foe, it appears, are ranged against the poet to-day, for,

"The moderns are as much abused by the stupid antagonism of a section of their readers, as they are made absurd by the stupid adulation of another section. Contemporary poetry suffers from lack of constructive criticism, much more than painting or music. The Sitwells are poets who have been much ridiculed, excessively admired, and who are now tolerated, without ever having been criticized. Mr. Eliot's poems, and nearly all the notable poems of the generation, have been received with a mixed chorus of violent approbation or disapprobation, but the only attempts at constructive criticism have been made either by friends of the poets, or by the poets themselves.

"It is very probable that none of the poets of these years will be remembered for a full accomplishment. They should be the more respected and admired because they face the prospect of repeated failure in their endeavor to create a new poetic medium which, if effective, others will be able to use with more success. The poet who has the best chance of greatness is the genius who is able to adopt and exploit the technique of others without having to waste any time on technical exploration: thus Shakespeare exploited the blank verse of Marlowe, and thus Tennyson reaped the full harvest of the earlier romantic poetry. The 'schema' of all great poetry is style: to the individual writer his own style, to the age its style."



GLASS-DOMED CEILING

Of the Théâtre Pigalle, to shed constantly changing light to suit the mood of each scene.

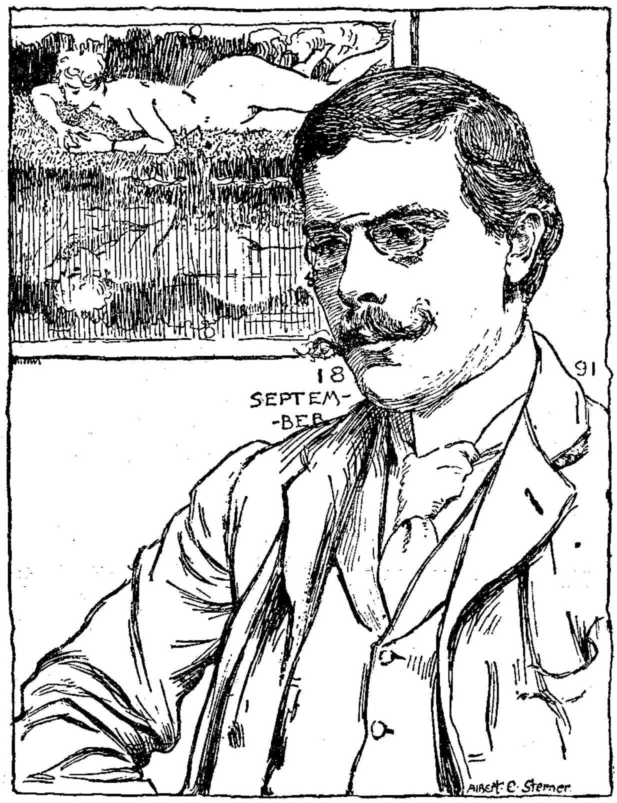
THE COVER—The Rooseveltian tradition is carried on in the household of the Ortlips of Fort Lee, New Jersey. Mrs. Aimee E. Ortlip, whose "Garden Bouquet" adorns the cover this week, assists her husband in his portrait and mural work, manages to mother seven children, "and paint a bit too," as she modestly puts it. The zinnias and marigolds and larkspur are with us now, if they have not just made their retreating bow. Gathered into their colorful vase, they may remain with us a bit longer, on our cover at least, after giving up their garden life. Mrs. Ortlip "handles her color with a full flowing accent of authority," says Carlyle Burroughs in the New York *Herald Tribune*, following an exhibition of the work of the two artists at the Art Center, New York. The presence of so many Ortlip children probably accounts for the bent of H. Willard Ortlip's art. His portraits, mostly of children, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, have an unposed, beguiling simplicity. There are both charm and simplicity in this portraiture of youthful sitters. Adult portraits reveal the artist an able painter of grown-ups too, but the children's portraits are the distinguishing feature of the group.

HOMAGE TO STUART MERRILL

THE SPECTACLE of the American literary expatriate in France is no uncommon one. Some have forsworn us forever; more live there with their glance more or less turning backward to their old home. Stuart Merrill was one who departed with a curse, yet the American as well as the French arcana must take cognizance of him, tho France is the more demonstrative. Last June, a tablet was erected to his memory in Versailles, on the house where he died, in 1915, No. 22 Boulevard du Roi. Virginia and New England combined to produce him, but he was more conscious of remoter European ancestry. On his mother's side he came of the Virginian Fitzrandolphs; his father, George Merrill, was a New Englander. In the Paris correspondence of the New York *Times* we glean a few biographical facts:

"Stuart Merrill was born in 1863, at Hempstead, Long Island, near the birthplace of Walt Whitman. In 1866, George Merrill became legal counselor of the American Embassy in Paris. At the age of twelve, Stuart was put in the Lycée de Vanves, where two of his school fellows, the Princes Victor and Louis Napoleon, promised to make him Governor of Algeria one day.

"At the Lycée Fontanse, now known as the Condorcet School, Stuart Merrill came under the decisive influence of M. Mallarmé, then Professor of English, and he soon began his connection with a group of young poets who later joined the Symbolist movement. From 1884 to 1892 he lived in America, chiefly in New York, where he tried law, but gave it up for verse, drawing much inspiration from the fresh music of Wagner, and indulging in a poetic brand of radicalism.



From "French Portraits," published by Richard G. Badger, Boston

THE EXPATRIATE POET

Stuart Merrill, to whom a tablet has been erected in Versailles.

"He returned to Europe in 1892, and from that time on showed the stamp of Walt Whitman. He was steeped to the full in the ideas and sentiments of the purple '90's, and once thought of starting a paint-shop, like William Morris. From 1893 to 1898 he lived on the Quai Bourbon, overlooking Nôtre Dame, and there he held open house for all the celebrities of the time, regaling them with much feasting and wine.

"Toward the end of the century he lived at Marlotte in the Forest of Fontainebleau, then in Belgium, and he passed his last years in Versailles, where he died, in 1915. With several volumes he holds an honorable place among the gifted Symbolist group of poets whose great representative in music was Debussy."

In *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris) is printed the tribute, paid at the ceremony of the unveiling, by M. Philippe Berthelot, Secretary-General of Foreign Affairs, where, after expressing the pride of France in that Merrill had chosen to settle there, he said:

"With the soul of a poet, full of fervor, he preferred a life that was discreet, intimate, intellectual, and sentimental to the brilliant success which his name, his talent, his fortune, and his connections, promised him both in France and in America.

"Altruist that he was, he did not think as did the cynical Princess de Ligne: 'Decidedly, I do not like others.' Moved by the suffering of humanity, his generous heart came near to the people. He did not hesitate to incur the displeasure of his family by actively embracing Socialism, a Socialism that was profoundly sincere and that had nothing of dilettanteism about it. He believed with Wilde: 'The rich man and the poor man are brothers. But the name of the rich man is Cain.'

"He abandoned the religion of God for that of Beauty and Human Brotherhood. He was not one of those who required a definite reason and an explanation of the world in order to live and to die.

"But above all, it is the friend who remains in my faithful memory. I shall never forget his idealism, his modesty, and the sound, so frank and so gay, of his laughter, nor the extreme delicacy of his conversation. Like all poets, he was made of the stuff of his dreams. In his verse, music was blended with poetry. His song was born of his perfect accord with nature and of his love for the museums and books.

"During his last days, a melancholy premonition came over him; he knew that he had but a short time to live, altho he was still young. But he was not afraid of the shadow of death, and often recited the beautiful lines of the Persian poet:

L'enfant naît en pleurant au milieu des sourires
Et le viellard meurt en souriant au milieu des larmes.

(The child is born, crying amidst smiles,
And the old man dies, smiling amidst tears.)

"For us, Stuart Merrill has not departed, he remains among us. He lives in the memory of his friends, who have retained of him but delicate images of generosity, beauty, and of a poetry that leaves after it ineffaceable luminous traces.

"We are but separated from him, to use the words of Mallarmé, whose genius he always admired, by

Ce peu profond ruisseau calomnié la mort.

(That shallow stream so wrongly called death.)"

The same French paper cites some further memories of Merrill from "French Literary Studies," by M. T. B. Rudmore-Brown (The Talbot Press, Dublin):

"As Merrill wrote to me once: 'We retired from the world and sought Truth, and some of us think that we have found it in nature, others in the great anonymous crowd crying for justice.'

"Stuart Merrill was born in Long Island. '*Ma patrie, c'est l'Amérique, et je crache dessus!*' he declared, at my first meeting with him, in 1902, at the house of Henri Mazel. 'Yes, I spit with something more behind.' And what was behind was his bitter disappointment that the United States, a blend of all nations, and thus, apparently, designed to escape the curse of 'chauvinism,' had developed the disease in a most virulent form. Ah! if I could wring the neck of that damned old spread-eagle!'

"'I am of English, Scots, French, and Dutch ancestry,' he told me. 'On my mother's side I am descended partly from French Huguenots who settled down for a generation in Holland. But I don't attach much importance to these matters.' . . .

"He died, as he had lived, a poet, and in opinion (if the opinions of a poet matter) a revolutionary socialist. He had no traffic with place or power, no ambitions; and when the Wild Asses of the Devil broke loose, he gave no cry of encouragement. Like his friend Moréas, he might have said: '*Je n'ai jamais rien fait qui fût indigne d'un poète*' (I have done nothing unworthy of a poet). But he was, unlike Moréas, totally unassuming. He was full of generosity and humanity, hating only those who degraded the function of the artist, or dishonored humanity with cant, hypocrisy, greed, or violence. An excerpt from a letter of his to me, dated December 26, 1906, may serve to give some idea of his attitude:

"'How I feel and understand your desperation in industrial Leeds. I felt the same chill in brain and heart during my five eternal years spent in New York.'"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

CLASHING VIEWS OF "THE GOOD LIFE"

"IS ANYTHING LEFT OF RELIGION?" asks a black head-line in the September *Forum*, and Theodore W. Darnell, formerly a Presbyterian minister, and now executive secretary of the United Parents' Associations of Greater New York Schools, answers in the article under it, "Very little." The belief in God, in immortality, in heaven, and in nearly everything else of Christianity, whether Fundamentalist or Modernist, is gone, according to Mr. Darnell. All that survives, we are told, is what he calls "the good life"—the social ideal that embodies the ethics of Jesus—and even that, he thinks, has nothing divine in it.

THE OLD FAITH IS GONE

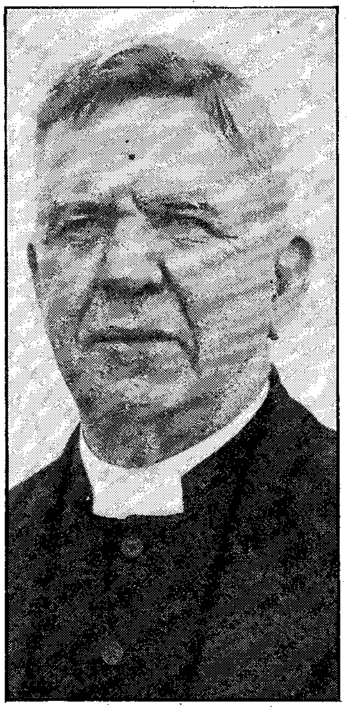
Says Theodore W. Darnell of New York, a former minister, who believes that all that survives of religion is a wholly human product called "the good life."

On the other hand, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the Brooklyn Congregational minister, whose voice is familiar to radio listeners the country over, in replying to Mr. Darnell in the same issue of *The Forum*, holds that a great deal of the faith of our fathers remains, including all its essentials. He answers his opponent, point by point, but the most flavorsome fruit of the debate, in the opinion of some readers, is found in the two men's diverse views of "the good life," and of what has produced it.

Both men believe in it, but one thinks it had a natural origin, the other a divine origin. Mr. Darnell believes in a "modern man's religion" devoted wholly to human efforts toward realizing "the good life." Dr. Cadman sees no hope in that kind of religion. Mr. Darnell is imprest by the change which the idea of "the good life" itself has undergone. It used to be "a life surrounded with prohibitions," he says, with "Thou shalt not" as the sign-post at every by-path. Now it is something positive instead of negative. "It remains in its changed form," we read, "as the only survival of the religion of the past, and it remains as the 'way' to reach the modern religious objective, which is not an escape from the realities of life but an acceptance of those realities—a civilization on earth in which every man may find happiness."

One of the instruments by which universal happiness is to be attained, this writer avers, is modern machinery, of which he says:

> "The modern religious man insists that the machine is neither good nor bad in itself, but that it is only an instrument. It may be used for the progress of mankind toward a larger, better life, or it may be used as a means to his present misery and his ultimate destruction. If it is to be used in the latter way, it is because men are not living 'the good life.' And so, the modern religious man reaches back into the religion of the past and seizes the one thing that is left. He takes it away from the atmosphere of prohibition, negation, and superstition. He makes it positive. In his effort to make the good life positive, modern man redefines religion to mean a devotion to the 'interests' of ordinary living; and by this new definition those interests are transformed into values that extend beyond the domain of personal gratifications and satisfactions. His interests are business, sports, education, and patriotism (including his political behavior). The modern religious man conceives of these interests as contributing to the welfare of men everywhere."



Wide World photograph

CHRISTIANITY IS UNSHAKEN

Declares Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn, who holds that "the good life" is a divine affair, the creation of "a self-manifesting Reality called God."

With the change in religion, says Mr. Darnell, has come a different attitude toward nature. Instead of praying to God for protection against nature as a cruel, evil force, modern man, we read, conceives of nature as neither good nor evil, but as a mighty machine to be controlled by himself; instead of a hostile deity, nature is merely "the jinnee of the magic lamp of science, which man may rub at his will." Thus we come to Mr. Darnell's final vision of "the good life":

> "The realization of this mastery of nature forces upon the thinking man the consciousness of his own worth. Knowing himself to be of value, he sees others as men of value, and he understands that until all men realize that they are of value, his own worth is cheapened. Under the inspiration of his new vision, he feels the compulsion to use his knowledge in the establishment of conditions which will promote the welfare of mankind generally. He sees that the only devils are those men who would use the mastery of nature for the impoverishment and destruction of man.
>
> "The good life, therefore, becomes to him the employment of his mastery of nature for the common good. In his imagination he sees a civilization in which the fear of want and war will no longer menace mankind, a civilization in which the strong will no longer make slaves of the weak, a civilization in which every man will have the opportunity for some kind of creative living; and to the accomplishment of that vision he gives his all."

This definition of the good life, replies Dr. Cadman, is meager, illogical, and inadequate. To enthrone the good life, as Mr. Darnell does, he says, and then to explain it as "a cosmic accident having no ultimate significance and casting no light upon the rationale of things, is, to say the least, very flimsy metaphysics." Dr. Cadman agrees that the rational, the ethical, the esthetic and the social elements cut a much larger figure in human life to-day than they did in the far past. But how are we to account for this increase? He answers:

> "The theist explains it by his belief that the course of history marks the unfolding movements of a self-manifesting Reality

called God. As he sees it, the richer and more complex life becomes, the more fully God enters into it. The vast reservoir of life contained in His timeless self-existence constantly pours into the time-order more value and more meaning. Hence creation is but the process by which God shares His boundless life with beings expressly created for that purpose.

"Which, I wonder, is the more reasonable: to declare that altho the good life is time's highest value, its sources are something less than itself, so that the good has to be accounted for by the non-good; or to declare that since the good life is time's highest value, it requires an Eternal Goodness from which it is generated, and of which it is to a given degree the revelation? If goodness is so precious, surely we can not have too much of it. It is hard to understand why any one profoundly exercised in goodness should protest the belief in a Supreme Being to whom all else owes its existence, and from whom righteousness flows toward men 'like the waves of the sea.' The good God makes the good man intelligible, and the good man is a forceful argument for the survival of personality beyond bodily death."

Since Mr. Darnell denies God and immortality, he has no firm basis for his cheerful anticipations for mankind, says Dr. Cadman, adding:

"To the three persistent questions—Whence? What? Whither?—he has no convincing answer. Skepticism and pessimism are congenital. Bertrand Russell's 'unyielding despair' is the offspring of his principles. But Mr. Darnell proposes to grow the fruit of faith on the root of unfaith. He rejoices in man's conquest of nature, apparently forgetful of his assumption that nature will presently destroy man and all he has accomplished, and that they are to be as tho they had never been. Such optimism as this reminds one of the Irish laborer who fell from a twenty-storied building and ejaculated on passing the sixteenth story, 'I'm all right so far!' It may be intrepid, but it can hardly be thought reasonable that a man should exult in his future when on his own confession he is headed for extinction.

"Mr. Darnell conceives nature as a non-rational, non-ethical system of impersonal forces, and as an absolute, self-sufficient mechanism producing what it does not contain. The majority of thinking people refuse to entertain this conception. They prefer to explain the relation between man and nature in a more rational way. For them nature is the instrument by which a universal mind produces and informs lesser minds. To use philosophical language, finite consciousness is the organ of an infinite conciousness. To use theological language, man is the child of God. His being is therefore the meeting place of two realms—the realm of nature and of spirit. Tho these realms are differentiated in thought, they are inseparable in reality. One is never found without the other."

Remarking that he prefers the theistic to the atheistic interpretation of the universe and of man, Dr. Cadman makes this final comment on his opponent's views:

"I say in all sincerity that I would rather be wrong, believing as I do, than believe as he does and be right. The frailty and tendency to err which attends all human conceptions induces me to look to another and greater power than man. Jesus is for me, as He is for multitudes besides, the supreme authority on these issues. And He is on my side.

"This may mean very little to Mr. Darnell. But it means much for all who are convinced that Jesus is the perfect example of 'the good life' and the final authority on religious faith. Man's expansion in thought and progress in personal character are forever related to Him. He showed that we can respond to God's higher ideals and activities, and so have fellowship with Him in godlike ways. The spiritualization of the natural order, as it emerges in man, by means of the supernatural spirit that is in him, is his truly divine vocation. The decay of traditional conceptions and outward forms but registers the increasing life of his Maker in the soul of man, and thus assures his fulfillment of his divine destiny."

THE DISPUTE

By Philip M. Raskin

Thousands wonder,
Thousands ask:
Why the struggle,
Why the task?

Why the burden,
What the yoke?
Is it all
The devil's joke?

Why the bar,
And why the bond,
If there is nothing
There beyond?

Head and heart
Quarrel and cry;
Head shouts: nothing!
Heart—you lie!

—*Jewish Tribune, New York.*

"PLAYING HOB WITH HOLY THINGS"

Bringing Jesus "down to date" has perils of rashness and distortion, remarks the editor of *The Homiletic Review*, in introducing an article in his September number on "Fictionizing the Bible." After a glance at the "more or less imaginative 'lives' of Christ, by Bruce Barton, Papini, Middleton Murry, and Ludwig," the writer of the article—the Rev. Fred Smith, of Newton, Kansas—discusses recent novels dealing with Bible characters, such as Gabriel Scott's "The Golden Gospel," based on a legend of Peter; Elmer Davis's "The Giant Killer," with David as the central character; and Philip Littell's "This Way Out," devoted to the story of Adam and Eve. Unless the readers of such books correct their impressions by studying the Bible for themselves, Mr. Smith believes, "the effect upon their religious thinking may be disastrous for this reason":

"The fictionizers of the Bible in our day, as a rule, take a Biblical story and use it as their point of departure rather than as a platform. In seeking to be realistic they themselves cease to be religious. It can be said that they are free in their handling of the Biblical material, but it can not always be said that they are fair. Of Littell's 'This Way Out,' I find a favorable reviewer writing: 'Above all, it is gratifying as a sign that the younger generation can still be beaten by its elders (Mr. Littell was born in 1863) at the game of playing hob with holy things.' Those who happen to read 'The Giant Killer' by Davis will find another expert at this game of 'playing hob with holy things.' Concerning Louis Untermeyer's way of handling the story of Moses, Babette Deutsch, reviewing the novel, which the publishers say is based on 'long research,' says: 'One can readily forgive him (Untermeyer) for twisting history to suit himself.' Of the novel concerning David, Brickell says it is the story of a reign 'which was maintained largely by the total lack of principle on the part of the monarch.' So, it seems, this is the way the Bible is read by its fictionizers."

If the novelist has a squint Hollywood way, says Mr. Smith, he seems to think he must put a great deal of "cave-man stuff" into his book. This, we are told, is just what is the matter with "The Giant Killer," for we read:

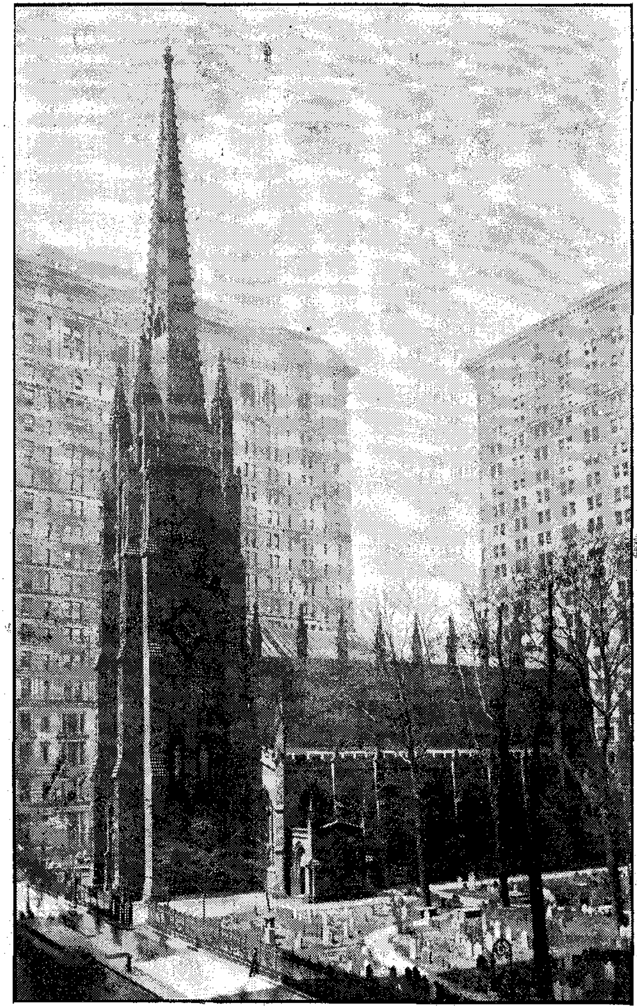
"According to Davis, David was a man 'for the women.' After the characterization of David by Davis, one comes to think that no word in the dictionary is strong enough to describe him. Perhaps this author thought the screen would be strong enough to screen him. David takes on new lineaments and loyalties other than those which we were taught concerning him in Sunday-school. But in saying that, I find a quiet voice within me saying that perhaps he needed to. If Davis detracts from the character of David, is it not also true that religious teachers have sometimes added to it? It is easy for men to make minor divinities of their darlings.

"Perhaps the truth of the matter is approximated by the analogy of a homely simile. Concerning chicken I am often asked which I prefer, the light or the dark meat. With regard to Biblical material it has seemed to me that in our time the Sunday-school teachers and preachers seem to prefer the 'light' meat, while the novelists prefer the 'dark.' One specializes on the good aspects of the character under consideration; the other, on the bad. Perhaps there is need for a better apportioning in this regard on the part of both sides.

"The situation is unfortunate. Perhaps if the novelists were a little more considerate in their use of Biblical material, Hollywood might lose a possible picture; but it would then not be possible to say of the writers that they were 'playing hob with spiritual things.' On the other hand, if religionists in their attitude to Biblical material gave a little more attention to the ascertainable facts, they would find that some of their saints are not the men of straw they seem to the critical outsider."

A WHALE OF A CHURCH FORTUNE

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT A CHURCH should own $15,000,000 in realty and show an income of $1,462,340, but such are the figures given in the annual report of the Corporation of Trinity Church, the famous Episcopal sanctuary, standing at the head of Wall Street, New York. The Trinity fortune is founded on whales and flotsam and on land grants given 233 years ago, when there was no Wall Street, and Fifth Avenue was not even a foot-path. But Manhattan Island was destined for wealth, and the church prospered as its land increased in value, and whales drifted ashore. The big fish come no more, but the land is still there, and worth more every year. The principal source of income of the corporation, we read in *The Wall Street Journal*, is its real estate, which forms one of the largest realty holdings in New York City, and dates back to grants of the English Crown in the late seventeenth century. Of the $1,462,340 income shown in the statement issued by the rector of the parish, Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, revenue-producing realty contributed $1,334,370; interest brought in just under $90,000, and the balance was from rent of steam power, electricity and water, and pew rents. The operating expenses of real estate aggregated $523,358, of which $208,637 for taxes and water rents, and $209,925 for repairs, alterations and operating steam plants formed the bulk; sundry items of $32,444 rounded out the expenditures, leaving the 1928 fund for gifts and pensions and the operation of the mother church and its seven affiliated churches at $900,538. From this total, disbursements of $449,078 were made, and $250,156 reserved for corporation and parish building, resulting in a surplus for the year of $71,691. According to the financial daily's summary:



THE LONGER IT STANDS THE RICHER IT GROWS

Trinity Church, New York, which began its career 233 years ago on a precarious income from flotsam and dead whales, and which now collects a million and a half every year from its real estate.

"The corporation lists its assets at $16,923,956, of which close to 90 per cent. represents the $15,022,236 book value of productive real estate. Cash was the next largest item, standing at $1,214,403, which was nearly double the $638,496 held in productive and unproductive mortgages. The corporation could certainly show a fine working capital position, for its accounts payable stood at only $20,406. The surplus account was carried at $14,104,696, while other items listed among liabilities were mainly reserve items for building operations, repairs, depreciation, renewals, etc.

"Not all of the corporation's property is included in the $15,000,000 book value of realty. It does not include churches, chapels, schools, and burying-grounds. Trinity Church and graveyard, occupying the equivalent of about two square blocks in the heart of the financial district, might easily command a market approaching, if not exceeding, the book value of all productive realty."

The tremendous wealth of Trinity would appear fantastic to the organizers of the church in 1696, when William III made the original grant of land for the parish, observes *The Wall Street Journal*. But even then the church was especially favored. Nine years after the first grant, Queen Anne enlarged it substantially. In its turn, Trinity was generous. From time to time, we read, the parish made outright gifts of realty, notably property for Kings College, the predecessor of Columbia College, and other parcels were sold to aid other established parishes. It is noted further:

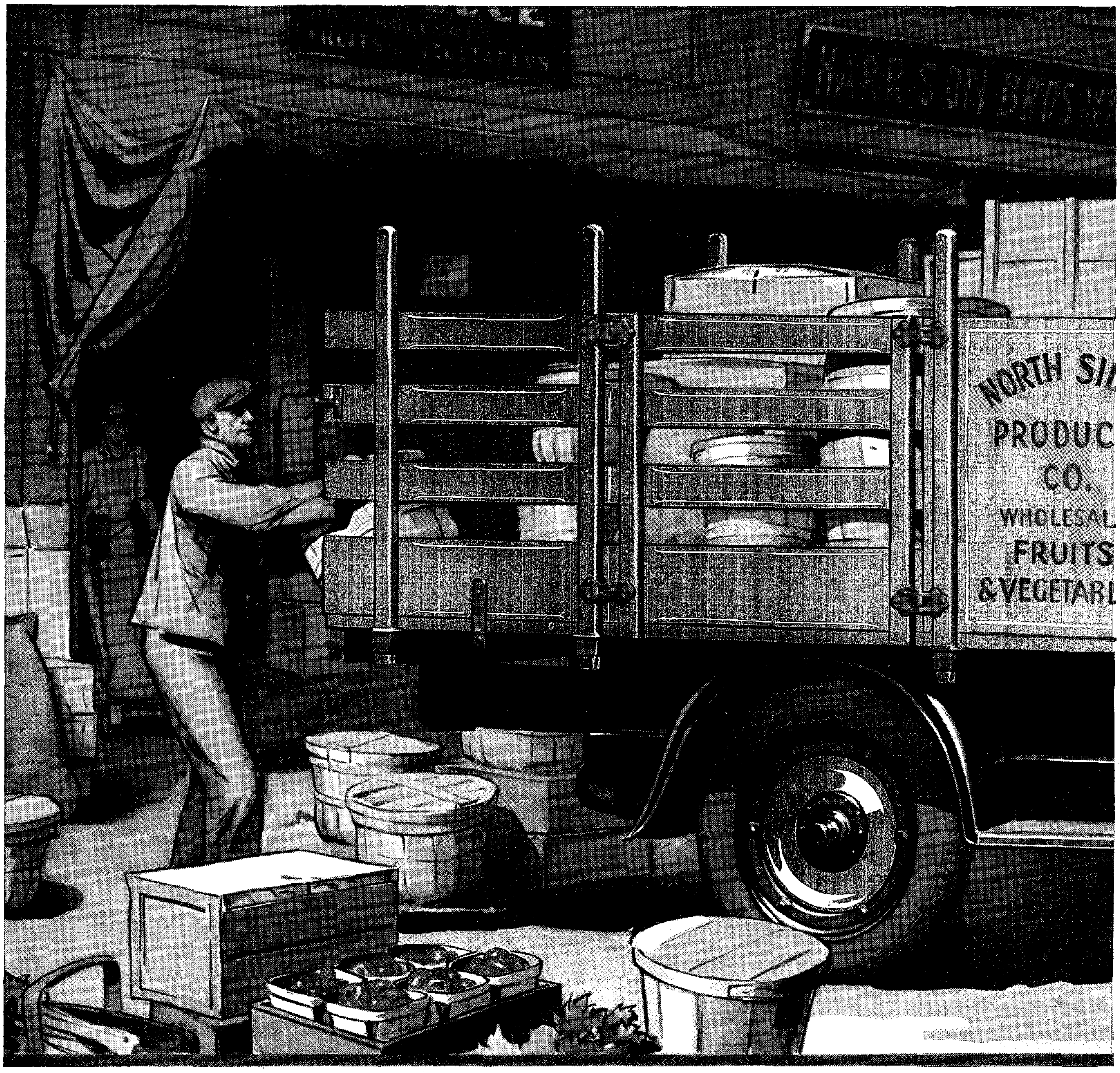
"Historical records contain efforts to obtain funds to start the church, which appear incredible when contrasted with present-day values. One aid to the building of the original church, in 1696, was a patent issued by the Governor of New York. It permitted vestrymen to seize all drift whales, or anything else driven by the sea onto land, and for which there was no owner. It further directed the whales be towed on shore, fried, and the proceeds used for a building fund. The original church stood for eighty years, until it was burned in 1776; the second edifice, built a few years later, was torn down in 1839 to make way for the present structure, completed in 1846."

BETTER THAN THE ROLLING-PIN

"SOCIAL ENGINEERING," as it is practised in Philadelphia, has achieved a success worthy of imitation where the new profession is not yet in vogue. The engineering we describe is, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* reminds us, the application of tact and common sense to the settlement of domestic disputes. To engineer an undertaking, according to the Standard Dictionary, is "to put it through or manage it skilfully or by contrivance or effort," and every bit of this definition, we are told, is needed to describe the new art of restoring peace where war has broken out between husband and wife. Its success in the "City of Brotherly Love" causes it to be recommended by the United States Children's Bureau, and *The Evening Bulletin*, speaking with some pride of this indorsement, recalls:

"As was stated in Judge Brown's report, published a few days ago, 78,000 families have come under the survey of the Domestic Relations Division of the Municipal Court since the start of its activities in 1914. Last year more than 5,000 new families were brought under investigation in this way. And with nearly two-thirds of the cases settled out of court, and reconciliations effected in nearly half these cases, the report speaks for itself.

"The disinterested adviser, the experienced counselor with a knowledge of human nature as well as of the law, the adjuster of matrimonial disputes who knows how to smooth out differences between man and wife that often have their root in trivial causes, who supply tact and understanding where couples blinded by anger or ignorance are at loggerheads, do a service to the Commonwealth that is of no little value in maintaining homes and keeping down the all too rapidly increasing rate of divorce. While the law may define the rights and duties of the married state, it is by such compromises and adjustments, 'social engineering,' that the Domestic Relations Court protects the one and insures the fulfilment of the other."



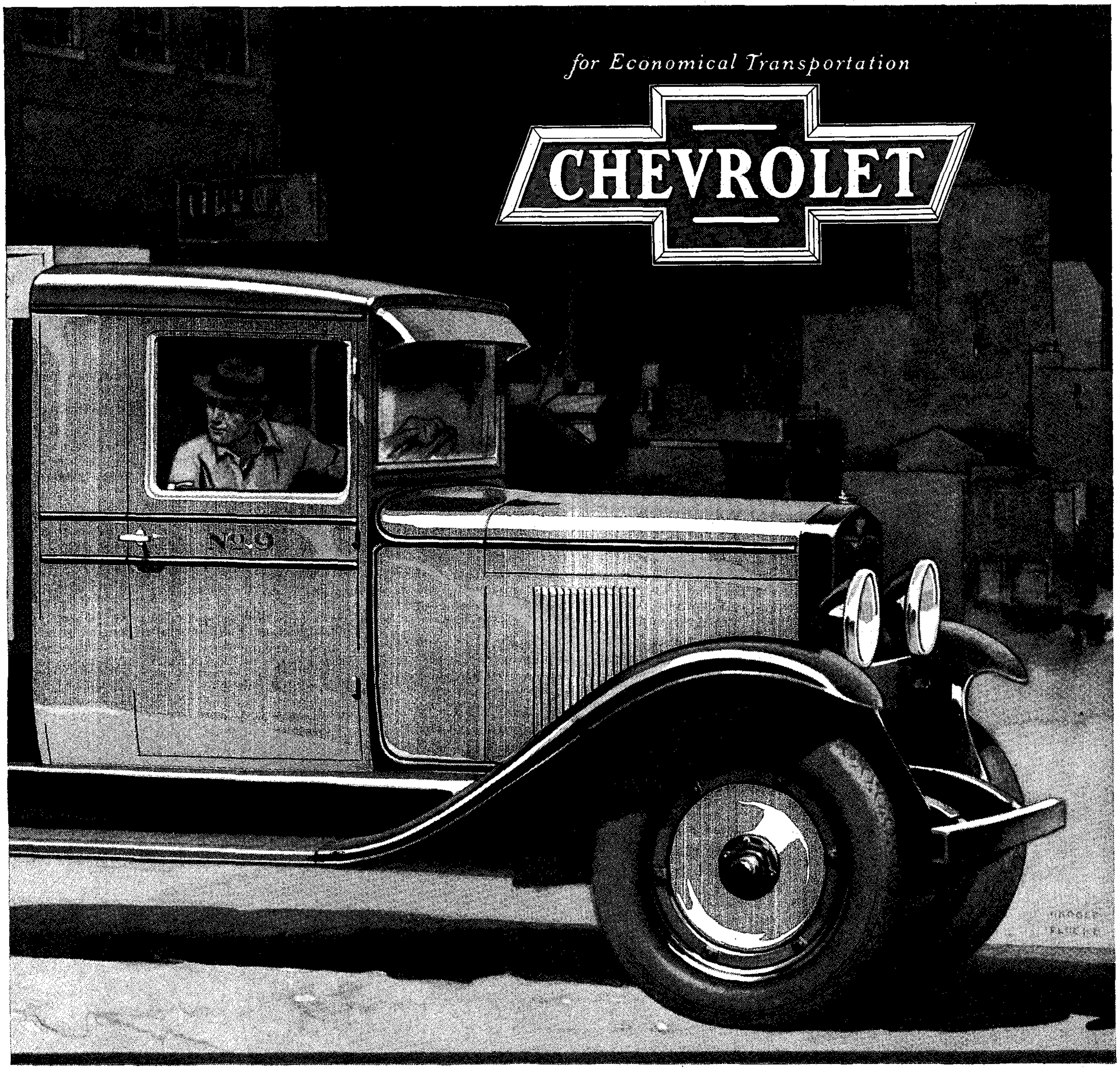
A 1½ Ton Six-Cylinder

IN EVERY line of business, demand for the new Chevrolet Six-Cylinder 1½ Ton Truck is increasing every day. And the reasons for this popularity are based on definite factors of superiority.

Here are provided, *in the price range of a four-cylinder truck,* the outstanding advantages of a great six-cylinder valve-in-head engine. And any owner of the new 1½ Ton Truck will tell you what a really great advantage this is. It gives you more power—and, due to the greater flexibility of six-cylinder design, this increased power is immediately available. The motor "takes hold" the instant the accelerator is depressed—which not only makes it possible to get out of bad places before the load has a chance to "settle," but enables the driver to take advantage of every opening in traffic. Faster speeds are possible on the highways. And the motor is amazingly smooth—which makes driving more pleasant, and results in longer life for the entire truck.

Furthermore, the new Chevrolet 1½ Ton Truck is equipped with a four-speed transmission—with a power take-off opening for power dumping, operating machinery, etc. In addition, it offers a full ball-bearing steering mechanism;

A SIX IN THE PRICE



Truck - with 4-Speed Transmission

big, powerful, non-locking 4-wheel brakes; four sturdy, semi-elliptic shock absorber springs, set parallel to the road; an extra heavy and extra long channel-steel frame, which permits the mounting of large bodies without frame extensions; and sturdy, high-quality construction in every unit.

And remember that this remarkable six-cylinder truck is not only available *in the price range of the four*—but that it is just as economical to operate as a four-cylinder truck. See your Chevrolet dealer today.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

for only

$545

chassis only

1½ Ton Truck	Sedan Delivery	Light Delivery
$650	$595	$400
(Chassis with Cab)	(Body by Fisher)	(Chassis only)

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

RANGE OF THE FOUR

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned

AN episode from the West in *Adventure* (New York), giving a picture of one who lives in peace and one who prefers to "live dangerously":

THE CALL

By Lowe W. Wren

The moon is up! And when the moon is full
I think of nights pitched on a windy field
And streaked with glow of distant fires. Bold nights—
Long gone—with beat of hoof and shout of men.

The moon is up! A soaring, pagan god,
Drenching the night with yellow, mellow light!

Hello? Some one is riding down the trail!
At this late hour? And why? I can not guess!
He checks his horse, dismounts, and comes afoot.
And now his swinging stride hints at a step
I know, yet can not place. Nearer, he comes,
Until the moonlight glistens on his belt,
His bearded chin and open throat—sweaty
And caked with dust. Far come, no doubt! Only
The hat that shades his eyes, or I'd be sure.
Six feet away, and now, I know the man
Yet with so much surprise it leaves me dumb.

He grips my hand. And instantly, his touch
Brings back the rush of steeds. A rolling plain
Beneath the moon. A wild and reckless band—
Loose-reined—their shadows linked across the trail—
Racing to strike before the blood-red dawn.

He laughs—the old, defiant ring. Inquires
About my empty years. What can I say?
Ask him to share the shanty and its bed?
Offer a man like him my leisured ease?
Doing no more than just enough to live?
Roping, branding, herding a few, stray steers?
"Aw, hell!" is what he'd say. "The moon is up!"

Fact is, he scarcely glances at the shack,
But takes my arm in his and walks and talks.
A horse neighs suddenly. He drops my arm
And looks at me. I nod. The moon is up!

Joan of Arc is realized here in the Quarterly "Extra" of *The Poetry Review* (London), in far less space than it took Shaw to prove her a saint.

LA TRÉMOUILLE

(Recalling Saint Joan of Arc)

By Allen Brockington

"I had not heard of Domremy before.
That's where she lived before she came to France.
I saw her first at Chinon, riding in
With men-at-arms. She passed me near the gate.
They said that stupid soldier, Baudricourt,
Had sent her. She was looking straight ahead
With eyes on nothing, as if rapt in mind
Beyond our world. She did not notice me.
We found out all about her afterwards.
She lived in Domremy, as I have said,
And minded sheep or spun the wool for clothes,
Or helped her mother in her household tasks.
She could not read . . . Well, many cannot read
Who hold high offices—we are not clerks—
She could not write her name, but made a mark
Or let her hand be guided, when she sent
Those haughty messages which are preserved
(I think they are preserved)—strange messages
Commanding kings and rulers to her will,
Because God 'told' her what they ought to do.
God 'told' her many things in Domremy,
Speaking by voices of Saint Catherine
And Messire Michael and Saint Margaret
And others, whom she saw and listened to.

When she recounted what they said to her,
She often mingled fancies with the facts.
She spoke of hearing voices in the bells.
Why, even I have fancied once or twice
That bells have uttered words—'La Trémouille.'
There's something in my name goes with the sound
Of bells, and I have fancied they have called
Encouragement across the empty air,
And filled it with my name—'La Trémouille,
The great La Trémouille, thou shalt be great.'
Just that!
She said she heard an angel say
Her name, when she was only twelve years old.

Unless these voices of the bells be such,
I have not heard an angel speak to me,
Nor do I now believe she heard one speak,
For why should angels speak, if not to me?
But what she said they said was told, I think,
By some good patriot, who perceived the use
The wise might make of this ingenuous girl
To stir the souls of men and hearten them
Against the 'Goddams' (Joan's habitual word),
And he was skilful to insinuate
The message Joan delivered as from God:
'To free Orléans and to crown the King.'

Yet when I saw her shining, steadfast eyes
Looking beyond our world, I felt a thrill
Run through me. I was sure she came from God.
I said it half aloud: 'She comes from God.
Why should I say it? She was riding in
To see the King. She did not notice me.
I halted. I believed I raised my hand.
My hand went up against my will. 'All hail!'
I greeted her as one who comes from God.
And often since I've waked up in the night
And seen her riding in. . . ."

In *Scribner's*, Mrs. Speyer gives us an impression of those early hours of the day that usually only the sick are conscious of:

EARLY

By Leonora Speyer

This gray hour robs the hills of green,
But not of strength and not of height,
And not of sky the clouds between.

Into the dawn a cuckoo calls
(Sly bird among the dripping trees),
At vague, impassive intervals.

The swifts fly lower than the boughs,
With little, creaking, busy cries;
A sound of water ripples, flows,

Beyond the garden and the gate,
And down the road and through the town
(Small mountain-stream in shallow spate)—

And day is here. Its quiet plan,
Inevitable, is not disclosed,
Is not discussed with any man.

Only to those who lie awake
It yields blunt promises of rain,
Which it may break, which it may break.

It is a favorite divice to turn difficult problems over to "the fool" for solution, and *Poetry* (Chicago), tries it again:

ENTER FOOL

By Alice de Nair

"You carry life
In a feather sack.
Where is your spear
To thrust at fear?"
Quoth the Archer of Kings.

"I am armed with the lack
Of warrior things.
This pack on my back
Is folded wings!"

"The city has need
Of a beggar who sings.
Enter, thou fool!"
Quoth the Archer of Kings.

Two methods of perpetuating the record of women's charm are offered in *Harper's*, and the women ought probably to be left to choose between them:

TO PRAISERS OF WOMEN

By Archibald MacLeish

The praisers of women in their proud and beautiful poems,
Naming the grave mouth and the hair and the eyes,
Boasted those they loved should be forever remembered.
These were lies.

The words sound, but the face in the Istrian sun is forgotten.
The poet speaks, but to her dead ears no more.
The sleek throat is gone and the breast that was troubled to listen:
Shadow from door.

Therefore, I will not praise your knees and your fine walking,
Telling you men shall remember your name as long
As lips move or breath is spent or the iron of English
Rings from a tongue.

I shall say you were young and your arms straight and your mouth scarlet.
I shall say you will die, and none will remember you;
Your arms change and none remember the swish of your garments
Nor the click of your shoe.

Not with my hands' strength, not with difficult labor
Springing the obstinate words to the bones of your breast
And the stubborn line to your young stride and the breath to your breathing
And the beat to your haste,
Shall I prevail on the hearts of unborn men to remember.

What is a dead girl but a shadowy ghost,
Or a dead man's voice but a distant and vain affirmation
Like dream words most?

Therefore, I will not speak of the undying glory of women.
I shall say you were young and straight and your skin fair—
And you stood in the door, and the sun was a shadow of leaves on your shoulders,
And a leaf on your hair.

I will not speak of the famous beauty of dead women.
I shall say the shape of a blown leaf lay on your hair.
Till the world ends and the sun is out and the sky broken
Look! It is there!

The New York *Herald Tribune* brings again the message of *carpe diem:*

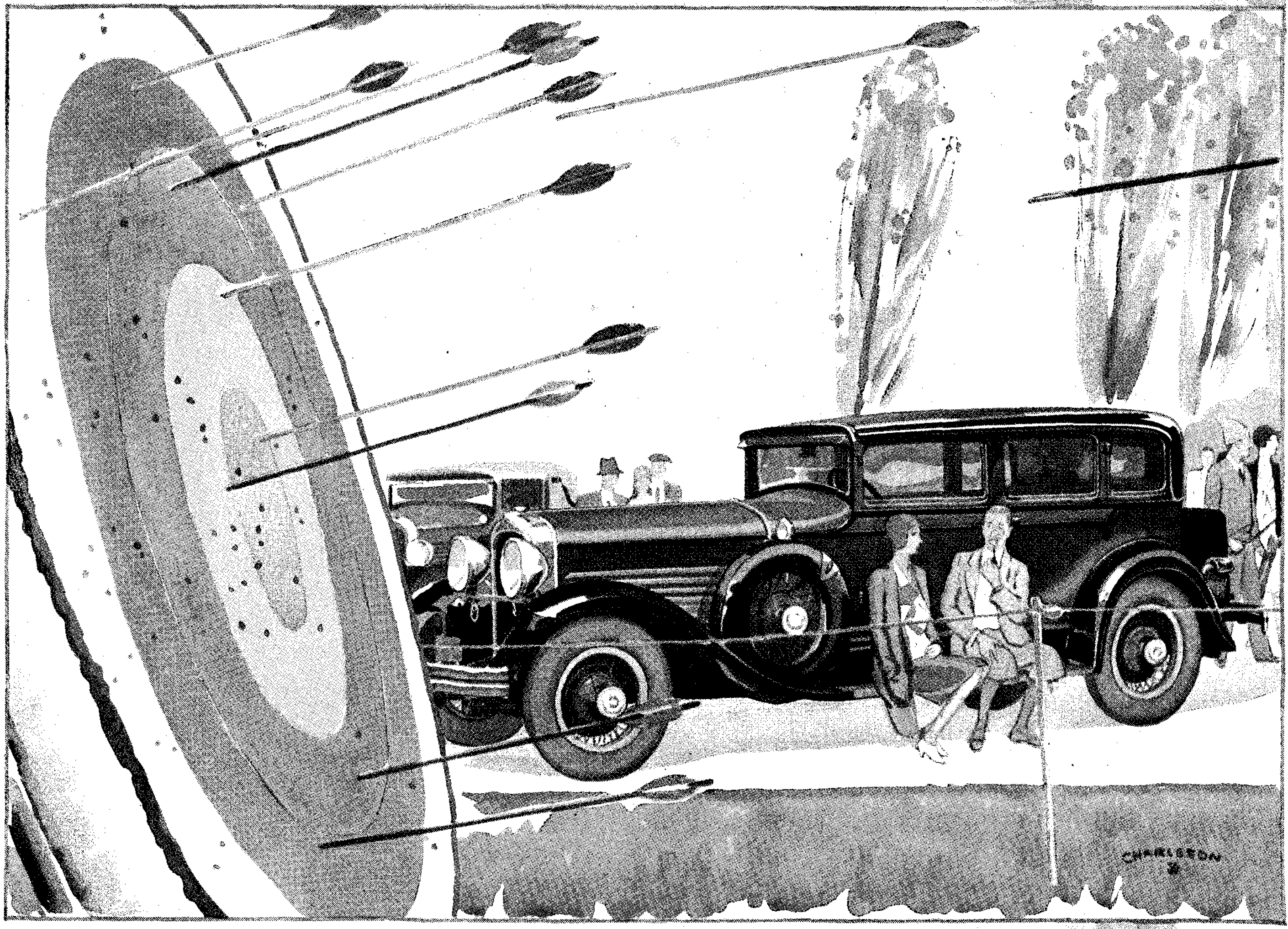
NEVER THE SAME WAVE TWICE

By Martha E. Keller

Never the same wave twice shall come to break
itself on this or any other beach.
No chance shall bring it back again. No speech
shall make the past the present. No, nor make
green water with hoarse thunder in its wake
stand still, although eternally from each
green wave destroyed by what it does not reach
another rises thundrous and opaque.
So this brief, passionate, groping of a hand
has been and still shall be when we have died.
But never twice so lovely, never—and
never, I think, to us who have denied
this loss that rises in us like a tide
even as water does upon the sand.

Marmon

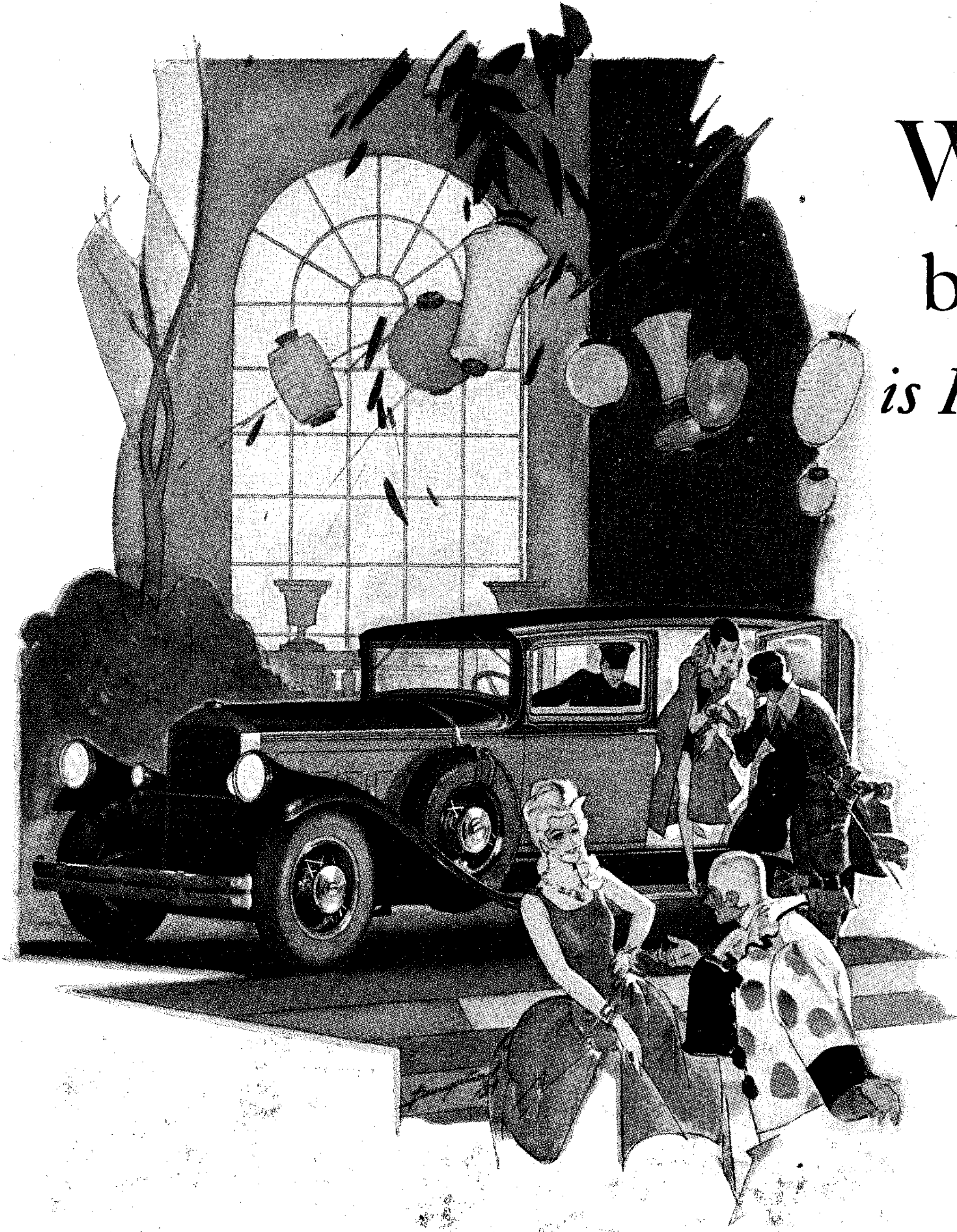
*driving ease, alertness, comfort of passengers—are **Marmon** traditions of years standing—not mere words but basic principles which are today, as always, carried into every car **Marmon** builds. did you ever ride in any **Marmon** and fail to admire*



*its speed, smoothness and riding ease? why don't you get all of these things for yourself in a **Marmon 78**, which today is hundreds of dollars lower than any possible fine car rival. the "78" illustrated is **$1965**, factory, equipment extra. also, **Marmon 68, $1465**, and **Marmon-built Roosevelt, $995**. all are straight-eights.*

Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

Wrought by Hand *is Pierce-Arrow Fineness!*



Portraits of Garden Parties and Pierce-Arrows . . . yesterday's and today's. The one, painted fifteen years ago, resembles the 1929 version in every particular of fineness and distinction . . . in the unchanging quality that is Pierce-Arrow.

THE simplest work of art reminds us that the finest things of this world are wrought by hand — that machinery, however modernly miraculous, must ever lack the genius of the human touch.

Pierce-Arrow is a case in point!

It would be so much easier and so much less expensive, for example, to substitute the machine product for much Pierce-Arrow handwork. But the result could never be Pierce-Arrow.

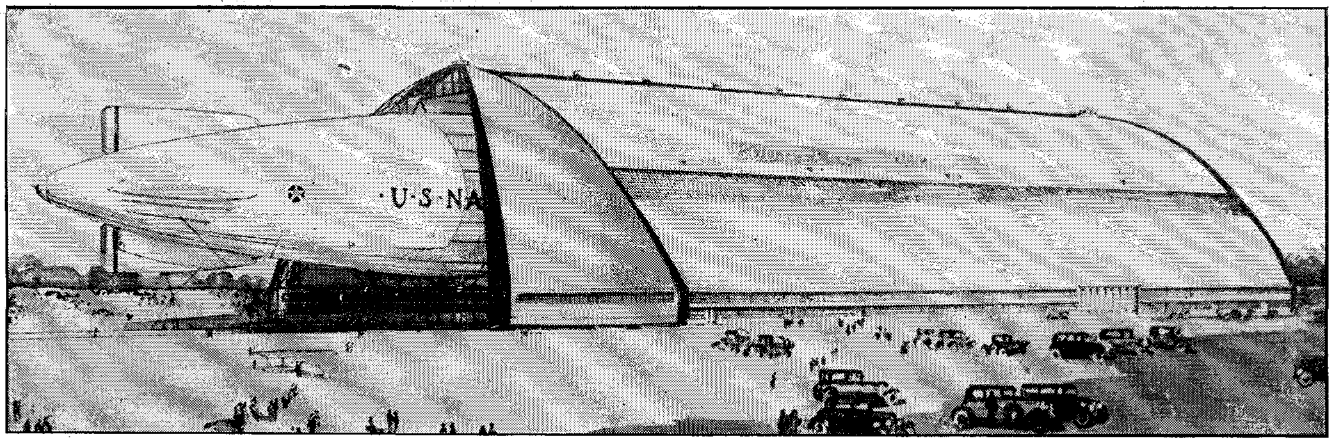
Only human hands — trained to high traditions — could be responsible for the exquisite coachwork of Pierce-Arrow fame. And nothing less could conceivably create the beautiful Pierce-Arrow interiors — or the fine precisions that are present in all Pierce-Arrow mechanism.

To repeat: *The finest things of this world are wrought by hand!*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

HOW THE GREAT AIRSHIP FACTORY AND HANGAR AT AKRON WILL LOOK WHEN FINISHED

It will cover eight and one-half acres. The problems involved in building it have attracted the attention of engineers in all parts of the world.

BUILDING THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HANGAR

THE HUGE AIRSHIP FACTORY and dock, in which two Zeppelin-type navy ships will be built at Akron, Ohio, will be the largest of its kind in the world. It has no pillars or other inside supports. It is to be, when completed, 211 feet high, 1,175 feet long, and 325 feet wide. It covers eight and one-half acres of ground. Perhaps the most difficult phase of the building construction was successfully carried out recently when the central arch of steel web-work was raised into position. The feat, says Walter E. Burton, writing in *The Scientific American* (New York, September), attracted the attention of engineers in all parts of the world. He describes the feat as follows, and also specifies some of the unprecedented features of the future building. He writes:

"The two supports of the central span had been erected, each 100 feet high and 325 feet from the other. The problem was to raise the remaining portion of the semielliptical arch so that its base would rest on top of the towers. The weight of this span is 360 tons, its height being about 100 feet and its width at the base about 200 feet.

"The two steel-beam supports having been completed, the remaining 360-ton span was assembled on the ground between them. At the top of each support, pulleys were placed, and over these, large steel cables were run. One end of each cable was attached to the portion to be raised, and on the other end was fastened a steel bucket containing scrap-iron, the weight being about 36 tons. There were eight of these counterweights, which served to reduce the weight to be lifted to about 72 tons.

"Four railroad cranes with lengthened beams curved at the upper ends were placed so that one occupied each corner of the span. These cranes lifted the mass of steel into position, aided by the counterweights. But before this could be done, the tops of the supports had to be spread apart so that the center would slip into place unobstructed. Hydraulic jacks placed under a special false-work accomplished this.

"The arch recently erected is the central one of a series of thirteen which will support the sheet-steel roof of the building. Each weighs 620 tons complete. The middle one is permanently fastened to its foundations, the remaining ones being mounted on rollers. These rollers, operating on tracks which rest on concrete piling, will permit thermal expansion and contraction of the huge steel mass in every direction. There will be approximately one foot of change in the building length from the lowest probable winter temperature at Akron to the highest summer heat.

"But erection of the steel arches is not the only bit of difficult work connected with building the world's largest airship shed. Preparation of the ground, for example, was a considerable task.

"The building site is in a swampy area, through which a small stream once ran. This stream was diverted into a large sewer placed beneath the building. The marshy ground was removed —in some places to a depth of more than 2 feet—and solid material was filled in on top of the clay that was underneath."

Grading the ground, driving 1,300 concrete piles, and pouring much of the concrete base for the arches, door tracks, and docking rails was done in the winter, with the temperature below freezing most of the time. By heating the concrete before pouring, then covering it and keeping it above freezing by oil fires beneath the covering, none of the material was frozen. We read further:

"Bedrock is 30 feet below the ground level. The piles, averaging two dozen beneath each arch leg, were driven to this level. In all, 12,000 cubic yards of concrete will be required for the building, and most of this will be below the ground level. A nine-foot concrete tunnel containing electric, water, air, steam, and other lines will run from one end of the building to the other.

"Concrete work for the structure has been pronounced the finest ever used on a major construction job. This is attributed to the great care exercised in pouring and in regulation of temperature while the material set. The concrete masses forming the side foundations are tied together by steel and concrete girders, and beams running underground, from side to side of the dock. This bracing will prevent spreading of the foundations under the thrust created by the steel above.

"In order to handle airships nearly a fifth of a mile long, a large, unobstructed, level space is required. To obtain this, many acres of land in the vicinity of the building are being brought to grade. For filling, earth from near-by hills is being used, the hills being leveled and the swampy areas raised simultaneously.

"Visitors to the factory site during the first months of operations have noticed numerous little mounds of earth covering several acres near the building. This is top soil that is being saved for covering the operating area. Turf is considered the best surface on which to handle dirigibles, and grass will not grow readily in excavated soil. Hence the saving of the fertile top layer which will later be spread out.

"Extending through the hangar, and for 1,600 feet beyond each end, will be docking rails resting on concrete bases. Over these rails will run cable cars which will serve as mobile anchors for airships, easing them into and out of the dock.

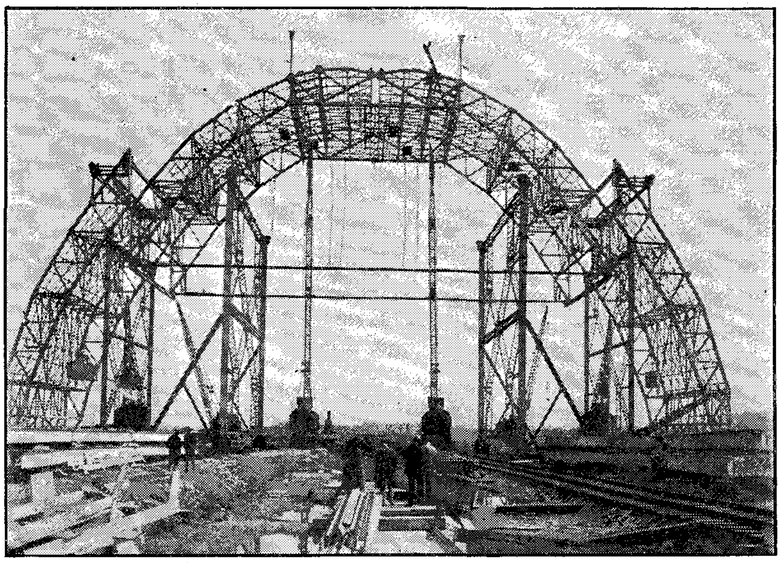
"Such a huge structure as the Zeppelin factory and docks suffers a tremendous stress when subjected to varying wind pressures. In order to minimize this force, the entire building has been designed to present only curved external surfaces. In cross-section, the structure is semielliptical. For the first 27 feet the walls rise vertically, then begin to curve inward.

These curved sides are being built to withstand a wind pressure five times the maximum figure for ordinary industrial buildings. It was found that, when wind of even ordinary velocity blows over the building, there is created a vacuum on the lee side. If the wind speed is high, steel plates on the building might be ripped off if they were not properly fastened, or the building might burst from pressure within if the bracing were inadequate. Therefore, the structure was designed so that its members can withstand a stress arising from air pressure both inside and outside.

"It was necessary to develop a method of opening and closing practically the whole of each end within a short period of time. To accomplish this, 'orange-peel' doors were designed. These doors resemble portions of an orange peel, each section representing one-eighth of the entire peel.

"Bases of the sections rest on electric street-car trucks running on circular tracks. There are ten trucks for each section, supporting a weight of 750 tons. Five minutes will be required to open or close the doors at either end of the building.

"There are no hinges other than huge steel pins at the apex, each 4 feet long and 17 inches in diameter. After such a huge mass of steel has been set in motion, it can not be stopt without the exertion of a tremendous counterforce. Electro-hydraulic brakes accomplish this.



ONE OF THE ARCHES OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HANGAR

This photograph shows the central section being raised to its final position, which it has nearly reached.

"The orange-peel doors are designed so that they will set up a minimum of air disturbance when open, closed, or in intermediate positions. When fully opened, they rest against the sides of the building, producing no greater air disturbance or offering no greater wind resistance than when closed.

"The factory and dock will be covered with a corrugated sheet steel. A material in which the corrugations are more nearly V-shaped in cross-section, instead of the conventional curbed form, will be used. No paint will be used on the outer surface. Instead, a coating of asphalt and asbestos, covering each individual sheet, will be employed. This will tend to minimize moisture condensation on the interior of the building by providing for a gradual change in temperature.

"The building is constructed so that an unobstructed floor area will occupy nearly all of the interior, the remainder being taken up by shops and other rooms on either side. The space is great enough to house an airship of 10,000,000 cubic feet gas capacity—more than twice as large as any now in existence. Workmen will reach parts of an airship by means of 'cat-walks' running from one end of the building to the other, by stairways, and other devices."

LIE ON YOUR FACE TO PREVENT DEAFNESS—Many cases of deafness might be prevented if everybody were trained in infancy to sleep on their stomachs instead of their backs or their sides, says Dr. George B. McAuliffe, of Cornell University Medical College. We read in Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

"Deafness often results, Dr. McAuliffe explains, from germ infections of the middle part of the ear, where are the three small bones which carry sounds to the nervous hearing organ of the inner ear. Germs seldom get into the middle ear from the outside, for the ear-drum stops them. Their favorite route is from the throat through the Eustachian tube, the tube through which air can enter or leave the middle ear when one swallows, to make the pressure the same on both sides of the ear-drum. When a person stands up, Dr. McAuliffe explains, the end of this tube in the ear is about an inch higher than the end in the throat. Any dust or liquid containing germs tends to move from the ear toward the throat instead of in the reverse direction. The same is true of a person lying on his face. But to turn over on one's back reverses this safe position, so that the throat end of the communicating tube is higher than the ear end. Dangerous germs from a cold in the throat or nose are then apt to drain into the ear and start disease; especially in babies, whose throats are smaller, so that the tubes between throat and ear are shorter."

AN EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS

An "ELECTRIC EYE," devised some years ago, has recently received some interesting new applications which are described in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.). This device, we are told, responds instantly to slight changes in the intensity of light. At lectures or expositions the public may be admitted through a gate in such a manner that each person entering interrupts a beam of light. With each interruption a circuit is closed, actuating mechanism that registers the number of persons that have passed through. The writer adds:

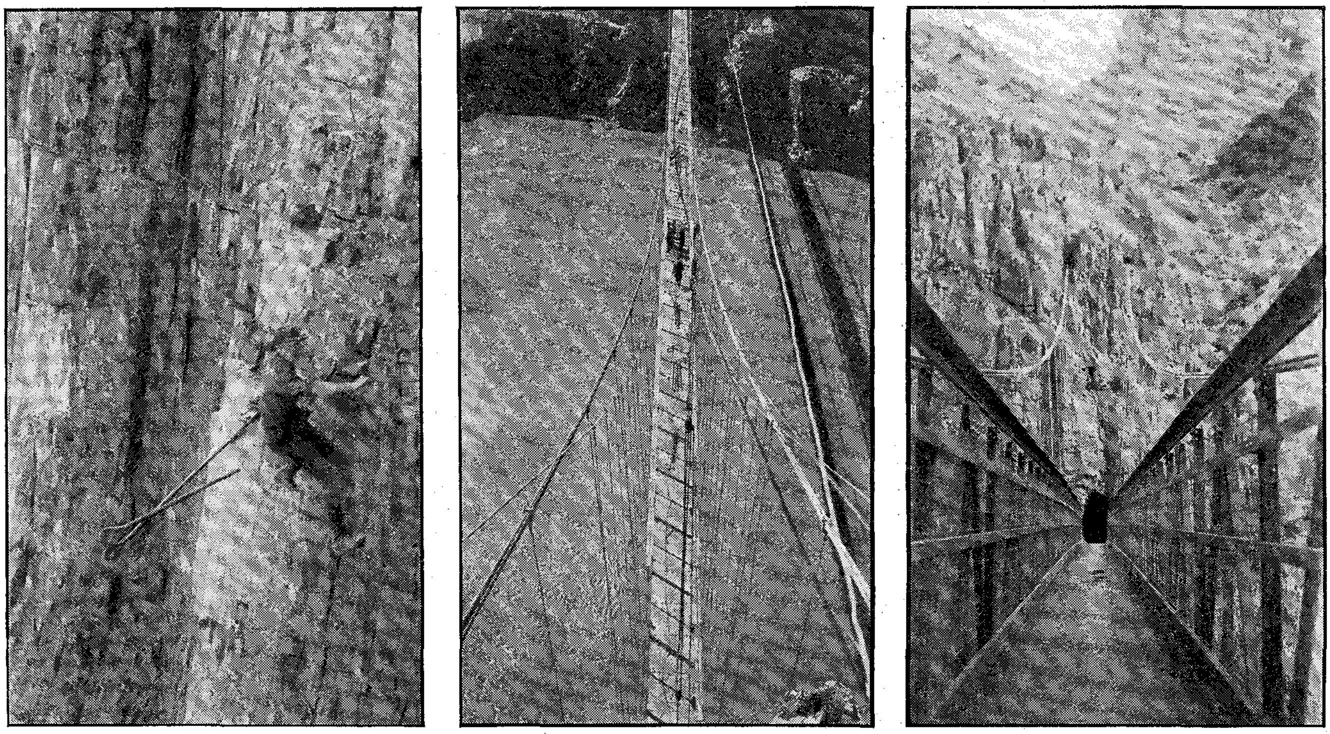
"The same principle may be applied in toll-bridges or vehicular tunnels, or for counting items in mass production in general. The electric eye is more accurate and more sensitive than the human eye, is unwearying, and responds equally well by day or night in any sort of weather.

"There are three types of apparatus designed to render such service. The first or photo-resistant cell is based on the change in resistance that the element selenium in crystalline condition experiences when light falls upon it. Such cells have many applications, but can not be applied in television, because the selenium does not respond instantaneously to changes in the light intensity. The second type of apparatus is a modification of the vacuum-tube, familiar in radio. A thin film of metallic potassium or sodium is deposited on the inner surface of the tube, and a collector is placed in the center of the bulb, facing the coating. When the cell is exposed to a source of light, the metallic coating emits electrons in much the same manner as the heated filament of an ordinary vacuum-tube. If the electrons are made to pass through a grid, the principle of control and amplification is afforded that is used in radio circuits. Cells of this type require potentials up to about 600 volts.

"A third type of light-sensitive apparatus is one in which an outside source of potential is needed, for a difference of potential is created by exposing one of two plates immersed in a solution to a beam of light. The feeble current (several tenths of a milliampere) may readily be amplified. One of the surprizing things about so many recent applications of electricity is the very small amount of energy that may be needed. An electric eye may be actuated by as little as a millionth of a watt. A fly crawling up a wall six inches a minute expends energy at about that rate.

"Mr. John V. Breisky of the Westinghouse Company, gave a demonstration in New York City several months ago in which a pan of gasoline was set on fire with a match. The first wisp of smoke from the burning fuel operated a photo-electric smoke-detector, which released carbon dioxid from a cylinder and extinguished the fire instantly. Such a method of protection against fire is of course more to be desired than one that turns in an alarm only when the fire has gained sufficient headway to produce a change of temperature.

"The electric eye has been applied in the automatic sorting of cigars into grades according to the color of the wrapper. Package goods carried under the eye on a moving belt may be automatically rejected if discolored or imperfectly labeled. The electric eye has been suggested as a protection against theft, altho there are of course other electrical devices depending on the vacuum-tube that accomplish the same result. A device may be



Photographs by courtesy of National Park Service, Washington, D. C.

ANCHORING A WIND CABLE — SPINNING THE COBWEB OF STEEL — READY FOR THE TOURISTS

BRIDGE-BUILDING 5,000 FEET BELOW THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON

installed inside a safe with an electric circuit so delicately balanced and adjusted that a hand outstretched toward the combination will ring an alarm or trap the intruder.

"The lights in a store may be placed under the control of an electric eye, so that they will be switched on and disclose the entire interior if a policeman throws his flash-light through the front door. A burglar-alarm may be arranged to be set off if a door is opened in such a manner as to interrupt a beam of infra-red light, invisible to the human eye. In Chicago an electric eye stares across a highway day and night, counting the vehicles that pass. Street lights of a city may be automatically switched off and on at sunrise and sunset, and will even come into action on cloudy or foggy days. The flow of gas oil to a furnace may be instantly cut off, if the flame happens to be extinguished, by placing the valves under control of an electric eye. Window displays may be set in operation if an observer outside the window interrupts a beam of light. Some years ago John Hays Hammond, Jr., developed an electric dog which followed its master about, held in leash by a beam of light. It seems only a step to develop one to pursue and set teeth in a prowler."

The cigar-sorter mentioned in the above extract is thus described in *La Rumeur* (Paris) by Charles A. Brouillet, in the course of an article on "Intelligent Machines." He says:

"To give an idea of the extraordinary precision of this machine—perhaps the most marvelous product of human ingenuity—I will describe one of its industrial applications, the only one yet made, so far as I know.

"In a tobacco factory, fine cigars are sorted by color. Those of the operatives, male and female, who have the greatest skill, and whose eyes are most thoroughly trained, are able to recognize seven, or sometimes eight, different tints, corresponding to as many grades of quality. Here the possibilities of human vision cease.

"But the electric eye perceives and sorts some thirty different tints.

"An endless band brings the cigars at random into the field of electric vision. Each perception releases the electromagnet corresponding to the degree of luminosity filtered through the potassium. The magnet in turn actuates a trap into which the cigar falls, on its way to join its companions of the same color. Where the human eye is powerless, the machine that sees has succeeded.

"Is it necessary to add that the electric eye is not yet practically employed in France?

"Beside the machine that sees, the machine that hears, that feels, that talks, we may expect the discovery, some day, of the machine that will think. Has there not been reported a device that measures and records thought?"

BRIDGING THE GRAND CANYON

THE ABOVE TITLE, which is that of an article contributed by Kit McKenzie to the National Parks number of *American Forests* (Washington), requires some explanation. The canyon itself is about twenty miles across at the top, from rim to rim, and to bridge it would be impossible. But the Colorado River flows in a narrow gorge hundreds of feet deep, cut into the plateau at the bottom; and it is this gorge that has recently been crossed by a narrow suspension bridge connecting with the trails on both sides, leading up to the rims. Adventure and danger, writes Mr. McKenzie, were the warp and the woof of its building; its opening represented a triumph of man over nature in the face of appalling obstacles. He goes on:

"Years ago, when men first crossed, they swung dizzily through the air on a single cable. A swaying suspension bridge was built by the National Park Service in 1920, the first span to be thrown across the chasm, and the only safe means of transport in a stretch of three hundred miles.

"The need of a new bridge became apparent in 1927. In designing it, unusual factors had to be considered. Not the least was the difficulty and expense entailed in transporting materials from the rim of the canyon to its floor, an air-line distance of about four miles, and a drop of nearly 5,000 feet. The construction of a cableway was considered, but, after careful study, it was decided that a pack-train would be more economical and satisfactory. Thus down a narrow, zigzagging defile, seven and a half miles in length, sturdy little donkeys packed the bulk of the materials and supplies used in the construction of the bridge. Three months were required to carry the main part of the load.

"Use of the pack-train placed a limit upon the size of the pieces used in the bridge, and affected its design. Only pieces ten feet or less in length could be transported by the animals. Each of the eight main cables weighed over a ton. These were carried on the shoulders of forty-two men, mostly Indians, each man supporting a weight of about fifty pounds. Drawing up the plans and specifications presented peculiar difficulties. The distance to be spanned measured 500 feet between supports with an allowance of five feet for width, since a narrower bridge would be likely to interfere with the passage of a loaded animal and, if the bridge were wider, there would be more opportunity for the animals to turn around and cause confusion in the line of a pack-train. In spite of these limitations, it had to be strong enough to carry a string of animals completely covering it. Possible congestion due to inexperienced riders had to be taken into account, so that the structure would hold even in a stampede. It had to be rigid, so that there would be no possibility of a swinging or jarring motion that would cause fear on the part of tourists. The bridge must remain stanch against transverse wind stresses, and slight width made the installation of ordinary floor bracing impossible.

"The first items of construction were the pits for the main cable anchorages and cable supports. On the north end the upstream pit was sunk fourteen feet into solid rose granite; the downstream pit was drilled four feet into the rock. Since the new bridge was to be located on the site of the old, but at a slightly higher elevation, and the old bridge was to be in uninterrupted use during its construction, all excavation work had to proceed cautiously for fear of dislodging the old supports.

"The location of the new cable supports was so near the old that open cuts in the rock for passage of the main cables would seriously endanger the security of the old bridge. To obviate this, small tunnels had to be drilled back to a safe mooring, through the solid rock.

"Because of the overhanging canyon wall, creating a danger from falling rocks, and other factors, a tunnel had been decided upon as the safest approach to the bridge from the south. Its construction was an achievement in itself. It is 105 feet long, ten feet high, and six feet wide. To speed up construction, two eight-hour shifts of workmen operated in the tunnel day and night, with the work in progress at both ends.

"The hoisting of the main cables and their adjustment signaled the beginning of the bridge proper. When these had been secured, an engineer and a rigger swung out over them in fragile-looking swing seats, called 'bos'n' chairs, to measure and mark them for the hangar cables. The transoms, each consisting of a floor beam and two verticals, were then trundled out onto the old bridge and attached to the hangar cables at positions corresponding to those they were to occupy in the new structure. Then the entire group was hoisted by means of a tackle and adjusted by a rigger.

"The heavy floor beams were riveted together and swung directly onto the bridge by means of a special cable, or high line, strung across the canyon above the new structure. Large and unwieldy, these beams were perhaps the most difficult parts of the bridge to place. The riggers had to 'ride the steel' and make a flying connection. As fast as the sections were brought up and placed, the floor plates and guard angles were brought onto the bridge and bolted into their places. Then stiffening trusses were laid and riveted together in a continuous piece.

"The next task was to adjust and anchor the cables, designed to brace the bridge when swift storm winds ride the canyon. Placing the anchorages in the sheer rock lining of the canyon was a task both dangerous and difficult. The jack-hammer operator who drilled for the guys was lowered by a rope over the precipitous wall, and hung in a sling from two ropes, one hundred and twenty-five feet below the rim of the canyon, with seventy sheer feet of rock below him to the river.

"In building this great bridge across so awesome a chasm not a life was lost. Even the patient, plodding pack animals came through the ordeal safely. There are one hundred and twenty-two tons of steel and other materials in the bridge; not one piece was dropt into the river far below."

MICE NURSED BY RATS BECOME GIANTS—Gigantic mice, developed by allowing baby mice to be nursed by rats, have been grown as a result of an experiment recalling H. G. Wells's story, "The Food of the Gods." Dr. A. S. Parkes, working at University College, London, is the experimenter who has obtained these results. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"In previous researches Dr. Parkes had shown that among normally suckled mice, members of small litters grew much faster than those from large litters. He explained this fact on the assumption that the amount of nutrition available was about the same for all litters, no matter what their size, so that the nutrition available for each young mouse was less the larger the litter. In order to test this explanation he attempted successfully the experiment of foster-mothering young mice with mother rats. 'The maneuver required much care in selecting docile rats, etc., and even when the mice were not eaten, many difficulties arose, such as the weight of the rat when lying on the young mice,' explained Dr. Parkes. He was rewarded for his perseverence by having his explanation completely confirmed by the results, for size of the litter had no effect on rate or weight increase when the mice available had the comparatively unlimited nutrition supplied by the mother rat's milk. His rat-suckled mice became of comparatively elephantine size. At weaning time they each weighed as much as a full-grown mouse; but like humans they paid the penalty for their enormous bulk by losing mobility. This great increase in size, however, did not cause a corresponding increase in development, he said. 'The eyes, for instance, opened at the normal time—thirteen days old, and the animals at three weeks old were practically immobile owing to failure of the immature frame to cope with a weight almost equal to that of the adult animal. . . . Under conditions of unlimited nutrition the growth of young mice may proceed to a degree which is both unusual and unhealthy.'"

JUNK AS BIG BUSINESS

THE "OLD JUNK MAN" may be a joke, but the business of dealing in old scrap-iron and steel is now so vast and important that it amounted in the United States alone last year to half a billion dollars, according to Albert Parsons Sachs, science editor of the New York *World*. Says Mr. Sachs in that paper:

"We used to ridicule the junkman and to scoff at his industrial and social position. That has changed. If he is a large enough junkman, his position corresponds to his wealth.

"In 1928 about 34,000,000 long tons of scrap-iron and steel, with a value well in excess of $500,000,000, were consumed, chiefly in steel-making. The collection, transportation, and utilization of scrap-iron and steel have become substantial industries on their own account, with special equipment, large investments, and appropriate methods.

"Part of the scrap used is known as 'home scrap,' because it is produced in the steel mills themselves, and never actually enters the market. 'Market scrap' represents the material handled by dealers. Some of it comes from large machine shops, some from the railroads, some from automobile factories, or from building construction, some is collected in small quantities, which are cleaned and sorted, and it is a very serious and dignified business.

"The home scrap and market scrap-iron and steel were about equal in quantity in 1928—about 17,000,000 tons.

"Scrap-iron and steel used to be considerably cheaper than pig-iron, but as the grades have become standardized and the use of scrap more customary, the prices have approached each other more closely. For short periods of time scrap of the more desirable types, such as heavy melting steel scrap, has exceeded pig-iron in price.

"As the world continues to pile up enormous amounts of steel and iron equipment, some of which becomes useless from time to time, and must be discarded or replaced, an increasing percentage of scrap-iron and steel will become available. Pig-iron will be produced to replace the metal lost by corrosion and wear, and to take care of the natural increase in metal requirements, but scrap and recovered metal will represent an increasing proportion of the direct replacement.

"Steel was formerly produced from pig-iron exclusively. Pig-iron is a crude iron containing impurities of various kinds. The steel-making process removes the undesirable impurities. It is obvious that scrap-steel may be a better raw material for steel than pig-iron, and scrap-iron, if properly cleaned and sorted, is the equal of new metal for certain purposes, and acts as a balance-wheel for the pig-iron market.

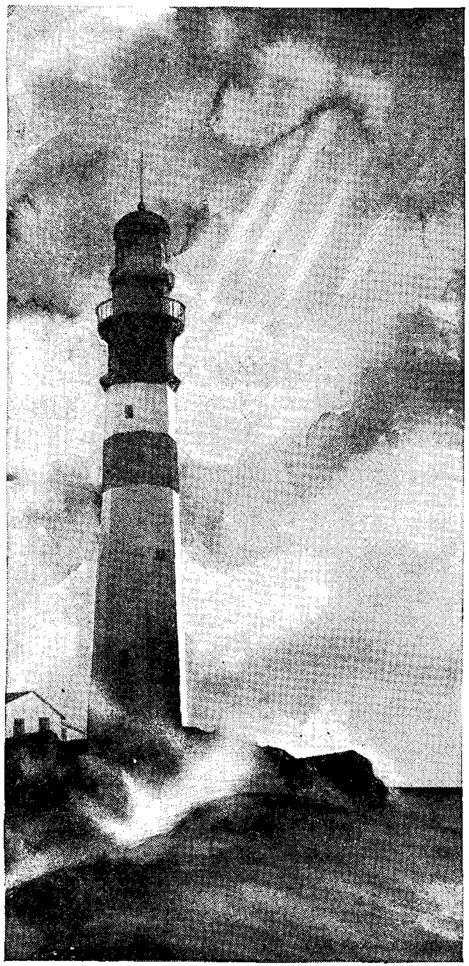
"Much of the scrap is obtained as turnings, strips, and ends. Many manufacturing plants consider these materials as valuable sources of income and provide machinery for bailing, crushing, and packing these products, and arranging to keep them clean, or clean them.

"The dealers in scrap have extensive equipment such as overhead traveling and locomotive cranes, great mechanical shears for cutting steel plate and equipment into proper-sized pieces, torches for cutting other pieces, crushers to smash castings.

"A considerable factor in the value of the scrap is its closeness to the consuming centers, as freight charges can easily eat up profits. In spite of this there is a considerable import and export trade in scrap. The imports for 1928 were only about 60,000 tons, but this is one of the smallest figures in recent years. The imports in 1919 were above 180,000 tons. But exports have been increasing in quantity, and amounted to nearly a quarter-million tons in 1927 and more than half a million tons in 1928.

"The scrap business is fundamentally a highly respectable business because it tends to conserve natural resources, prevent waste, and stabilize markets. If an equivalent utilization of scrap could be accomplished in other industries, the paper industry, for example, it would be of tremendous benefit to every person in the country.

"In the case mentioned waste would be recovered, forests saved, and the industry stabilized. When technical advances have proceeded far enough to make old paper a useful raw material comparable in value to new stock, we may expect a similar change to occur in the paper industry as in the iron and steel industry—namely, the increasing use of recovered materials and proportionally less new materials."



TODAY . . .
MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THE TIDE IS TURNING TO BUICK

WHEN
BETTER
AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT
BUICK
WILL
BUILD
THEM

IT WAS the immortal Stevenson who said, "The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

The men and women of America have bestowed that reward upon Buick in overwhelming measure by ordering more and more Buicks year after year throughout a quarter of a century.

And just as Buick craftsmen have created their greatest motor car in Buick for 1930, so the motoring public is paying its highest tribute to this new Buick model.

Buick owners have long re-purchased Buicks in greater volume than the total demand for any other fine car. But today they are re-purchasing Buicks with keener eagerness than ever before.

Thousands of motorists have turned each year from other cars to Buick. But today the swing to Buick is more pronounced and widespread than in any previous year.

These two groups combined have long purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. But today they are awarding Buick a stronger vote of preference than at any time in the past.

The motorists of America have studied the new Buick—compared it—and made up their minds that Buick has *wrought well.* And so they are calling upon Buick for a still higher percentage of America's quality automobiles.

Today more than ever before the demand for Buick surpasses the demand for any other fine car. Today more than ever before the tide is turning to Buick.

Buick

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS ON A GLOBE-GIRDLING ZEP

PANIC SWEPT OVER THE ILLITERATE and primitive peasants dwelling in their villages of clustered huts in desolate Siberia. At the sight of the terrifying monster soaring overhead they fled in chattering fear—some to their homes or the forests to hide for protection, some to their little churches to pray for deliverance from what must have seemed to them a bloodthirsty dragon approaching from the air. Their hysterical fear is not to be wondered at. They knew no modes of transportation save their own legs, Siberian ponies, crude boats. They had never, we are assured, heard of or seen such ordinary things as railroad trains and automobiles. As for the gigantic dirigible which now passed with a menacing drone over their poor settlements, they could not have dreamed of the possibility of such a thing. The aerial monster that these peasants heard roaring in the distance, saw appear in the west and disappear in the east, was the *Graf Zeppelin,* Germany's huge dirigible air liner, on its round-the-world voyage, which was discust in our Topics of the Day last week. The fright and flight of the Siberians are described by three passengers on the *Graf*—Lady Drummond-Hay, Capt. Sir Hubert Wilkins, and Karl H. Von Wiegand—in articles copyrighted by King Features Syndicate, and appearing in the New York *American* and other Hearst papers. The peasants had never heard of the exploits of the great airship, which has completed the circuit of the globe in the record-breaking time of twenty-one days. Surely this, as Rupert Hughes suggests in an article for Universal Service, would make Magellan, the globe's first circumnavigator, open his eyes in wonder. Everywhere the Zeppelin was seen it created a sensation, but nowhere more than in dreary Siberia. Says Lady Drummond-Hay in one of her copyrighted articles, written on the airship:

Photograph copyright by International Newsreel

WHEN DO WE EAT? WELL, HERE'S THE LAD WHO KNOWS

Chef Mainz, in the *Graf Zeppelin's* kitchen, dishing up some goody—may we surmise, caviar?—while the admiring cabin-boy does his stuff with a dish-towel.

> We are all realizing and taking full advantage of the extraordinary privilege which has been given us to see Russia from one end to the other as no mortal eyes have ever done before. But we can not forget the cold. I have my feet in fur-lined arctics. All of the passengers have quit indulging in games and recreation, and all have turned to taking notes, making observations, and studying technical manuals.
>
> Forest fires, unknown of except by peasants in the bleak Siberian wastes. Huddled villagers fearing the wrath of the Divine as this unthought-of, unimagined, unconceived Viking of the Air throbs its steady way through the vacant skies.
>
> Below us these poor, ignorant, almost tribal towns gathered their broods about the churches as we sped by above. They cringed as the *Graf's* giant shadow overtook their open hiding-places—for them it was an ominous appearance out of the sky of a silver, thrumming wraith, awesome and terrifying in its speed and deep-throated mumbling by day—and as celestial and nebulous as another world illumined, by night.

In connection with such a flight as this, there is always a certain amount of statistical information that makes the picturesque parts more understandable. So here, for one thing, is the log of the flight, prepared by the Associated Press on Eastern daylight time:

Thursday, August 8.

12:40 A. M.—Left Lakehurst, New Jersey, for Friedrichshafen.

Saturday, August 10.

8:03 A. M.—Landed at Friedrichshafen, completing trip of 4,200 miles in 55 hours 23 minutes.

Wednesday, August 14.

11:35 P. M.—Left Friedrichshafen for Tokyo.

Monday, August 19.

5:25 A. M.—Arrived over Tokyo and landed at Kasumigaura Airport two hours later, completing 6,880 miles in 101 hours 50 minutes.

Friday, August 23.

2:13 A. M.—Left Kasumigaura for Los Angeles.

Monday, August 26.

9:35 A. M.—Moored at Municipal Airport, Los Angeles, after covering 6,880 miles in 79 hours 22 minutes in the first non-stop flight across the Pacific.

Tuesday, August 27.

4:15 A. M.—Left Los Angeles for Lakehurst.
7:51 A. M.—Over Mexicali, Mexico.
8:43 A. M.—Over Yuma, Arizona.
1:29 P. M.—Circled over Tucson, Arizona.
8:13 P. M.—Passed El Paso, Texas.
9:40 P. M.—Passed over Fabens, Texas.

Wednesday, August 28

1:55 A. M.—Passed over Levelland, Texas.
5:45 A. M.—Passed over Ponca City, Oklahoma.
8:25 A. M.—Passed over Independence, Kansas.
0:00 A. M.—Passed over Chanute, Kansas.
1:39 A. M.—Passed over Kansas City.
6:25 P. M.—Passed over Chicago.
10:40 P. M.—Passed over Detroit.

Thursday, August 29

12:13 A. M.—Passed over Cleveland.
12:57 A. M.—Passed over Akron, Ohio.
1:56 A. M.—Passed over Newcastle, Pennsylvania.
4:06 A. M.—Passed over Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
7:02 A. M.—Reached New York.
8:13 A. M.—Landed at Lakehurst.

Fine weather favored the *Graf* most of the way, altho, as we shall see later, the voyagers had a bad five minutes over the Pacific. But it was not until the dirigible had crossed two oceans and two continents in safety and was back over the United States, on the way from Los Angeles to Lakehurst, that the worst weather was encountered. It is described thus by Mr. Von Wiegand:

What Price-Class?

The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning*—not the cost of *buying*

Unfortunately people have grouped cars into "price-classes." There is the "$1000 price-class," the "$1500 price-class," the "$2000 price-class," and so on.

This informal classification is misleading. It lays entirely too much emphasis on the *relatively* unimportant first cost of any car and none on the very important cost of ownership and use. Hence people delude themselves as to how good a car they can afford to own.

Paying for a Packard Without Owning One!

Here is a carefully considered statement which may astonish you: If you have been in the habit of paying ten or twelve hundred dollars or more for your motor cars, then you can easily afford a Packard Eight! In fact, *you are very likely paying for a Packard without owning one!*

It can be demonstrated to you that you may own and drive a Packard Standard Eight *at no greater cost*, over a period of four or five years, than the expense of owning your present "price-class" car.

Most of the items of cost in *operating* a car are the same as between a Packard Eight and any car down to *half the cost of a Packard.* And if you will use even *half* the mileage we build into your Packard your depreciation charge will be so low that *the saving will completely offset the original cost difference.*

The Packard Eight Has No Price-Class

The Packard Eight is not in a "price-class." We build it as well as a motor car can be built. We build it to last—and we price it fairly. Then we protect the investment of our owners. No radical changes have depreciated Packard cars from year to year. Our owners keep their Packards—and *enjoy* keeping them—nearly twice as long as they have been in the habit of keeping their "price-class" cars. And in doing so they drive Packard Eights at no extra charge!

If you want a Packard Eight—buy one! You may buy it out of income—and there is no better investment. Remember you are very probably paying for a Packard no matter what car costing over $1000 you may be driving. Packard dealers everywhere have the facts and will gladly give them to you.

You *can* afford a Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT · · · MICHIGAN

International Newsreel photograph

LEFT BEHIND, AFTER ALL

Miss Haneko Kitamura, a Japanese writer, who moved heaven and earth to be taken to Tokyo, but was barred at the last moment.

Over California, over Arizona, over New Mexico, over Texas—on and on we go, plowing our way through winds that fight us at thirty miles an hour. We are held to a slow forty-five-mile-an-hour gait. We run into violent gusts that rock and shake us.

Every now and then the Zeppelin takes a header until it seems we must touch the earth, but then the head wind scoops us up again, and our five roaring motors take us up to 4,800 feet.

Fierce gusts shrieked and tore and clawed at the noble airship as it bucked into the strong head winds and turbulent swirls for which this region is known.

For the first time in the many flights I have made I saw two or three passengers "near air-sick," but not quite. We have no racks on the tables, but at luncheon we had to watch that porcelain did not slide off.

This trip over the great Southwest has been the roughest of our whole world cruise. We are tired of jumping up and down like a kite in a gusty breeze.

After leaving Lakehurst, the *Graf* made Friedrichshafen, her home port, in short order. There came a stop for overhauling, refueling, and provisioning. Also there were the festivities attending the preparations—such strenuous festivities that some of the passengers, officers, and crew vowed they'd be glad to be in the air once more so that they could get some sleep. There were farewell visits to be made by those who lived in or near Friedrichshafen; and because of the "No Smoking" rule on board, smokers took care to get ahead on their tobacco consumption. The day before the Friedrichshafen-Tokyo hop was enlivened, Mr. Von Wiegand tells us in one of his articles, by the tenacious, almost desperate, fight by Haneko Kitamura, a Japanese girl, who was determined to get aboard the *Graf*. She is a reporter, and wanted to make the trip for professional reasons, we learn as we read on:

> The agency through which the Zeppelin Company sells its tickets had accepted a deposit from this Japanese woman journalist on contract to transport her to Tokyo on the airship, overlooking the fact that Commander Eckener is not free in the matter of taking newspaper representatives on the flight, owing to contracts entered into with newspapers in Japan and elsewhere.
>
> The little Japanese maid, with irresistible gentleness of manner but with a steel-like determination, mobilized every possible pressure, including the Japanese Embassy at Berlin.
>
> It was impossible not to admire her determination against all odds. Mademoiselle Kitamura, who weighs scarcely eighty pounds, when told all the cabins were full, always answered:
>
> "I'll sleep in a chair in the corridor in the interior of the ship. I'll sleep anywhere; just let me go!"
>
> With tears in her eyes and a voice so soft and gentle one had to concentrate all attention to hear her broken English, she pleaded with Dr. Eckener, Captains Lehmann and Schiller, and me, and begged Lady Hay to intercede, until we all yielded to her wish. She was told she could go, and she at once became the happiest Japanese girl in the world.

At that, further complications arose, personified by the "representatives of the Japanese groups of newspapers to whom Dr. Eckener sold the news rights for Japan." They "reopened the fight with the same determination that characterized the daughter of the Samurai." Continuing the account:

> There were threats of lawsuits and threats of withdrawal from the contracts, and the danger of bad press feeling in Japan. It was now Japan divided against itself.
>
> Dr. Eckener and Captain Lehmann tore their hair in perplexity. Every sporting instinct was for little Haneko Kitamura. Lady Hay, who at first was not enthusiastic about a feminine rival on board, altho she had no right of protest, went completely over to the side of Mademoiselle Kitamura in the all-male fight against the Japanese girl, and going to the Zeppelin office, pleaded with Lehmann:
>
> "As a woman, I ask you to be kind to a woman. This fight as it is waged against Mademoiselle Kitamura is cruelly unfair, and I am indignant, tho I know nothing about the legal side and the contracts which have been entered into, which supposedly exclude further participation in the flight."
>
> Commander Fushiyoshi, the Japanese naval representative, had gallantly taken a stand for Mademoiselle Kitamura. Dr. Eckener was giving a luncheon to naval and government representatives who were going on the flight, and this was in danger of getting cold because the gallant old commodore could not make up his mind what to do. As a last resort, the Japanese Embassy in Berlin was appealed to by long-distance telephone.
>
> Diplomacy decided. The little Japanese maid had lost her splendid fight.

The 6,880-mile hop to the Japanese capital, made in only a little more than four days, was not without its thrills. The usual stowaway—seemingly, now, an indispensable adjunct to a distance flight—was found. But this time the non-paying passenger was a cat which was enthusiastically adopted by the entire party. The short time required to reach Tokyo by air, as compared with the time required by rail, caused Mr. Von Wiegand to write, introducing us, at the same time, to members of the party:

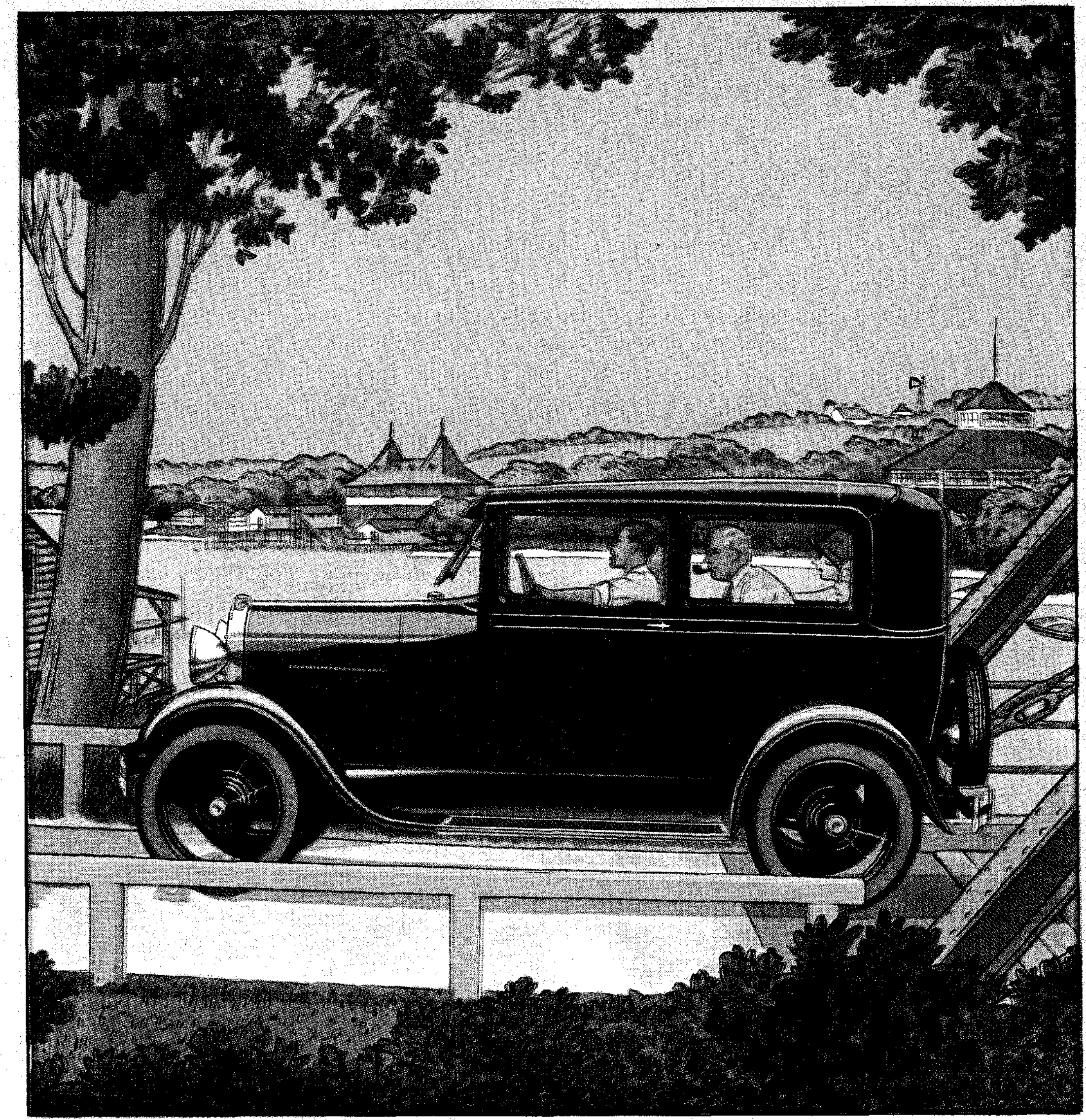
> The last time I made the Berlin-Tokyo trip, by railroad, it took seventeen days. The *Graf* left New York on August 8, rested four days in Friedrichshafen, and we are here now by the 19th. We took off from Friedrichshafen Thursday morning, blazed a new air-line trail across two continents, and dropt

(*Continued on page 47*)

Photograph copyright by International Newsreel

THE GREAT BIG CHIEF AND THE ONLY WOMAN ON BOARD

Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the *Graf*, has a tête-à-tête with Lady Drummond-Hay in the dining-saloon—and who should pop in but a photographer with a loaded camera! Life in a Zeppelin is so full of surprizes!



THE FORD TUDOR SEDAN

VALUE *far above the* PRICE

In reviewing the many advantages of the Ford, it is particularly interesting to note the relation between value and price.

The low first cost of the Ford is a point to keep in mind at all times because it means a considerable saving to you in the purchase of the car.

Equally important, however, is the reason for this low price and the manner in which it has been achieved without sacrifice of quality or performance. On the basis of actual, comparative worth, the Ford represents a value far above the price you pay.

This is made possible only through manufacturing methods and production economies that are as unusual as the car itself.

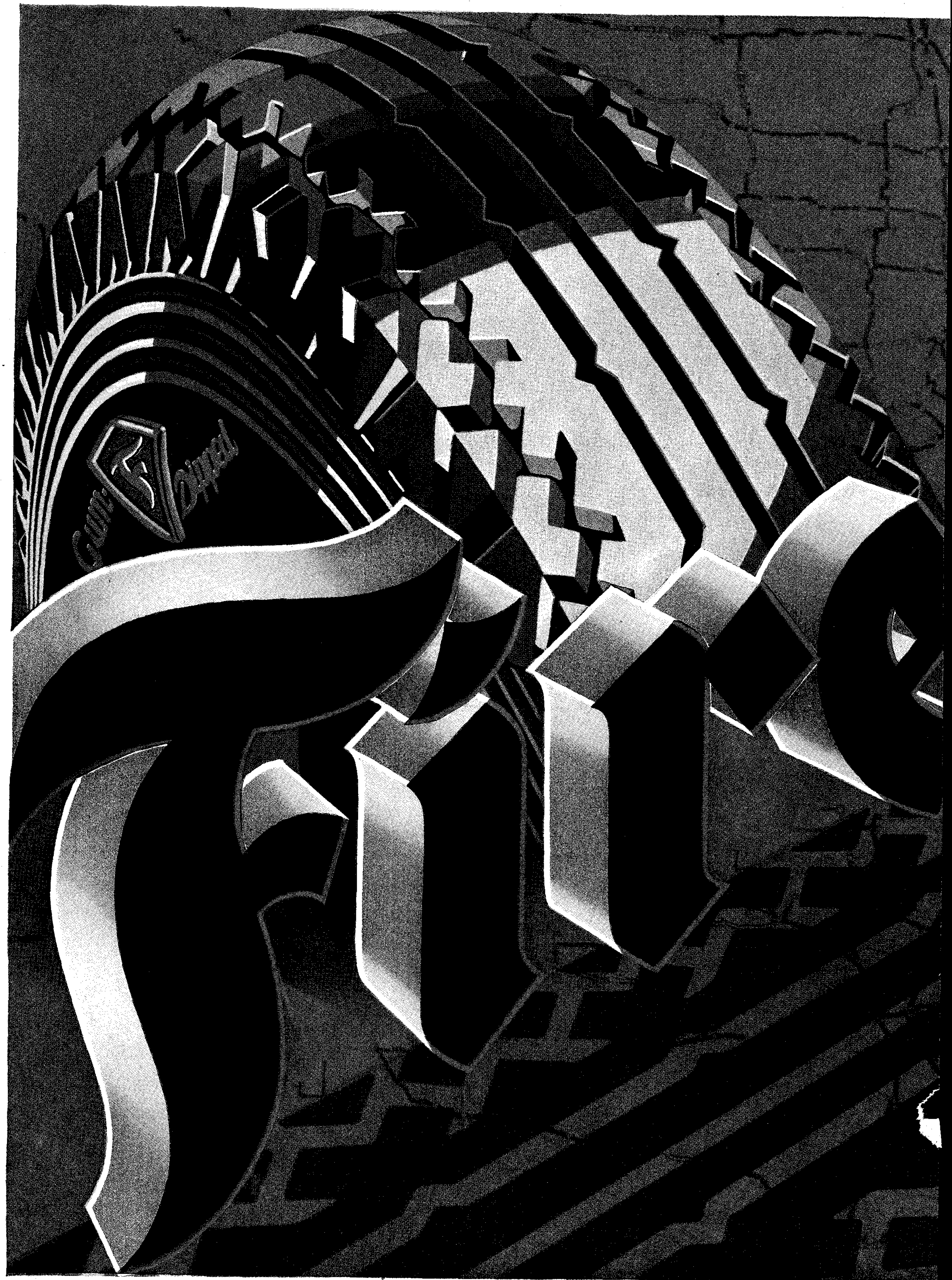
Every purchaser shares the benefits of the Ford policy of owning the source of most raw materials—of making thousands of cars a day—and of selling at a small margin of profit. Were the Ford made in any other way, under any other policy, it would unquestionably cost you much more than the present price.

The use of the Triplex shatter-proof glass for the windshield is a definite indication of this quality. So are the four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers. The silent, fully enclosed six-brake system. The aluminum pistons. The chrome silicon alloy valves. The simplicity and efficiency of the lubrication, cooling, ignition and fuel systems. The unusually large number of ball and roller bearings. The extensive use of fine steel forgings instead of castings or stampings. The many other mechanical features that count so much in reliability, economy and long life.

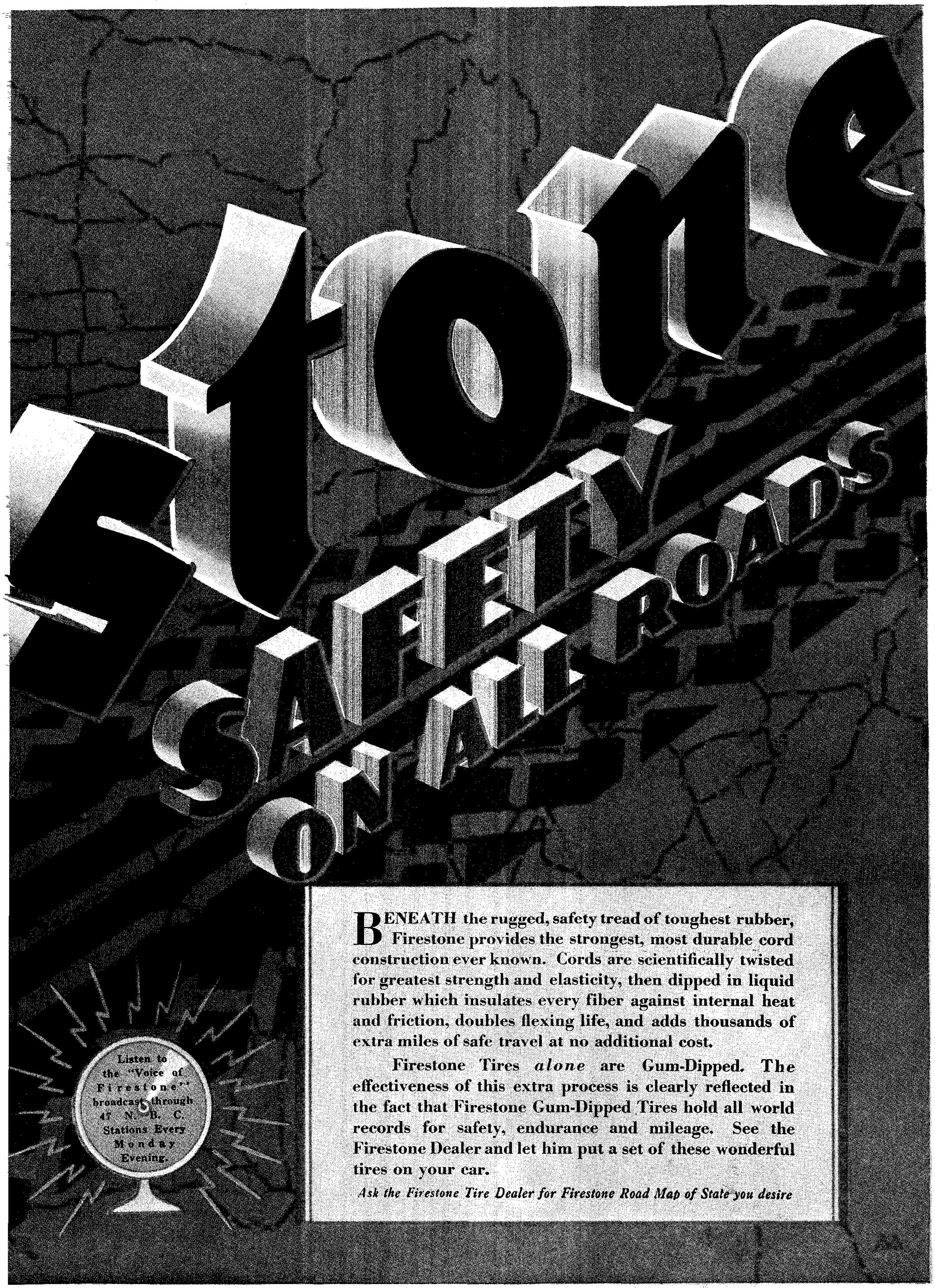
All of these are important considerations to every man or woman who is contemplating the purchase of a motor car. All are important reasons why the Ford delivers a value far above the price.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan


Gum Dipped
Fire

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri


stone
SAFETY
ON ALL ROADS
Listen to the "Voice of Firestone" broadcast through 47 N. B. C. Stations Every Monday Evening.

BENEATH the rugged, safety tread of toughest rubber, Firestone provides the strongest, most durable cord construction ever known. Cords are scientifically twisted for greatest strength and elasticity, then dipped in liquid rubber which insulates every fiber against internal heat and friction, doubles flexing life, and adds thousands of extra miles of safe travel at no additional cost.

Firestone Tires *alone* are Gum-Dipped. The effectiveness of this extra process is clearly reflected in the fact that Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records for safety, endurance and mileage. See the Firestone Dealer and let him put a set of these wonderful tires on your car.

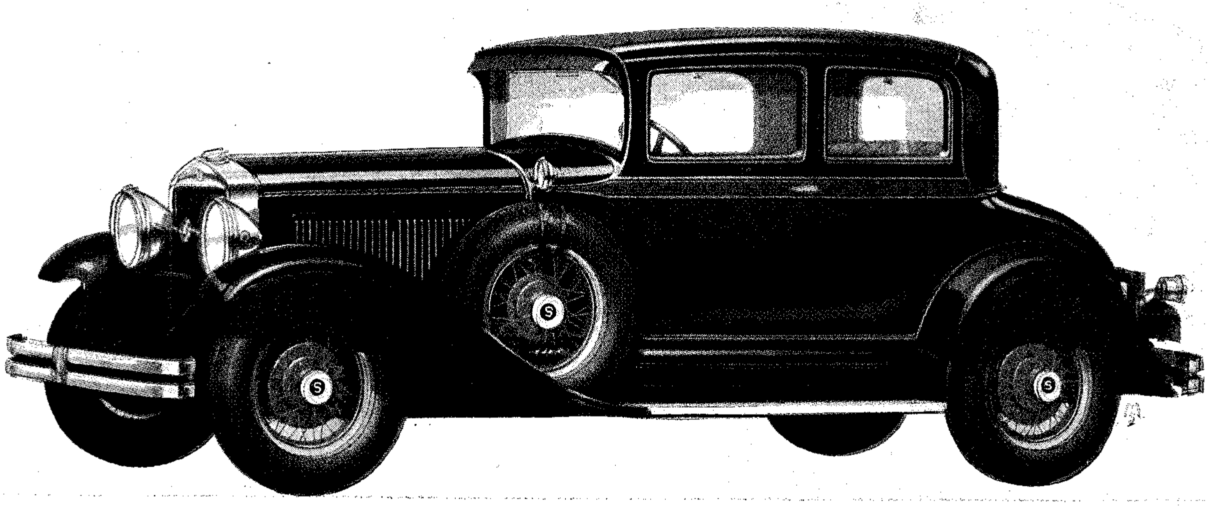
Ask the Firestone Tire Dealer for Firestone Road Map of State you desire

"YOUR HORSE MUST HAVE METTLE FOR HOUNDS IN SUCH FETTLE"

MEN and women who hold the spirit and stamina of thoroughbred lineage in high esteem, both in pack and mount, can be trusted to evaluate accurately these same admirable qualities in motor cars . . . The preference for Studebaker, holder of *every* official stock car record for sustained high speed and endurance, is apparent in a glance at the motorpark. Here, beside the finest motors the world affords, one finds Studebaker's great champion cars undimmed by close comparison. Proof of the popularity enjoyed by Studebaker motor cars among those who buy with discernment, may be seen in the fact that Studebaker builds and sells more eight-cylinder cars than any other maker in the world. The model illustrated is the President Straight Eight Victoria . . . $1875 at the factory, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



(Continued from page 42)

out of the sky at Kasumigaura the following Monday. Behind us lie the Atlantic and two continents—Europe and Asia.

Commodore Dr. Hugo Eckener and the *Graf Zeppelin* have established a record from Europe to Asia on the second lap of this Hearst-Zeppelin round-world pioneer flight.

Dr. Eckener with the giant airship already has brought America to Europe within two and a quarter days, and has now brought Europe within less than five days of the Far East. More, it is the second brilliant achievement in the flight that will write high in aerial history the names of Dr. Eckener, Capt. Ernest A. Lehmann, Captain Fleming, Captain von Schiller, Chief Engineer Siegle, Navigators Pruss, Ladwig, and Sammt, Chief Helmsman Knut Eckener, and the others of the crew.

Twenty passengers—one an intrepid woman, Lady Drummond-Hay, England's greatest woman air traveler—we have a justifiable feeling of pride that we participated in this epoch-making flight. The voyage was so fascinating and interesting one didn't wish to sleep—in fact, one didn't sleep much.

Every minute had its own peculiar interest. Not one moment of the entire trip was any one nervous, except, perhaps, during the spectacular dash over a 6,000-foot mountain range which separated us from the Sea of Okhotsk.

Then, for the first time, I heard the word "danger."

Beneath us, with a wide horizon on either side, unrolled a broad, ever-changing panorama of more than 6,000 miles from Germany to Japan, such as no man or woman before has seen as we did in scarcely more than four days. I wonder if any one living has seen as much of remote Russia and unknown Siberia as we.

We passed over miles of forest, and had our first deep look into the mysteries of northern Asia. We saw oceans of forests cut across the edge of the coldest region of the world. We passed within 170 miles of the Arctic Circle, and glimpsed the terrible emptiness of Siberia.

International Newsreel copyright

THIS BEATS THE WORLD'S ROOF: IT'S THE ZEP'S ROOF!

One of the crew has climbed up through a hatchway. The photographer catches him from another hatchway, and here you are!

There they had a storm sufficient to engross them in the play with the elements. Fantastically came the thrill "as we dashed through the storm over mountains, which some of the passengers, at least, will never forget," says the correspondent as he proceeds:

We traveled in great comfort, except for the cold, which no one seemed to mind, for were we not romantically adventuring into the unknown? We felt like explorers.

Sir Hubert Wilkins was seldom away from his seat on the window ledge, where he gazed out with note-book in hand. In the storm, and again in the mountains, Lady Drummond-Hay proved the true daughter of England. The passengers agreed that the world's womanhood could have no finer representative on this pioneering flight of the *Graf*. Just as on the first trans-atlantic flight, when she was merriest at the height of the storm that crippled the *Graf*, so on this truly thrilling dash over the mountains she stept out of her usual reserve with poise and pleasant vivacity, refusing to admit danger.

Commander C. E. Rosendahl and Lieut. Jack C. Richardson, the United States Naval observers, missed nothing. Commander Fujiyoshi, of the Japanese Navy, was ever silent, seldom asking questions, but always alertly observant in the navigation room. William B. Leeds, the American multimillionaire, is a pleasant personality, and he was a general favorite aboard.

Joachim Rickard had all his schoolboy thrills renewed. On the whole, it was the most congenial crowd of passengers that I have ever seen in all my *Graf* flights.

The weather was extraordinarily favorable until last night (August 18), over the Tartary Straits between Saghalien Island, the mainland, and Japan. Here we encountered dirty squalls, clouds, and rain.

After the roughest night of the entire trip, we crossed the narrow neck of Hokkaido Island at Vulcan Bay, and went down the Pacific side of the Island of Nippon.

We ran into dirty weather, but had comparatively smooth going. Dr. Eckener fully succeeded in heading the *Graf* into the tail of the typhoon we chased last night, and which pulled us along at great speed for a while. But that tail threshed about a lot, giving us the worst shaking we have had.

The passengers, with the exception of Leeds, Wilkins, and I, slept through it all. A torrential downpour of rain fell at intervals, and to get out of the turbulence, Captain von Schiller, who had the bridge, went up to 5,200 feet, where it was icy cold.

Dr. Eckener, to the amazement of Commander Rosendahl and Lieutenant Richardson, deliberately chased the typhoon to get the pulling winds. He succeeded in catching up with it before midnight, which carried us along from then on in the typhoon's tail.

I ask you if that isn't daring?

Commander Rosendahl, Lieutenant Richardson, and Commander Fujiyoshi express amazement at the quick time of the flight, and rewarded Dr. Eckener with unstinted admiration for his ability as a commander.

Lady Drummond-Hay described the manner of living during this part of the flight thus:

I get up at three or four o'clock for breakfast about seven, at which hour the clock may be advanced two hours, so it is ten or more when we really get down to "work."

The meals, tho excellent and regular, do take considerably longer to serve than on land, so the meal-times extend themselves to conversations.

Before lunch is finished, black clouds loom, and the Zeppelin dashes through a storm area, shaken a little, and emerges in the sunlight again. No one took notice; even Captain Lehmann, who was playing an accordion solo, did not go to the windows. Captain Lehmann is a fine musician. His playing is expressive of sensitive emotion which he never otherwise betrays.

Every one aboard was imprest greatly, and all displayed emotion, at the appearance of a halo around the Zeppelin, and also three distinct rainbows encircling the airship in the storm area. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of these apparently divine demonstrations on our band of adventurers, no matter how experienced, scientific, mechanical, or seasoned we be.

About lunch time on Sunday (August 18), we had about the only thrill of the whole wonderful and successful trip. The Stanowj Mountains, charted 3,400 feet, turned out to be really over 6,000 feet, which was something Commander Eckener did not expect. Flying 600 or 700 feet lower than the high peak between the mountains, the *Graf Zeppelin* rocked and "bumped" until it seemed that we were almost certain to hit one of those rugged, barren clefts. The passengers seemed to be getting anxious, and the strain left their faces only when we sighted the Okhotsk Sea.

Sir Hubert Wilkins is an explorer, and wrote what he saw and felt more from his professional standpoint. Of Siberia he says:

The whole country seemed swampy. All roads and tracks were corduroyed in wood, but we did not realize until later what lake swamps could really be. For hundreds of miles there was no sign of habitation, yet stacks of grass were evidence that some one lived there.

The third day was Saturday. We never expect to see a more mysterious scene than that which the third day disclosed. The moonlight had hidden hideousness. One dim light twinkling in the darkness suggested possible habitation, but the conditions seen in the daylight could be conceived only in hallucinations.

Thousands of square miles of swamp lands, furrowed east and west with ridges of higher vegetation, were separated into sections by narrow lanes of high ground, timber covered.

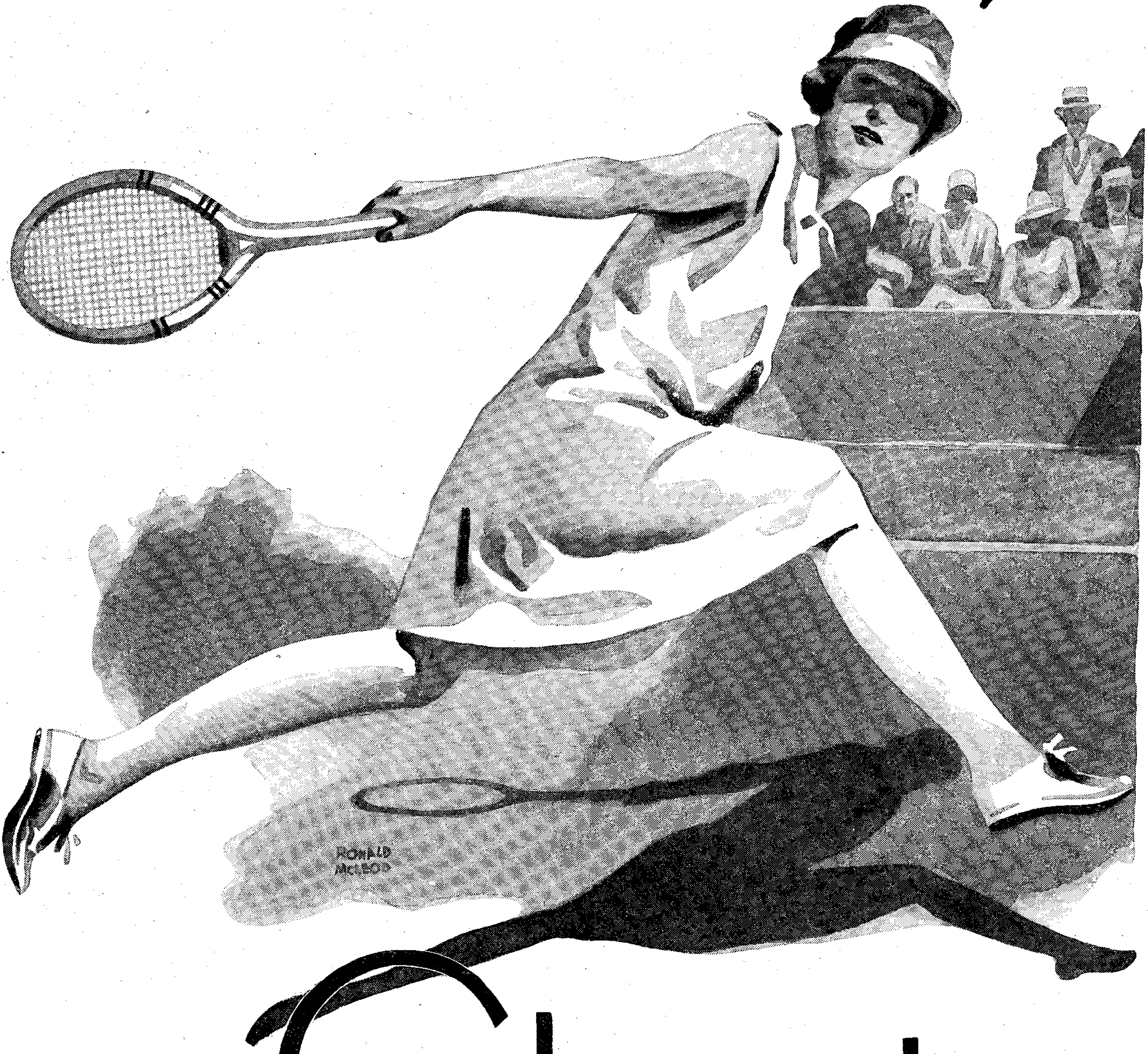
As we passed from almost a total swamp to dwarfed pine ridges, I saw lines of trees prostrate, uprooted by the south wind.

At about longitude 84, latitude 61, we came into a slightly hilly country, thickly covered with young forest growth. Sluggish rivers meandered southward, more crooked than I ever imagined possible. Trails wide enough for horses frequently were seen, but only one camp, with two teepees and a few horses, was seen in 700 miles of travel.

Passing over one village, Sir Hubert witnessed the bolting of a horse attached to a water barrel on wheels. It knocked

...on the court it's

FLASH!



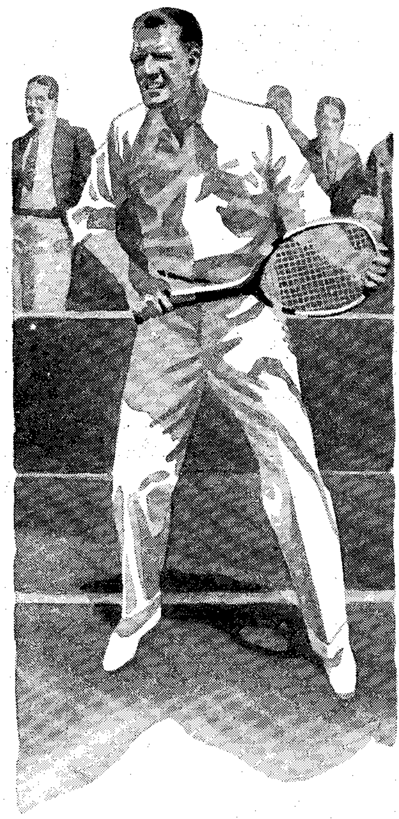
Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos,

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

...in a cigarette it's

TASTE



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

◆ ◆ ◆

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one!*

◆ ◆ ◆

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . Turkish for aroma, Virginia for satisfying character and mildness, Burley for "rounding out" the blend.

◆ ◆ ◆

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but "cross-blended." This extra step, developed by our own scientists, produces a natural flavor and aroma in Chesterfield, with a freedom from irritation and harshness, that ordinary blending cannot approach.

◆ ◆ ◆

Good taste—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?

TASTE ***above everything***

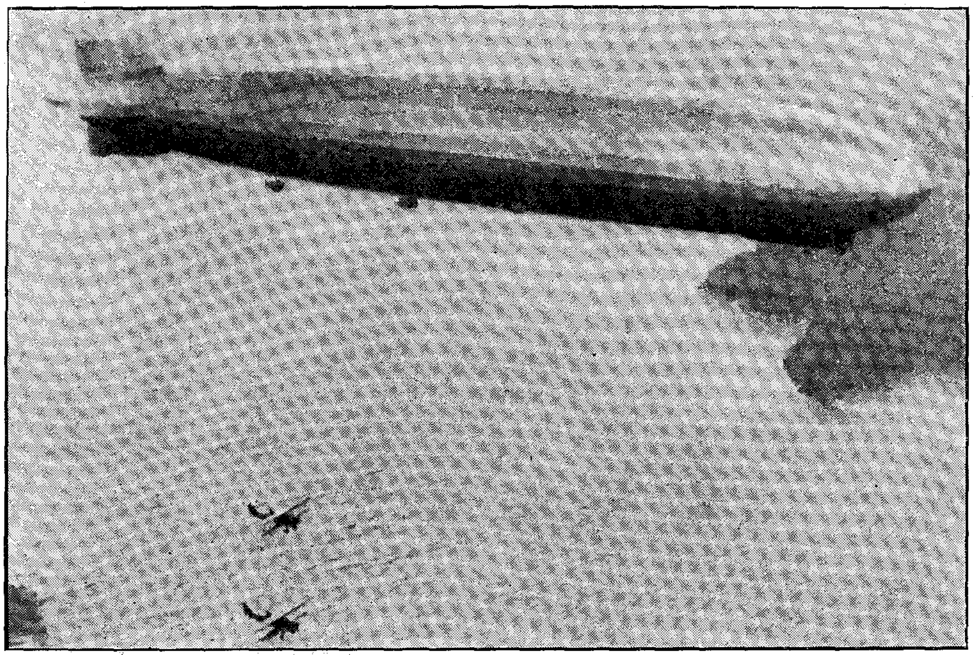
field

. . . . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO
CHESTERFIELD

MILD . . . and yet
THEY SATISFY

down a veranda post, and halted when the barrel cart capsized. But the crowd only stared at the airship. Then comes a quick transition from the unloveliness of Siberia to Tokyo in the land of flowers, where shouts of "Banzai!" fairly rocked the earth as the *Graf* landed, and where the voyagers were royally entertained at a series of teas, dinners, and receptions, including a tea given by the "Son of Heaven" himself. How Japan received the *Graf* is described by Hugh Byas in a wireless from Tokyo to the New York *Times:*



Photograph telephoned by A. T. & T. From International Newsreel

HELLO, AMERICA! GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE GOT THE GOLDEN GATE OPEN!

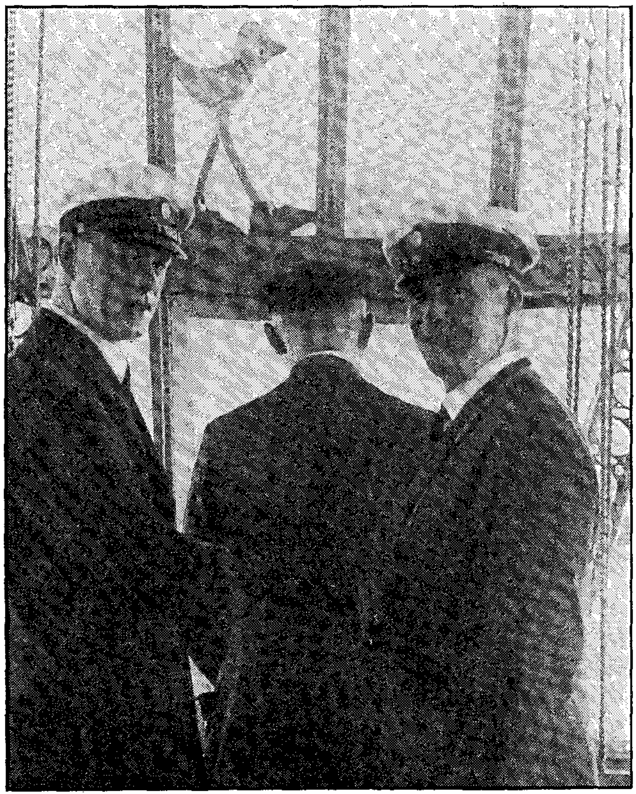
Any one familiar with the contour of California's coast at the entrance of San Francisco Bay would recognize its character in the above photograph. Note the airplanes flying below.

> The city had been in constant wireless contact with the ship since morning, and newspaper extras had informed the populace when to expect her. Three blasts from the city's time siren announced that she was in sight, and presently every roof and open space was crowded with sightseers. Traffic came to a spontaneous halt as virtually the whole population rushed out to welcome the airship.
>
> The dirigible swung slowly across the city at reduced speed, so low that her name was easily read and the figures of passengers discerned at the cabin windows.
>
> Residents of Tokyo were greatly excited. The men waved their hats, shouted "Banzai!" and many wept with emotion at the sight of this strange and graceful form with its human cargo in the sky.
>
> The ship crossed the center of the city and followed the curve of the bay to Yokohama, where a mail steamer had delayed its departure to let its passengers see her; then the air liner recrossed Tokyo and proceeded to the Kasumigaura Airport, where she docked.
>
> The Zeppelin's return to Kasumigaura was dramatic. She suddenly appeared directly above the hangar, made a wide circle, then descended with the steadiness of an elevator. The naval ground crew handled the mooring ropes skilfully, and everything went smoothly, altho the spectators broke through the barriers as the ship was entering its shed. No damage was done.
>
> The Germans were shouting "Hoch!" the Japanese were yelling "Banzai!" the passengers waving flags, and everybody was in a state of hilarious excitement.
>
> After an official reception the officers and passengers went to Tokyo in a special train, to spend the night at the Imperial Hotel. In private messages during the day, they described desires the voyage had engendered. Lady Drummond-Hay said her greatest desire was for a bath, most of the men wanted smokes, and Dr. Eckener said all he wished for was a long, quiet sleep.

Further details of the celebration are furnished by the Associated Press:

> A light summer haze made for poor visibility when the Zeppelin was sighted, but Japanese airplanes took off, and in a few minutes were darting and dancing as if in joy at the arrival of the envoy from another continent. Circling in recognition of the welcome, the ship sailed on toward Tokyo to receive the "Banzais" of the densely populated city.
>
> Everybody, from high officials to lowly coolies pulling burdens through narrow, twisting streets, turned eyes to greet the stranger in the sky. The Zeppelin's arrival provided a spectacle never before witnessed in the Orient. No airship of her size ever before cruised the skies of the Empire of the Rising Sun.
>
> During the formal reception at the airport when Dr. Eckener landed, he and Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, had difficulty exchanging felicitations because of the excitement of the cheering crowds. Cordons of police and troops were broken repeatedly by masses eager to get a near view of the ship and the persons who came on her. Immediately the ceremonial fare of Japan accorded to honored visitors was provided, consisting of dried chestnuts, dried cuttlefish, and saki, the national drink, fermented from rice.
>
> A geisha dinner, another feature of Japanese life, at which geisha girls danced and sang classic and modern songs of the country, was then given for the officers and crew by the commandant of the airport. Before the passengers were entrained for Tokyo, engineers were busy on the airship's motors, and others began the replenishment of her stores in preparation for the transpacific flight.

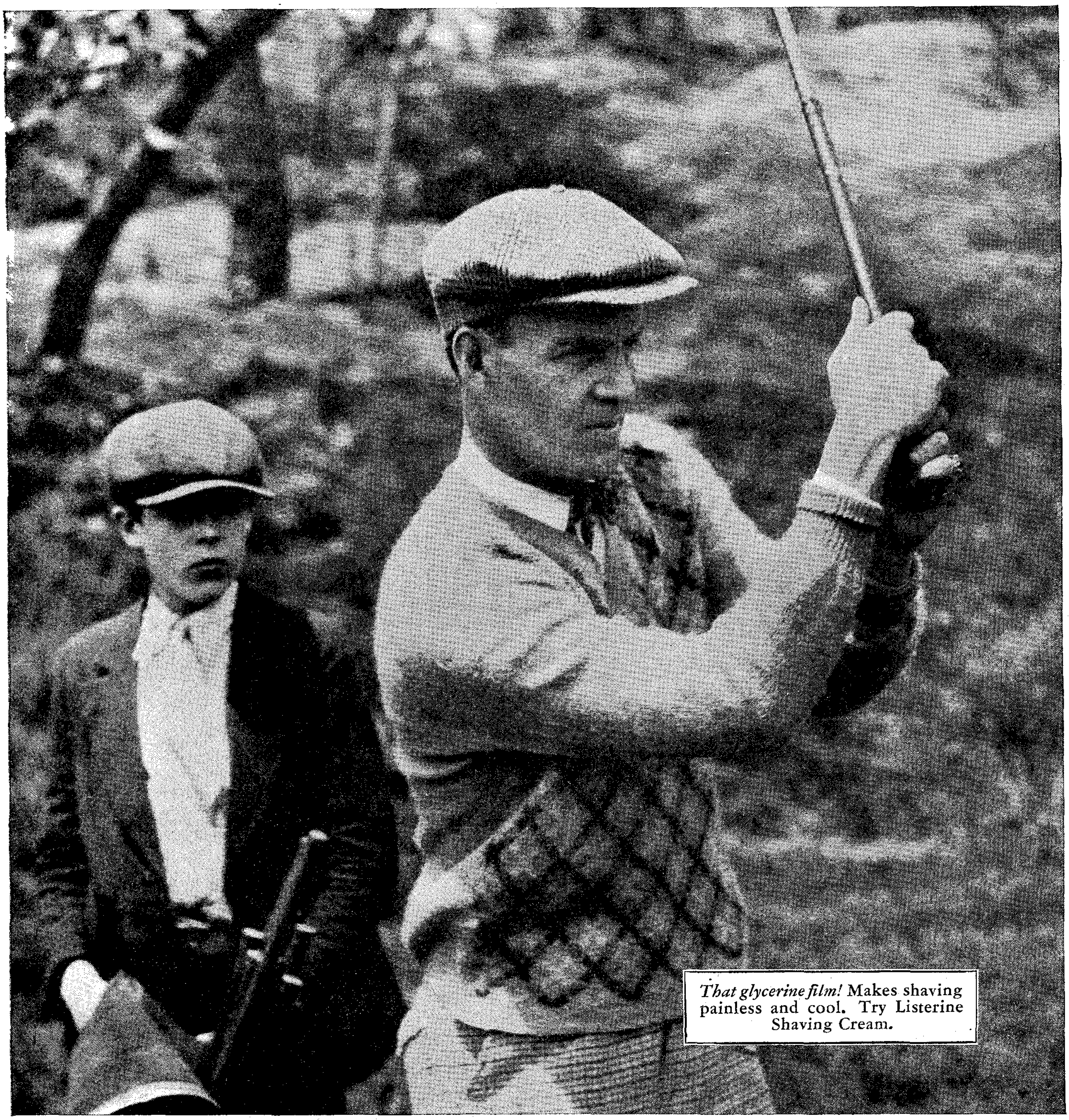
But, as has already been suggested, the trip was not all beer and skittles—or teas and dinners. After the dirigible had left Kasumigaura airfield for Los Angeles and the first non-stop flight across the Pacific, she caught up with a storm that had already delayed her departure from Japan. Mr. Von Wiegand tells us in one of his copyrighted articles from on board the



Photograph copyright by International Newsreel

AIR OFFICERS ON DUTY IN THE CONTROL CABIN

The one at the left is the Commander's son, Knut Eckener.



That glycerine film! Makes shaving painless and cool. Try Listerine Shaving Cream.

SHOOTS a 76 . . . *but can't get in a club*

IT sounds incredible until you know the facts as they know them in San Francisco.

Aside from his deadly ability at golf, he possessed a natural charm that made him most engaging to both men and women. Yet no one was willing to propose him for club membership, for he had one fault that simply could not be excused. He, himself, didn't realize what it was—and no one had the courage to tell him.

Only those blind to facts assume they never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). Actually 1 out of 3 offends, occasionally or habitually, surveys show. This is due to the fact that everyday conditions such as pyorrhea, defective teeth, fermenting food particles between teeth, and minor infections of the nose and throat cause it.

Why offend others, when you can keep your breath beyond suspicion by using full strength Listerine three times a day, as a mouth wash?

Being an active germicide,* it attacks the cause of odors and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Keep a bottle handy wherever you are. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

⁂

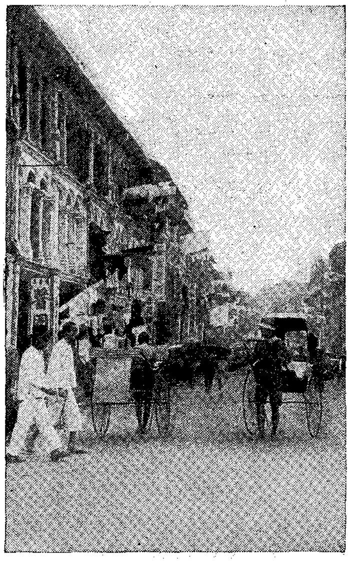
***Though safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine kills the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds; also the Bacillus Typhosus germs—200,000,000 of them—within the same period.**

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

AROUND
THE
WORLD

ON THE CUNARD
SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER
FRANCONIA
SAILING FROM NEW YORK
JANUARY 11 NEXT



Street Scene in Singapore

The Real Flavor
of the East

You have heard much of British Malaya. How lighthearted you'll feel in this land colorful as a bouquet of spring flowers, and brilliant in a southern sea ruffled by shoals of flying fish and stately frigate-birds . . . in this land where human nature has no veneer and the glitter of Oriental trappings vies with modern industry. You'll find the real flavor of the East in Penang, Malacca and Singapore . . . just part of this living pageant of the East.

A complete world panorama in 138 glorious, pleasure-packed days; a prodigious itinerary presenting a route of endless interest, including ports never before visited by any World Cruise . . . Amoy, Malacca, Pasuruan, Surabaya. Perfection of detail for comfort, luxury and pleasure on land and sea made possible by the combining of two such world-famed travel exponents with their 177 years of experience.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Zeppelin that "it was short and sharp, intense and dramatic." Reading on:

We were caught in an up-rushing current of tremendous force, and the *Graf* was carried up more than 300 feet in a few seconds. Then it plunged downward like a rock.

Wittemann's skilful handling of the elevator wheel quickly had the ship at an even keel, at 900 feet above the turbulent Pacific, while the glare of lightning was our footlight in this great drama of aerial achievement.

The *Graf* bucked like a bronco jumping stiff-legged, or trying to jump, over a mountain. It all came quickly. Half of the passengers had no idea what was going on, and two of them slept through it all.

Commander Rosendahl and Lieutenant Richardson, with William B. Leeds and a few others, were hanging out of the windows watching the play of the elements, it being the first time that the big German airship ever encountered real lightning.

The Japanese naval and army observers, Kusaka and Shibata, sat as unemotional as statues, while Shirai, the Japanese correspondent, who yesterday frankly admitted he was "scared to death," did not reveal the slightest emotion.

Lady Drummond-Hay came from her cabin, her eyes sparkling, and with color in her cheeks that is rarely seen except when danger is present.

Commander Eckener came from the bridge into the dining-room, and seemed to be feeling in good spirits as he announced:

"We have broken through. The worst is over."

The battle of the air lasted scarcely five minutes. The *Graf* settled down to a level keel as if content with its victory. Dr. Eckener had gone twenty miles off his course, thus cutting through the edge of the storm.

Finally the long air trip was over. A new record—21 days, 7 hours, 34 seconds—had been set for traveling around the world. Early in the morning the great silvery bag nosed its way over New York on its way to Lakehurst. The greeting was not quite as noisy as usual, for much of the city was still asleep. Indeed, the roar of the *Graf's* motors and the blowing of such whistles as did welcome the returned voyagers served as an alarm clock for many. Out at Lakehurst a crowd estimated at 5,000 waited to welcome the party. Reading on in *The Sun:*

The passengers talked of crossing above the Atlantic Ocean three weeks before as if it were ancient history, of seeing the roofs and chimney-pots of Paris early one morning, of dropping small bags in Berlin, of bird's-eye little villages in Russia and the vast wilderness of Siberia, of getting their fill of the monotonous thousands of miles of their three-day flight over the Pacific, of their running away from a typhoon, of drinking sake in Tokyo, and tanking with fresh water in Los Angeles, of eating food from New York while gazing on the strangeness of the Siberian steppes, of taking on "Blau" gas in Germany and pyrofax from West Virginia in Japan, of the beauties of the Rocky Mountains, and the dangers of the wind-storms of the Southwest and of the terrible moment of suspense when, through a miscalculation, the tail of the great airship scraped high-tension wires on the departure from Los Angeles.

"*Gott sei dank*" ("Thank God"), said Dr. Hugo Eckener as he stept from the great airship to the floor of the hangar—a step which made final his personal circumnavigation of the world and marked the successful realization of a dream which he has cherished for years. A supernavigator of the air, he came to earth to a flood of congratulations.

When the *Graf Zeppelin* returned to its home base at Friedrichshafen its commander was not on board, we learn, reading on:

Dr. Eckener announced on landing at Lakehurst that he would remain in the United States on business for about twelve days, and Capt. Ernest Lehmann, second in command, would take the ship home.

Asked if he intended to retire and make the world tour his last flight, Dr. Eckener said:

"*Nein, nein.* I have no intention of quitting."

When asked what he thought of the trip, Dr. Eckener said:

"I must leave to your judgment the success of the trip, for, you see, I am an interested party, and my opinion might be considered as biased. I think I can honestly say that this first circumnavigating of the world by a lighter-than-air craft was without mishap.

"Here we are, every one of us, safe and sound, and the ship without material damage. The troubles we had in Tokyo and Los Angeles proved to be of no great consequence."

In a little address of thanks to the American people and Government, Dr. Eckener said:

"This is a very happy time for me, and I wish to thank all who have helped me, and the country and cities which have given us such a wonderful reception. I am deeply moved by the cordiality of the reception in leaving and arriving in the United States.

"Particularly impressive was the reception in San Francisco, and in Chicago the enthusiasm was such as I have never experienced.

"And here," added the German commander, "you see for yourself how it is."

For the benefit of those of our readers who like information in conveniently tabulated form, here are the important facts of the cruise as presented by the Associated Press:

First dirigible to circumnavigate the globe.

Total distance covered 20,000 miles, spanning three continents and two oceans.

Total elapsed time, 21 days plus, establishing new world record for around the world travel. Total flying time, 11 days.

Start, naval air station, Lakehurst, New Jersey, August 8.

Stops en route: Friedrichshafen, Germany, August 10; Tokyo, Japan, August 19; Los Angeles, August 26.

Finish, Lakehurst, August 29.

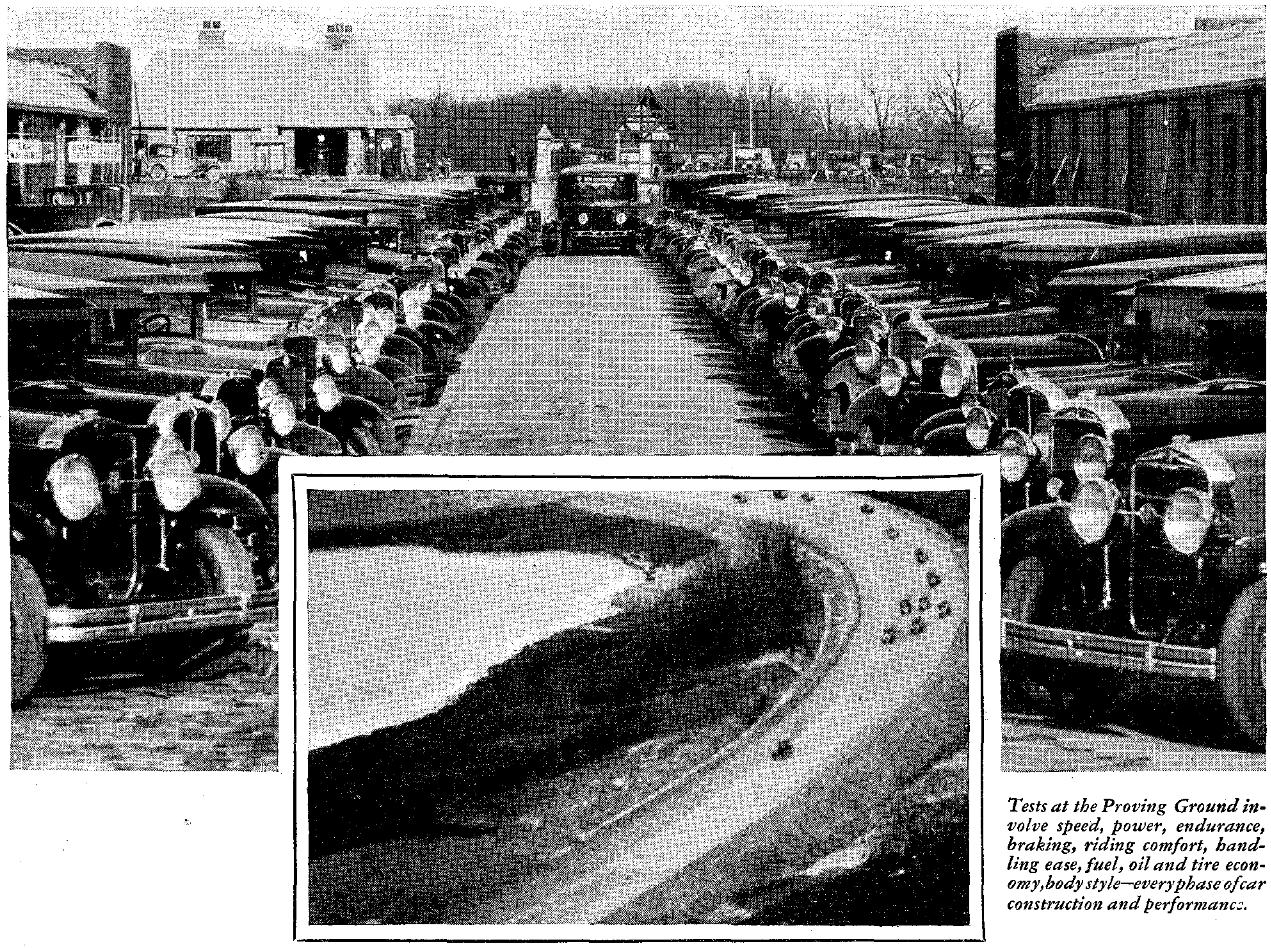
First eastward crossing of the Pacific Ocean by any type of aircraft.

Passengers at start, 21; at finish, 16. Of these 9 made the world flight.

The Zeppelin carried 36,000 pieces of mail around the world, in addition to that delivered at stops.

No. 7. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

Martyrs to Science



Tests at the Proving Ground involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel, oil and tire economy, body style—every phase of car construction and performance.

MILLIONS OF MILES of testing lie ahead of this group of cars. They might be called "martyrs to science."

They are some of the cars which are being tested at General Motors' 1268-acre Proving Ground, near Milford, Michigan. They include representative makes, both American and European; every type of engine; every type of body. They are being driven night and day, while engineers scientifically record their performance and separate opinion from fact.

The facts determined, studied with an Open Mind, help General Motors to carry out its policy of continuous improvement and to give the public, year after year, still better values—in performance, design, comfort and style.

* * * *

A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Dept., General Motors, Detroit.

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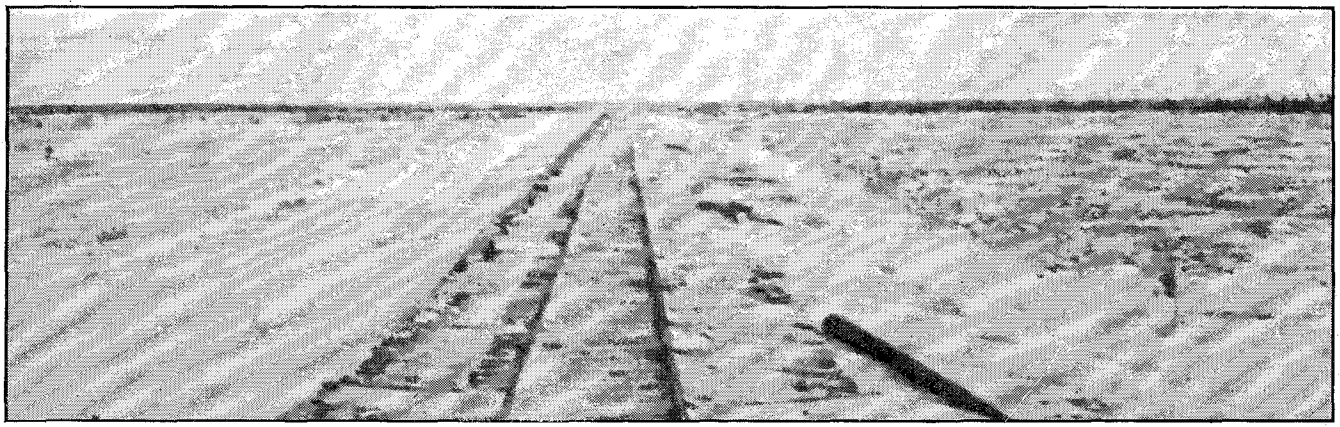
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES · FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · Ɗ WATER SYSTEMS · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase.*



Illustrations by courtesy of the Canadian National Railways

THE SCENERY IS NOTHING TO BOAST OF, BUT TRAVEL IS COOL ON A RAILROAD LAID ON ICE

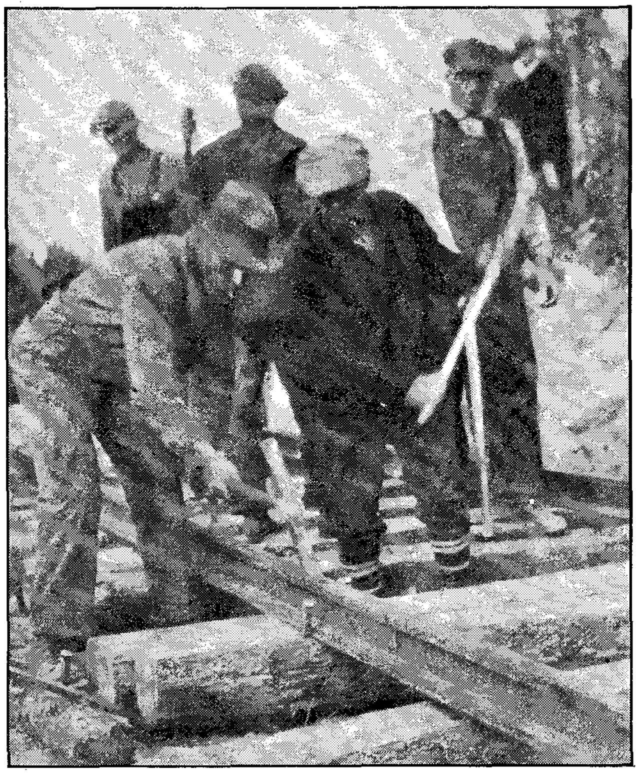
This is a sample of the bare and uninhabited country, across which passengers and freight on the Hudson Bay Railroad will pass—nothing but desolation as far as the eye can reach. But the railroad, it is hoped, will change all that. This stretch of track lies 460 miles from The Pas on the 510-mile line to Churchill, whence ships will take exports to Liverpool.

HOW PLANES HELPED BUILD A RAILROAD ON ICE

JACK FROST WAS LICKED by "railroad building's greatest feat." The wind blew at sixty miles an hour, fast-falling snow covered everything, and the temperature fell until the whole desolate country was frozen. But in spite of all this, Evan J. David tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, the work-train, the big track-laying machine in front of it and the human crew went on, laying the railroad track on the ice and snow of Canada's Barren Lands. The locomotive behind the train, the writer continues, with "the tractor, the snowmobile and the dog-team by its side—with the aid of the ever-present airplane overhead—literally pushed back America's last frontier a mile a day across the ice and snow" and into Churchill, the terminal on Hudson Bay. It was "the greatest railroad-building feat in the history of the world." Then the spring came, and the ice and snow melted. Since then, the account continues, men have been jacking up the tracks, draining the ground, and gravel has been poured in to make the foundation for the tracks. By next month, probably, Mr. David prophesies, the Canadian National Railroad will be running trains, with Pullmans even, from The Pas in Manitoba up to Churchill, 510 miles away, the Canadian exporter's new sea outlet to Liverpool.

A railroad and a seaport have been moved bodily in carrying out this project, we read, and the railroad tracks have gone down over the centuries-old glacial ice that underlies the moss of the Barren Lands. And, we may judge from Mr. David's account of it, the work could not have been done without the airplane. Describing the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad, Mr. David begins by picturing for us, thus, the completed actuality:

> On the western shore of Hudson Bay, on the barren rocks at the mouth of the Churchill River, where, a year ago, only a few scattered houses stood, a modern seaport is rising—with grain elevators and warehouses, and docks large enough to accommodate ocean-going cattle- and wheat-boats, and shanties for the great rush of workers, merchants, and the people who make up a seaport town.
>
> This seaport—just under the Arctic Circle, and marking the end of the trail of steel from the wheat and cattle farms to the Far North—is one of the most wonderful and spectacular accomplishments in the history of the Dominion and the world. For it is more than the construction of a modern seaport in the last outpost of civilization—it is really the razing and transporting of a seaport, sixty miles north along the shore of Hudson Bay. Years earlier the port had been started at the mouth of the Nelson River. But that site was found unsuitable, and as a result bridges, steel girders, piles and lumber had to be gathered up and moved three-score miles to the north.



WORKING TO BEAT THE FREEZE-UP TO THE BAY

Section gangs, such as those we see nearer home, completed the work started by the track-laying machine as the new road stretched itself into the north.

The end of "the great undertaking is looming in sight now, and the Hudson Bay Railroad is racing the Big Freeze-up in northern Manitoba," we are told, "in the hope that the golden spike can be driven into the last tie at Churchill before Jack Frost seals up the country for the winter." Reading on:

> Naturally the question is asked why the Canadian Government is spending some fifty million dollars building a 510-mile railroad from near the Saskatchewan border, 500 miles north of Winnipeg, across flat—and for 100 miles almost unpopulated—barren land to Churchill, a hundred miles up on the western shore of Hudson Bay.
>
> There are four important answers to this question: (1) wheat; (2) cattle; (3) freight; (4) ore.
>
> The greater part of the population of Canada is distributed along the southern border of the Dominion. Hitherto the farmers and ranchers of Western and Central Canada have been compelled to ship their wheat, farm products, and catte to Europe via rail to Montreal, and then by ocean-going steamer.
>
> Annually Canada ships to England immense quantities of wheat and hundreds of thousands of cattle and horses. But it is 2,000 miles from the extreme western parts of Canada, and about 1,000 from Winnipeg to the St. Lawrence River, whence it is shipped to Liverpool.
>
> Now the shortest and most

20 RALEIGH CIGARETTES 20
TEAR STAMP TO OPEN
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THIS UNIQUE PACKAGE PREVENTS CRUSHING — THE LAST CIGARETTE IS AS FRESH, FRAGRANT AND PERFECT AS THE FIRST
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The pause that refreshes

Drink
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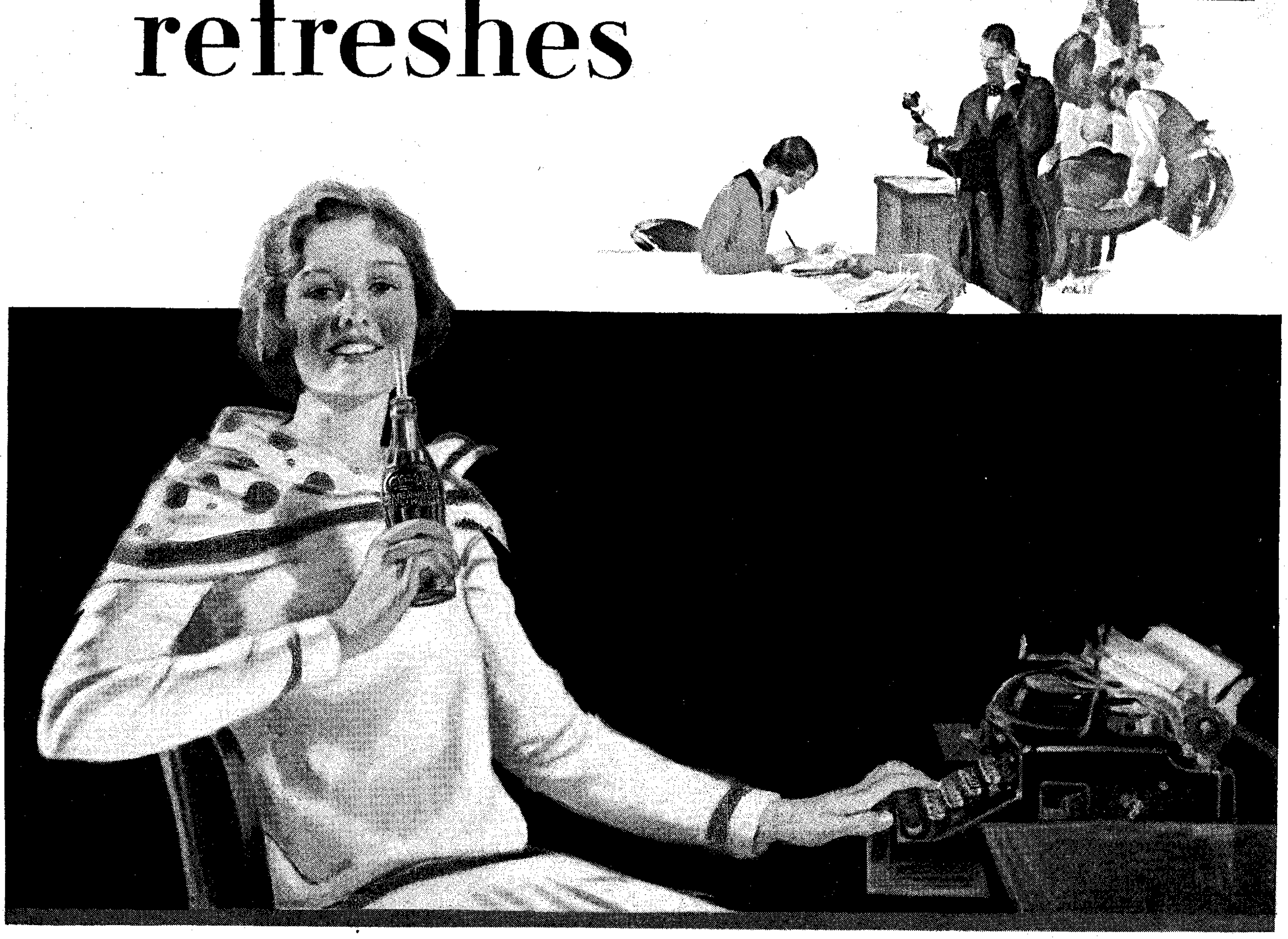
Delicious and Refreshing



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

EACH busy day tends down hill from that top-of-the-morning feeling with which you begin. Don't whip yourself as the day begins to wear. Pause and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ The wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola has made it the one great drink of the millions. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own—delicious to taste and, more than that, with a cool after-sense of refreshment. ▼ ▼ It is ready, cold and tingling, at fountains and refreshment stands around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

direct way to ship cattle and freight from Western and Central Canada to England is from some point on the western shore of Hudson Bay. It is 3,000 miles from Montreal, the shipping point on the St. Lawrence, to Liverpool. It is also just about 3,000 miles from Churchill, on the western shore of Hudson Bay, to Liverpool. Therefore, by exporting and importing all their goods, cattle, farm products, wheat, etc., by way of Hudson Bay, the inhabitants of Central and Western Canada would save a thousand miles of freight rates on exports and imports, and from two to three weeks' feeding and maintaining cattle in transit.

Work, once begun, was carried on even during the World War, we are told. But at the close of the conflict, the Government decided on retrenchment, and for some ten years the 350 or more miles of track that had been laid were allowed to go to ruin. Then, in the mid-'20's, interest was revived, but with severe disagreement as to whether the original terminal should be kept. Reading on:

The advocates of the railroad got the Canadian Government to make an appropriation to have the whole project resurveyed and an impartial English expert on railroads and docks was brought over to give an unbiased opinion on whether it would be wiser to complete the railroad, or abandon it forever. Mr. Frederick Palmer was the man appointed by the British railroad experts for the job.

This was early in 1927, before the spring break-up of ice and snow. A year would be saved if Mr. Palmer, his surveyors and linemen and their instruments, tools, and food supplies could be got to Port Nelson at once. Dog-teams could take them over the 500 miles of ice and snow; but it would be a matter of weeks both ways. What was to be done? The airplane fitted with skis could cover the distance in five hours.

At the same time another very important survey had to be made hundreds of miles farther north, to determine when the flow of ice began to leave the Hudson Straits, how long it was free of ice, how many months ocean-going ships could sail through it, and when it began to freeze up.

In both instances food, fuel, clothing, tents, medical supplies, tools, instruments for surveying and other supplies would have to be transported over ice and snow, through blizzards with a possible temperature of 50 below. Dogs could have been used to haul those things, but this would have meant shipping them in small quantities, and it would have taken months to do it. Ships also could have transported all those things up to the straits, but they would have had to wait until summer.

Worst of all, the Hudson Straits are 150 miles wide and 200 miles long. Its southern extremity is far north of 65 degrees. The whole section is sub-Arctic. No vessel could live in that broken ice for months making surveys or getting all the information about the ice drifts.

Again the airplane was the answer. It could fly with skis when the ice and snow were hard enough to hold it, with pontoons when the water was free of ice, and with wheels in between seasons.

Six flying officers, airplanes, mechanics, and radios, with which to communicate with Ottawa daily, were flown up to the straits. There they flew in all kinds of weather, the thermometer dropping to 50 and 60 below sometimes. They discovered that as late as November there was no ice in the straits, and that the first ice jam moving down from Foxe Channel did not reach the straits until December 10, thus leaving the straits open for the passage of shipping almost as long as the Great Lakes.

Meanwhile Mr. Palmer had been flown into Port Nelson, and after careful study and many surveys, flew on to Churchill, sixty miles further up the coast. There he repeated his surveys. Finally, he recommended that the Hudson Bay Railroad be reconstructed, and the road laid into Churchill instead of Port Nelson.

The Government decided to follow Mr. Palmer's recommendations, and no time was lost in starting to work. To save a year's delay fourteen men, 800 pounds of dynamite, and eight tons of other material had to be got to Fort Churchill at once. Airplanes were the solution.

Now began the task not only of building the new railroad but, we read, of rehabilitating the old and constructing a port large enough to accommodate ocean-going cattle- and wheat-boats, grain-elevators, and warehouses. This is how it was done:

While the old railroad was being reconstructed, tractors were sent to Port Nelson, and everything that could be pried loose from the old construction was piled on sleds and hauled sixty miles over ice to Churchill. Sections of the bridge, steel girders, piles and lumber were towed there on scows during the summer, when the bay was free of ice. It was the most spectacular moving day in the history of the world. More than $6,000,000 worth of material was transported to another section of the frozen North.

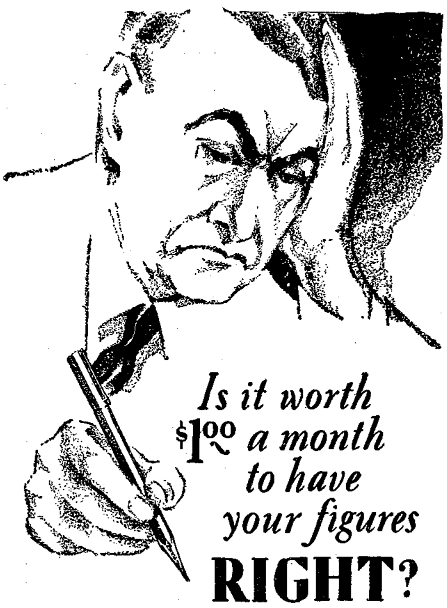
Meanwhile new ties had to be laid and old ones dug out of the old roadbed of the railroad, new trestlings and bridges constructed, new concrete foundations laid, new gravel dug and hauled from new pits and dumped into the muskeg to fill in. Thus was the old road rejuvenated for 356 miles.

The route over the new section of the country soon proved to be much more difficult than that over which the old road had been laid. The Nelson River—as wide as the Hudson—had to be spanned. This was done successfully and permanently. Fifty miles beyond the Nelson River, however, the timber line ends. The remaining distance to Churchill is over the famous Barren Lands, where nothing but caribou moss grows. It is also nearly 25 per cent. water. Trenches had to be dug to drain the water from the route, and the soil had to be turned up to form a bed for the corduroy logs that made up the foundation for the gravel and the rails to rest upon.

But in the Barren Lands the laborers struck ice only a few inches below the muskeg. It was blue, showing that it was of glacial formation, and must have been there for ages. Even during the spring and summer months it was necessary to blast out the ice.

Then the freeze-up came. Everybody expected that the work of track-laying would have to be abandoned. Digging, it is true, had to be stopt early last October.

But the construction engineers believed that, since the ground was frozen so hard during the winter, and stayed that way for at least six months, it would save a half year if they could lay the ties and spike down the tracks on top of the ice and snow over the Barren Lands. They determined to try to lay the rails all the way into Churchill some eighty miles north. Then the following summer they would jack them up and fill in with gravel.



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MYTHS THAT HAVE GROWN ABOUT LINCOLN

THE APRIL AIR GREW KEEN just over the New York Central railroad tracks, but on either side of the roadbed it was warm, according to a story that was to grow into a legend. Every watchman along the right-of-way, the tale runs on, slipt off the track and sat down at the side to see what would happen. Soon came the pilot engine of the ghost train, flying long black streamers. It carried a band of black instruments, playing dirges. Grinning skeletons sat all about. Then the funeral train itself, with flags and streamers, rushed past. The track seemed covered with black carpet. The coffin was visible in its car, and on still another train that followed were vast numbers of blue-coated men with coffins on their backs. It was the ghost of the train that carried the body of Abraham Lincoln back to Springfield, Illinois, for burial, passing again over its route. The specter, it was once said, appeared every year in the month of April. And that was but one of many fantastic stories that grew up about Abraham Lincoln, we learn from Lloyd Lewis in "Myths After Lincoln" (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Lewis quotes the story of the ghost train from the Albany *Evening Times.*

Some of the Lincoln myths cited by the author seem to have a basis in fact, but even these, with the passage of time, have taken on a legendary nature. Lincoln, for example, on excellent authority, has been credited with prophetic dreams. This incident, cited by Mr. Lewis, is supposed to have occurred at a Cabinet meeting on the very day of his assassination:

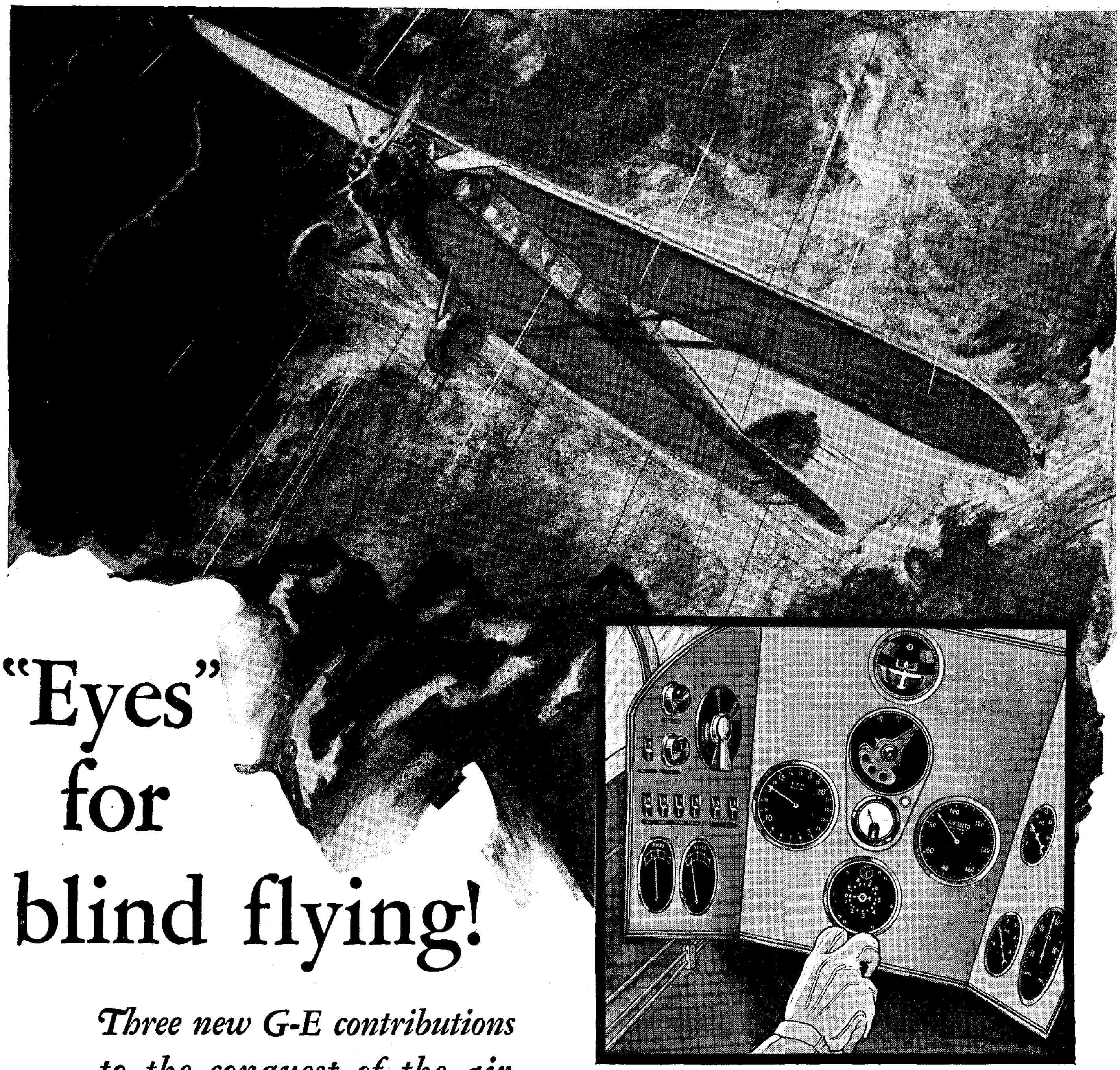
> Long-legged Lincoln eased back in his White House chair and talked informally—the meeting had not yet begun, since it must wait upon Stanton, Secretary of War, who was still bustling around the telegraph office. General Grant, who had come up from Appomattox to be Lincoln's guest at the Cabinet conference, was as solemn in victory as in battle, and told Lincoln that he was anxious about Sherman, away down in North Carolina there, face to face with General Johnston and the remaining "rebel" army. At this Lincoln spoke up, saying that things would be all right. He had had a sign.
>
> All of the dignitaries in the room remembered later what it was that Lincoln then went on to say, altho some recalled the words a little differently from others. Some remembered that he had been very grave as he spoke, others that he had been sad, still others noted nothing unusual. Secretary of the Navy Welles, less superstitious than most men of his time, and with a memory always alert to catch the significant happenings which might be jotted down in his voluminous diary, remembered Lincoln's words like this:
>
> "I have no doubt that favorable news will soon come, for I had, last night, my usual dream that has preceded nearly every important event of the war. I seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, and to be moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore."
>
> As the Secretaries and the General watched, the long man talked on:
>
> "I have had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River [otherwise known as Murfreesboro], Vicksburg, Wilmington, and so on.
>
> "Victory has not always followed my dream, but the event and the results have been important. I have no doubt that a battle has taken place or is about to be fought, and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other important event which is likely just now to occur."

One Middle Westerner who had followed Lincoln to Washington, came forward, after the assassination, "to intensify unwittingly the supernaturalism with which the dead hero was coming to be so widely regarded." He was Ward Hill Lamon of Danville, Illinois. Of his reports, Mr. Lewis writes:

> One time, said Lamon, Mrs. Lincoln attempted to joke her husband out of a dark mood, and had been answered, in slow and measured tones: "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams. There are, I think, some sixteen chapters in the Old Testament, and four or five in the New, in which dreams are mentioned, and there are many other passages scattered throughout the Book which refer to visions. If we believe the Bible, we must accept the fact that in the old days God and His angels came to men in their sleep, and made themselves known through dreams. Nowadays dreams are regarded as very foolish and are seldom told, except by old women and by young men and maidens in love."
>
> And when Mrs. Lincoln asked him if he believed in dreams, he answered in that slow evasiveness with which he always refused to cross any Fox River until he had come to it:
>
> "I can't say that I do, but I had one the other night which has haunted me ever since. After it occurred, the first time I opened the Bible. Strange as it may appear, it was at the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, which relates that wonderful dream Jacob had. I turned to other passages and seemed to encounter a dream or a vision wherever I looked. I kept on turning the leaves of the old Book, and everywhere my eye fell upon passages recording matters strangely in keeping with my own thoughts—supernatural visitations, dreams, visions, etc."
>
> "You frighten me," cried Mrs. Lincoln, usually on nerve's edge. "What is the matter?"
>
> Gradually she drove him into telling of his dream.
>
> "About ten days ago," he began, very slowly, very sadly, "I retired late. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered down-stairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along.
>
> "It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse, wrapt in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards, and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer. 'He was killed by an assassin.' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and altho it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

Mr. Lewis devotes considerable space to John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, who has become as much of a legendary figure as his victim. A certain amount of mystery attached to Booth's death and the disposal of his body, we are reminded by this volume, and this gave rise to the tale that not the murderer, but another, was killed, while the former escaped. During the years that followed Lincoln's death, men appeared in many places who were believed to be Booth. Some even made this claim personally. Mr. Lewis tells us of some of these strange cases:

> In the '80's, devout ladies of Richmond, Virginia, sitting in their pews at Monumental Church, would thrill strangely as they looked up at their minister, the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, standing in the pulpit. Pastor Armstrong's eye was black, his raven hair was long, his sermons were dramatic, and he dragged one leg as he walked. Many a Virginia lady's thoughts, as she listened, would not be touching God, or the devil either. Instead she would be saying to herself, "I wonder if he really is J. Wilkes Booth."
>
> In Atlanta, where the Rev. Mr. Armstrong later preached, and in other Southern cities, the whispers followed him around. After a bit there was a story that Edwin Booth, seeing the dominie watching him from a theater-box one night in Atlanta, was so startled by the man's resemblance to his brother that he arranged a private interview after the show. Rumor had it that Armstrong wore his hair long in the back to hide a telltale scar. All claims evaporated when his history was examined after his death, in 1891, but there are still simple folk in the South who hold to them in fond romance.
>
> Some time in the late '70's, a drunken saloon-keeper of Granbury, Texas, confessed to a gaping boy from Memphis that he was the genuine J. Wilkes Booth, and related a detailed story of how Vice-President Johnson had put him up to the assassination of Lincoln, furnishing him with the password "T. B. Road," so that he might escape through the Union picket lines, and promising him a pardon if he ever should be caught. The saloon-keeper, known to Granbury as John St. Helen, a ruffian of



"Eyes" for blind flying!

Three new G-E contributions to the conquest of the air

LINDBERGH, flying blind much of the way, but with an amazing navigating instinct, hit Ireland "on the nose" in his New York to Paris flight. Now, as an aid to blind flying comes the magneto compass, a product of General Electric research, which gives pilots a navigating instrument of extraordinary accuracy and sensitiveness. Tests have proved that the average pilot can depend upon this instrument to guide him to predetermined points though hundreds of miles away.

Meanwhile, two other General Electric contributions to aviation are being developed—the electric gasoline gauge and the radio echo altimeter. The ordinary altimeter shows merely height above sea level. But the radio echo altimeter warns the pilot of his actual distance above *ground or water* by flashing green, yellow, and red lights on the instrument board—thus adding another important new safety factor to the traffic of the air.

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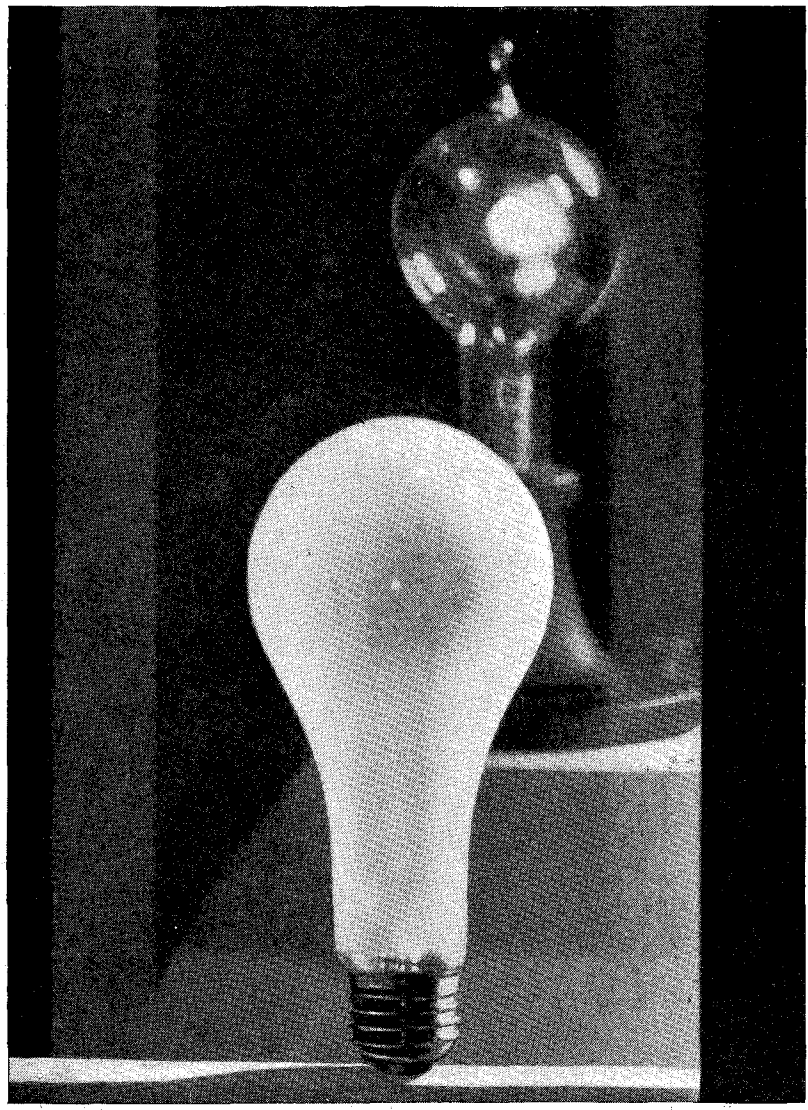
GENERAL ELECTRIC



1879 **Edison's early lamps were made in two sizes—8 and 16 candle-power—and based on present money standards cost over $2.00 each.**

1929 **Today's 100 watt, inside-frosted, National *Mazda lamp gives 76 times as much light per dollar as the early lamp. It sells for 35 cents and gives the light of 136 candles for less than one cent an hour. Insist always on National Mazda lamps which come to you in the familiar blue carton.**

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

*MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service

GE

NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

sportive instincts, made much of a scar on the back of his neck, and convinced the greenhorn traveler that his tale was true, altho the townspeople of Granbury remembered that he had acquired the scar by a knife in a brawl at his groggery.

The youth, Finis L. Bates by name, grew up to be a lawyer in Memphis and dallied with the tale. In 1903, while touring the Southwest on business, he read that a man claiming to be Booth had committed suicide in Enid, Oklahoma. Arriving at the frontier town, he found it in a state of delighted fervor over the romance, and exhibiting the suicide's body with pride. Through its newspaper it was crying to the world that here was the escaped hero-villain, altho its people had known the fellow as David E. George, a drunken morphine fiend. Twice at least in his life George had declared that he was not the innocent house-painter that he seemed to be, but the real and genuine J. Wilkes Booth. Both confessions had been made while he was bed-fast from drugs, a fact that did not hamper the credulity of Finis L. Bates in the least. The lawyer, looking upon George's remains, jumped to the conclusion that here was his great informant of a quarter of a century before, John St. Helen. The two men, he declared, were one, and that one—Booth. Whereupon Bates brought the suicide's body back to Memphis, where it rests to-day.

Finally, there are hosts of minor legends, such as that of the funeral train, a few of which Mr. Lewis recites thus:

In Illinois it used to be said that the brown thrush was not heard at its singing for a whole year after Lincoln had been laid in his tomb. Politicians have told audiences that the legislators, meeting at the Capitol in Springfield, felt the strange mystic spirit of Lincoln brooding over them, leading them to better and ever better services for his people.

At Elmhurst, Illinois, the ancient Irish flagman of the Chicago, Aurora and Elgin Railroad gave to Carl Sandburg one morning a new and solemn version of just what it was that J. Wilkes Booth shouted after murdering Abraham Lincoln. History has understood this cry of Booth's to have been "*Sic semper tyrannis*," but the flagman had heard it differently.

"This man Booth, he shot the Prisidint, jumped down onto the stage, and hallooed, 'I'm sick, sind fer McGinnis!'"

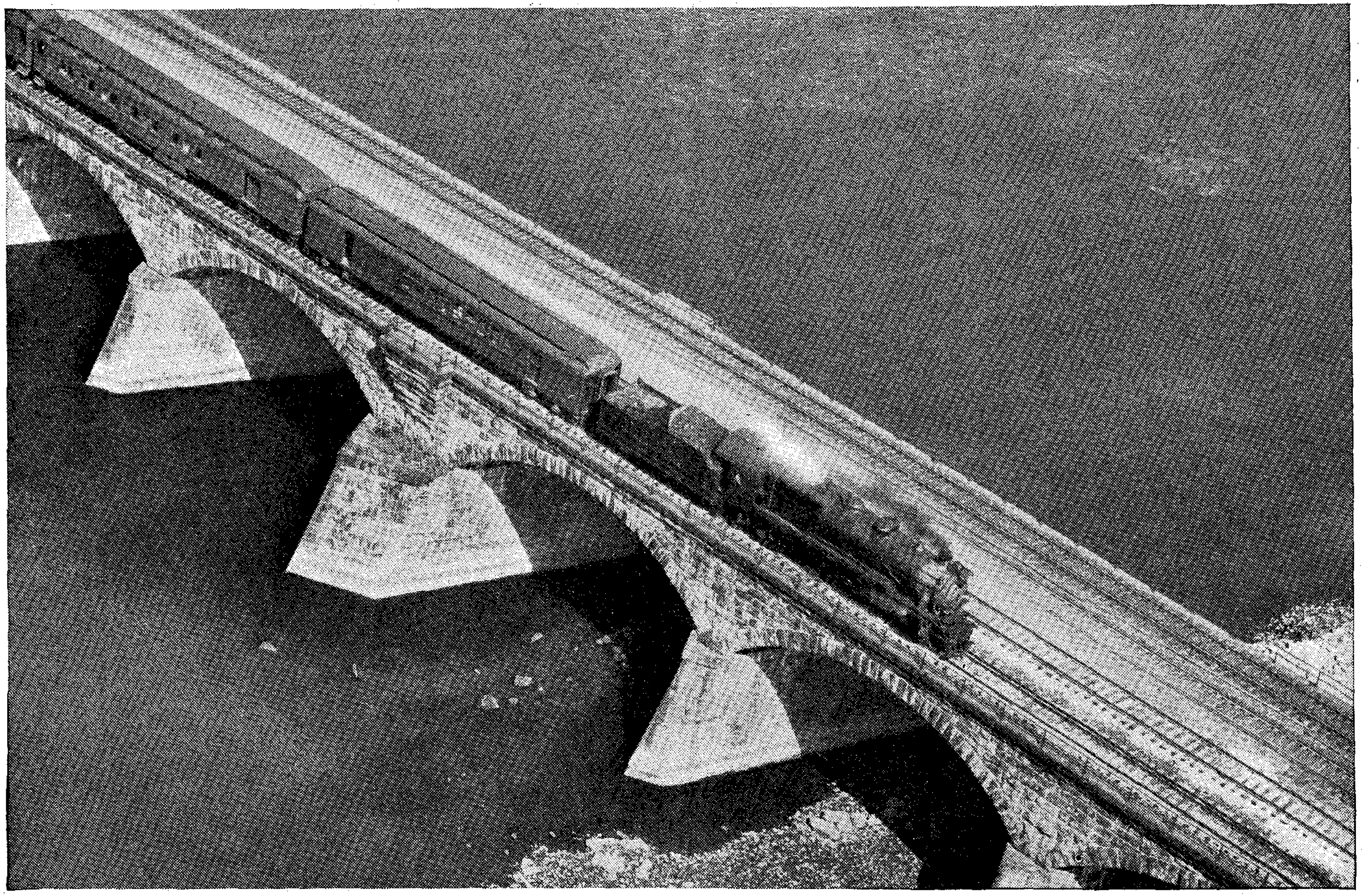
On another morning, Sandburg asked the flagman how he would tell, in a few words, why Lincoln was loved so finely by so many people.

"He was humanity," said the flagman.

In all parts of the Republic are to be seen the large wooden or metal watch-faces with which jewelers and watch salesmen advertise their places of business. Frequently people say to each other, "Do you see where those watch hands are set? At eight-seventeen! That's the hour and minute Lincoln died!"

And the fact that Lincoln was shot shortly after ten o'clock and died at seven-twenty the next morning has not harmed the myth in any way. Neither has the legend been injured by the watchmakers' explanation that the clock hands are set at 8:17 because this position allows them the maximum space for advertising the firm names and slogans.

Over the shortest route between New York and Chicago



THE BROADWAY

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"THERE SHE IS" signals the aerial photographer. Nose down . . . throttle wide . . . the plane heads straight for the distant speck. 100 . . . 120 . . . 140 miles an hour . . . they gain on The Broadway . . .

Now they're abreast—the pilot levels off—the motor quietens—click—the picture's made.

"Another shot" shouts the photographer . . . too late . . . The Broadway's pulling away. Again the race. The motor roars—wires scream . . . the plane traveling at top speed. "Ready," nods the pilot—click—again the camera's caught The Broadway . . .

What a sight to follow The Broadway by air as it glides smoothly through the valleys, by the harvest fields, on her swift journey between New York and Chicago. And nothing but an airplane makes the trip on faster schedule and nothing but an airplane has a route so short to travel.

All the luxuries of the great Limited are at your disposal . . . club car, observation car, unexcelled dining service, barber, shower-baths, valet, clothes-pressing, manicurist, train secretary, dictaphones, stock quotations, reports of national events, newspapers and periodicals.

20 Hours—New York and Chicago

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York: Pennsylvania Station . .	1:55 P.M.
Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
Newark	2:17 P.M.
North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago: Englewood	8:30 A.M.
Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago: Union Station	11:40 A.M.
Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive North Philadelphia	6:54 A.M.
Newark	8:17 A.M.
New York: Hudson Terminal . . .	8:42 A.M.
Pennsylvania Station . .	8:40 A.M.

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and New York

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and the East

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Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

AN ADMIRAL ON HORSEBACK AND OTHER EUROPEANS

Illustrations from "Caps and Crowns of Europe" (Louis Carrier & Company)

A TERROR OF THE REDS

Admiral Horthy, who rid Hungary of Bolshevism, and now rules the country as Regent.

THE RED PERIL STALKED ABROAD, for these were the postwar days when the plains of Hungary were overrun with Bolshevists, "bent on pillage," we are told. A party of five of these marauders found themselves suddenly confronted by a tall, bronzed sailor-man, a romantic figure, with flashing eyes and an air of command, who had dared to remain alone and unguarded in his ancestral home, and to walk abroad by the light of day. "I alone," he said to them, "can not stop the making of history, but I want to tell you that the first one of you who dares to enter my house—I will shoot him myself!" And, adds the narrator laconically, "Horthy was left alone." The story is told by Thomas Guerin in "Caps and Crowns of Europe" (Louis Carrier), a volume of recent personal contacts in practically every corner of that somewhat troubled continent. In a preface by the Hon. Raoul Dandurand, president of the Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations, we are introduced to Mr. Guerin as a Canadian who has traveled extensively, who "has been brought up among public men," and has "moved through the capitals of Europe and has come into contact with the leaders who direct the affairs of State." Summing up his impressions from those contacts, Mr. Guerin himself tells us:

> Old Europe is new again, laboring under new leaders with new ideas and new ideals.
>
> Some of those who control the States of the Old World are democrats, demanding the equality of man. Others are dictators, forcing their countries back to a path of reason. The object of these sketches is to give some idea of the personality and prowess of the present leaders of that Continent, and particularly of those of the countries most affected by the war. I have met most of these statesmen at some time. I have talked to them and about them, and I have mixed with the people whom they rule. Kings and Queens, Premiers and peasants have become imbued with the spirit of the age, and fill their posts with the same assiduity and devotion as the workers of former years. Some of these are gracious and talk of their countries most frankly to you. Others are suspicious and guarded. A few are clever enough to hide their ideas in a bombardment of questions which they hurl at you. One might expect candor to be the twin sister of democracy, but in many of these talks personal opinions were carefully covered up in a voluble flow of political truisms.
>
> Europe of to-day stands at the parting of the ways. The old and the new now call on her to follow. In most lands the glamour of the unknown is the lodestar which draws, often against the better judgment of the victim. The insatiable thirst for new sensations and new conditions is evident on all sides, so that the national duties of to-day have become onerous in the extreme and lie weightily upon those who hold the helms of the various barks of State.

Returning to Admiral Horthy, who rules Hungary as Regent, with the official title, "His Most Serene Highness the Governor General," we read:

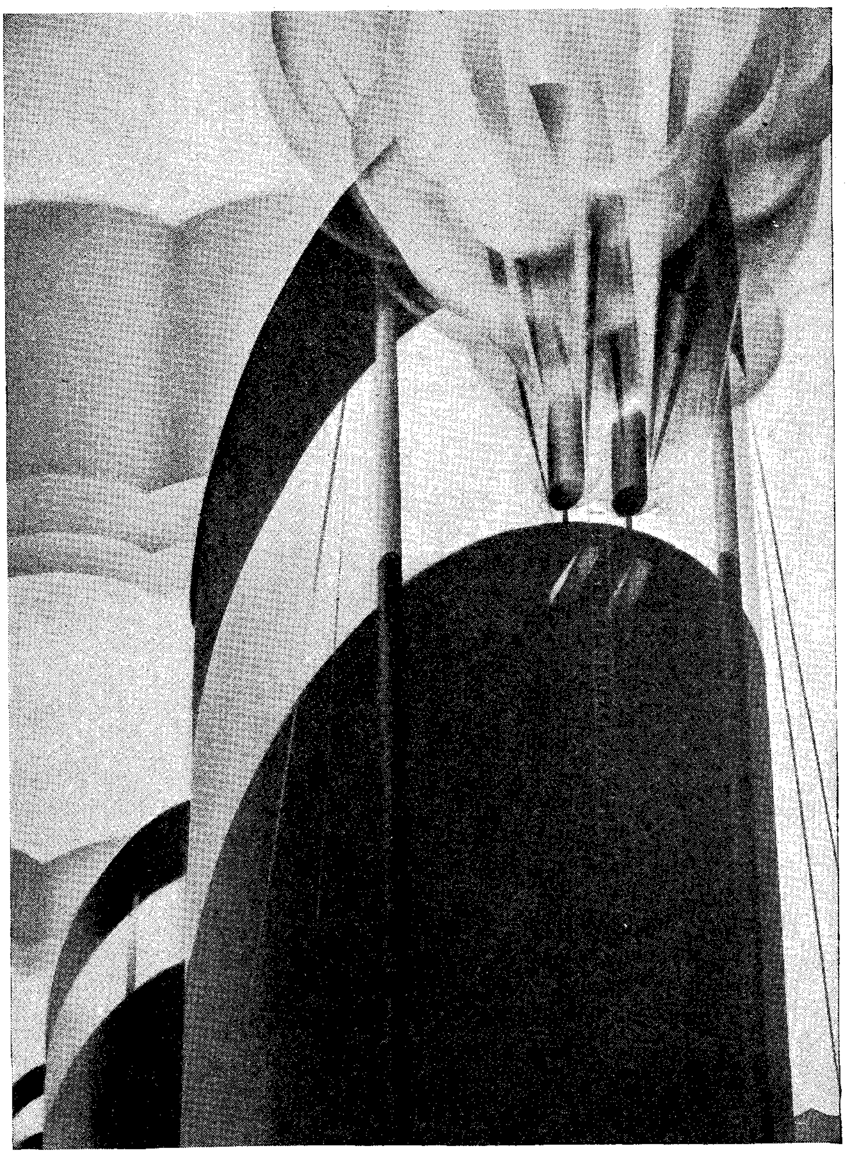
> He now occupies a wing of the beautiful Imperial Palace in Buda on the hill overlooking the Danube, but whenever an opportunity presents itself he shakes off the trappings of Regency and returns to the home of his family at Kanderes.
>
> I had tea with him and with Madame Horthy at this beautiful old place, lying in the middle of the great Hungarian plain. We were met in the drawing-room by the Admiral, who wore the short blue coat of the Navy, with its gold indications of rank. He might have stept from the bridge of some British battle-ship so much he looked like the officers one sees at Portsmouth or Dover. His clean-shaven, weather-browned face, his well-brushed hair and jaunty air seemed out of place on the plain of Hungary. He has all the simplicity of the seaman, for he is without any trace of pose or affectation. His two most apparent characteristics are his courtesy and his determination. He speaks English perfectly, and he led me into his private study adjoining the drawing-room and looking out upon his extensive gardens.
>
> He spoke a great deal about the work he is called upon to do, and of the fight he had to wage before he completely suppress Bolshevism.

It is here that we get the anecdote of the Admiral's encounter with the marauding Reds, and elsewhere the author sketches his historic warfare to push back that contagion from Central Europe. "One of the most sympathetic great men that Europe has produced," is Mr. Guerin's verdict on the "Admiral on Horseback." Regarding the present condition of Hungary, we are given some personal testimony from the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, who is described as "a political enigma for most of the people." Mr. Guerin writes:

> Count Bethlen discust the position of Hungary in a most dispassionate way. In well-modulated English with a slight foreign flavor, and occasionally lapsing into French, he said: "We had a very difficult time after the war before the peace was signed. With our country torn to pieces we had a foreign occupation of Serbian and Roumanian troops as well as two revolutions within our frontiers. One was after the Armistice and the other was Communism, when the Communists ruled the country for five months.
>
> "Also, we lost five hundred thousand killed during the war, which was an enormous number for our country. The consequence was a completely ruined State of only one-third of its former area and population. That was the situation when the new Hungarian Government began its work. There was a very difficult psychological movement. The atrocities committed by the Communists had separated the different social classes, and the result was a mentality of revenge among the classes who had been made to suffer during the revolution.
>
> "During the last six years, step by step, the situation has succeeded in changing. Hungary remains a kingdom in theory, really the regency was instituted to serve until the time comes when the question of the kingdom will be settled. State authority has been restored. There are now no violations of the law as there were formerly.
>
> We succeeded in creating a Reparations Commission, and with the help of the League of Nations our credit

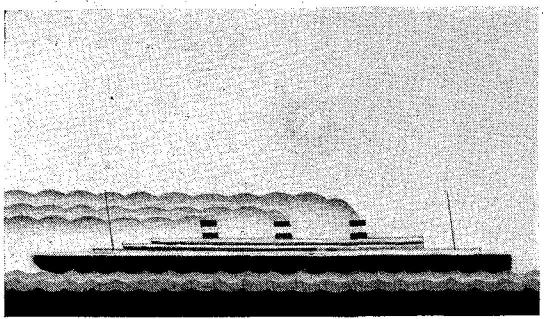
THE BEAU-IDEAL OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY

Such was the impression made on the author by the debonair Sir Austen Chamberlain.



Salute a New Era

. . . in American Maritime Enterprise



At the helm of the great transatlantic fleet of the American Merchant Marine—the United States Lines and the American Merchant Lines—eleven splendid ships—is a new command, that of a vast organized group of loyal, successful American citizens. Under its leadership you are now offered a complete North Atlantic service flying the American flag. A perfect passage for every purse. If you want swiftness enriched by luxury take the Leviathan, world's largest liner. If you seek the sum total of fine accommodations, fine food, fine comfort at low rates choose one of these superb cabin liners . . . George Washington, America, Republic, President Roosevelt and President Harding. Weekly sailings direct from New York to London, too, on the five popular ships of the American Merchant Lines. To Europe? . . . Sail under the Stars and Stripes.

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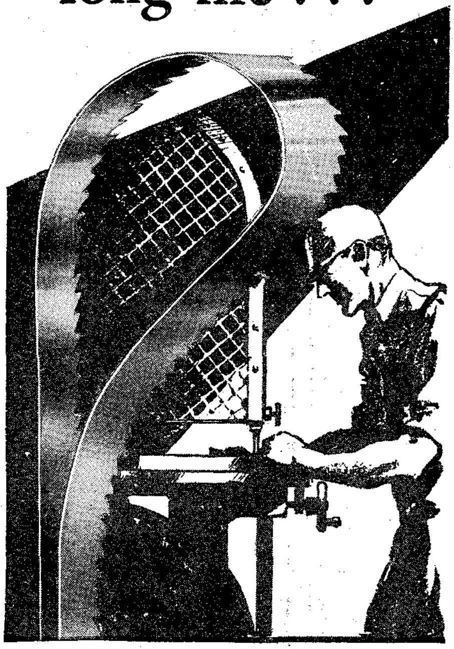
Tougher... safer throughout a long life . . .



. . . that's why Industry *prefers* Simonds Band Saws

THE manufacture of Simonds Band Saws represents a distinct achievement in the production of superior cutting tools. The specially heat-treated alloy steel used in Simonds Band Saws is made in Simonds own steel mills . . . It is unusually strong, tough and flexible—a steel that holds its cutting edge under strenuous service . . . For safety, economy and dependability in saws it pays to specify Simonds.

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SIMONDS
SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL CO.
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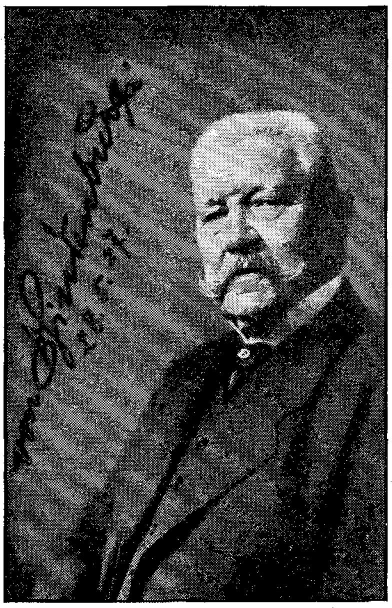
"The Saw Makers" Established 1832
Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

was restored so that we could get a loan from abroad to rehabilitate the Hungarian currency and establish a gold basis. A year ago we organized a National Emission Bank. Before that, financial control was exercised by a United States citizen, Mr. Jeremiah Smith, to whom we are so much indebted. Only one point still causes trouble, and that is rather a psychological one. It is the situation of the Hungarian minorities in the neighboring States. This is now worse than it was some years ago. The guaranty which the League of Nations gave to the minorities has been a complete failure. The neighboring States which have concluded such minority treaties with the big Powers already feel that they have nothing to fear from the control of the League of Nations, therefore they often overlook the League and carry on.

We owe to the English Government and to English public opinion a debt of gratitude. They were the first to help us in our difficulty. They were the first to help us in our finances and in our economic life, as well as in the restoration of public credit. Therefore the whole public opinion of Hungary is pro-English, and the Hungarian Government has excellent relations with the British Government, and our greatest hope for the future rests in the British Government. This is not a phrase, but a real feeling.



"THE MOST PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN EUROPE TO-DAY"

President von Hindenburg is credited with a charming quality of boyishness.

Of the British statesmen encountered by Mr. Guerin, one of the most impressive was Sir Austen Chamberlain, whom he describes thus:

> Extremely tall and immaculately drest, he has an expressionless serenity of countenance which makes one think of the prow of a fast ship—it seems made to cut through the swell of Britain's diplomatic ocean, and it does so very successfully. He is the *beau idéal* of the British statesman both mentally and physically; and combines with apparent immobility both a charm and a courtesy, together with a determination which has done much for his country and which will probably some day make him England's Premier.
>
> His tall slimness is most imposing, and he is extremely like his father. He is slightly pompous, and very careful about the slightest detail of his appearance. His monocle, which gives him a dandified air, has become the butt of cartoonists, but most unfairly. It is worn through necessity, for he was born with one eye blind. He is utterly sincere and in no way given to pose.
>
> The former British Foreign Minister is one of the best trained politicians in England. Since childhood he has lived in political turmoil, and even at his father's dinner table rarely was any subject save politics the topic of discussion.
>
> I had a most interesting talk with him recently in his private office in the House of Commons. This was made doubly interesting on account of the Russian complications which were soon to follow and culminate in the startling raid on the Arcos Company, the Soviet propaganda headquarters in London. He discust most of the topics of the day in general and the internal conditions of England in particular, and notwithstanding the blue ruin which most of the people were continually crying, he was extremely optimistic. "Look at our internal affairs," he said. "We have already paid out to our creditors an amount equal to the whole national debt of England before the War, notwithstanding the terrible conditions and the collapse of the European markets. There is reason to be confident." His optimism was consoling in face of the pessimism which was everywhere manifest.

Questioning Lloyd George as to the future of the Liberal party, Mr. Guerin drew the snappy reply, "We have touched bottom, and we are on the rebound like a Stokes gun." Turning from the public men of England and Ireland, portrayed in a sheaf of rapid sketches, we are confronted with some notables of France. Here the author credits Raymond Poincaré, then Prime Minister, with an unsurpassed rank in European statesmanship, and gives us these personal impressions of France's War President:

"AS BRAVE AS A LION"

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, strikes Mr. Guerin as the strongest man in Europe.

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STEEL SHEETS *for* EVERY PURPOSE

KEYSTONE—the *Original* Copper Steel

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COPPER STEEL
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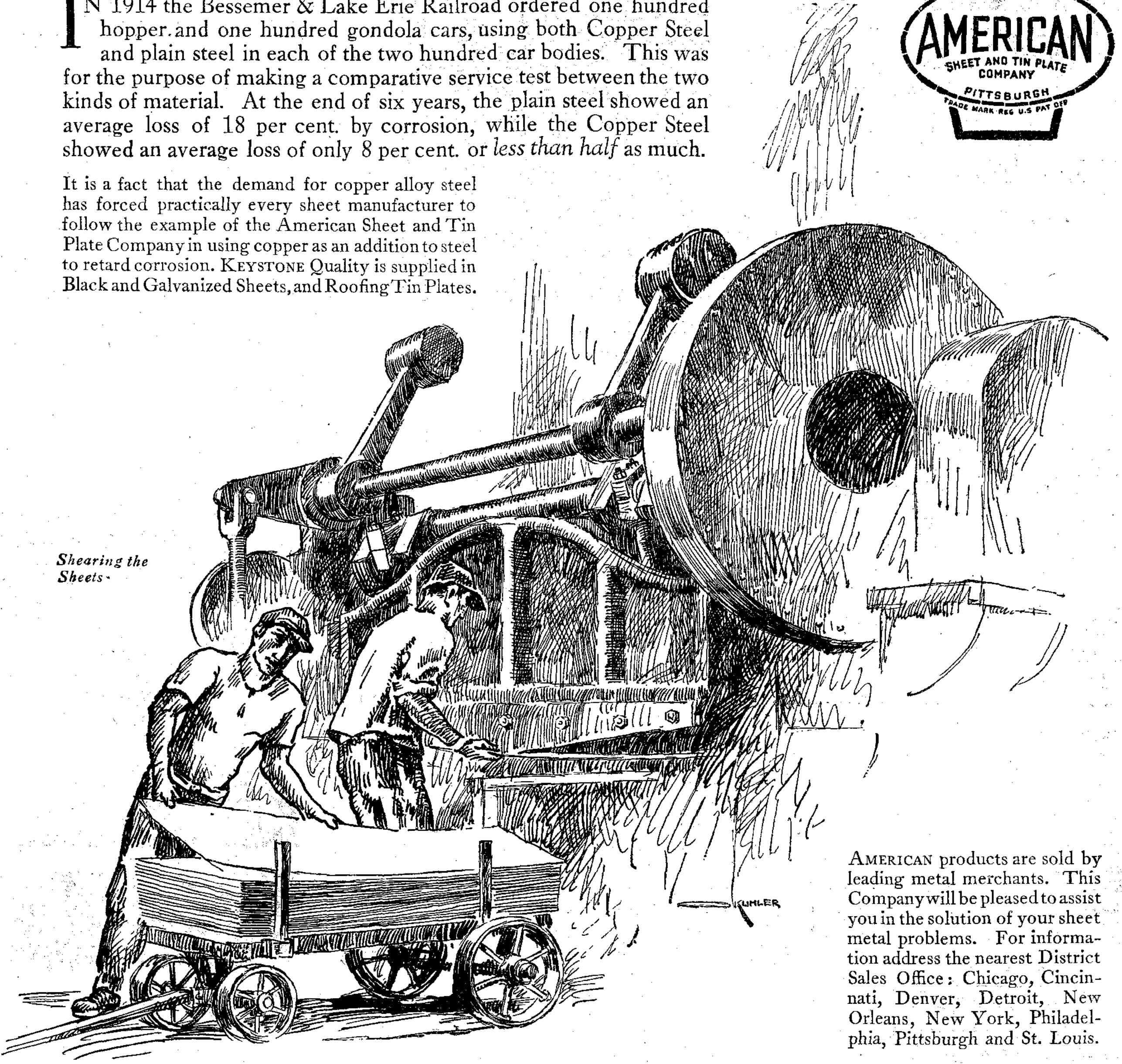
IN 1914 the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad ordered one hundred hopper and one hundred gondola cars, using both Copper Steel and plain steel in each of the two hundred car bodies. This was for the purpose of making a comparative service test between the two kinds of material. At the end of six years, the plain steel showed an average loss of 18 per cent. by corrosion, while the Copper Steel showed an average loss of only 8 per cent. or *less than half* as much.

It is a fact that the demand for copper alloy steel has forced practically every sheet manufacturer to follow the example of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company in using copper as an addition to steel to retard corrosion. KEYSTONE Quality is supplied in Black and Galvanized Sheets, and Roofing Tin Plates.



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Everybody uses it!

13 year Tommy Brown takes the part of the incorrigible Elmer in "Real Folks." His "Aw, Gee, Uncle Matt" is familiar to the great radio audience who listen Monday nights to this program sponsored by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co.

From Little Elmer to Big Manufacturers

IN THE professional and business world as well as in the home, you find "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in constant use.

Visit the National Broadcasting Company. In their sound-proof studios, where a tickling cough might ruin a program, or a husky voice spoil an important announcement, the radio artists know the value of "Vaseline" Jelly. Just ask the people who broadcast "Real Folks." A spoonful now and then to soothe the throat; a bit snuffed up the nose to clear the head. Motor car and battery manufacturers advocate "Vaseline" Jelly—for widely different purposes. They find it prevents rust on machine parts and corrosion on battery terminals.

Letters come in every day, telling of new and interesting uses for "Vaseline" Jelly. Or reiterating its praise as a standard family remedy.

You, too, will find you need not one, but several jars or tubes of "Vaseline" Jelly in the house for first-aid, beauty and household uses. Remember when you buy that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

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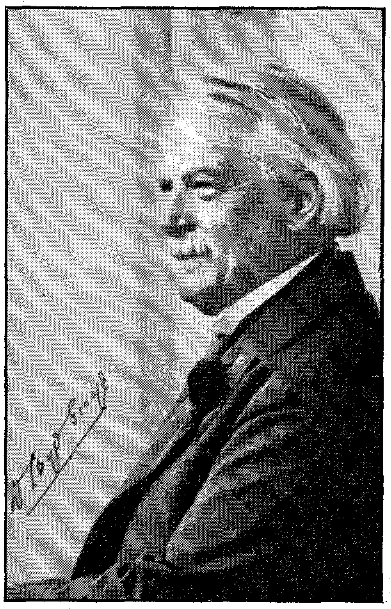
Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

He is a very small man, yet broad and active and extremely well-groomed. His head is large, but moves quickly. There is none of the slowness of massive-headed men about him, all is action. Even the white hair standing straight on the top of his head and the bristling white mustache and beard, every hair seemed in motion. There is something dynamic about Poincaré which never ceases and which enabled him to put into the single year of 1927 an amount of work and success which no other man in France could duplicate. He shakes hands with you quickly. He speaks to you quickly. He is extremely affable, says many delightful things to you in a very few minutes, and parries anything he does not want to tell you with the agility and ability of a "*maître d'escrime*," but with a smile and a manner quite irresistible.



DOWN BUT NEVER OUT

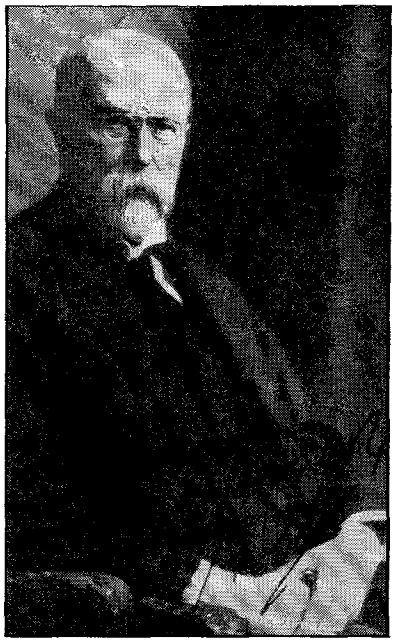
Lloyd George, still full of pep, is said to be greatly disliked on the Continent.

He spoke to me about Canada and of the deep affection which France had for the cradle of French culture and language in America. He spoke about the Canadian statesmen and the part that Canada had played in the war. His conversation was general and engaging, but when I suggested that he tell me something of the economic future of France, with an adroitness and speed of lightning he changed the subject to Premier Baldwin's intended trip to Canada. This appeared to him a phenomenon. He said he thought that English politics was an extraordinary institution to enable the Prime Minister to steal away on a holiday in a far-off land at a very unsettled time, and to leave the reins of the whole Government in the hands of a colleague. "In France that could never happen," he said. He told me that he never enjoyed a moment's peace, and that he dared not leave the Government for a day.

Poincaré is not a typical Frenchman. He has all the outward appearances and characteristics of one, but he is a Lorrainer in every sense of the term. He is endowed with supreme determination, complete fearlessness and an aggressiveness in action that brushes aside all opposition.

WATER RATS OF HONOLULU HARBOR

WATCH the water rats turn out! The big, de luxe round-the-world liner is steaming into the harbor, and they must be on hand to meet it. How well they know their customers! They spend little time anywhere except near the most expensive suites on the vessel. See that timid woman? Don't bother with her. She's on her first trip, isn't sure of what to do, and is good for only a dime. But that big, well-drest, pompous man is another matter. He's good-natured, and a spender. He's good for a dollar. So the boys swim toward him as he stands on the deck. They cry greetings in their musical native tongue, and the man is flattered. Sure enough, out of his pocket comes the anticipated dollar. But he wants a good show for his money, relates Gwenfread E. Allen, a Honolulu resident. Writing in *Asia* of the boys who dive for coins in Honolulu harbor, she tells us that the man "winds up" like a big-league pitcher. The boys get set. He throws the coin as far as he can, it strikes the water flat and sinks slowly. The boys are after it, and one retrieves it with ease. If the man only knew it, he had done just what the boys expected and wanted him to do. The manner of throwing that he thought made matters more difficult and sporting, really made them easier. For these boys know their business. Or maybe it is not a business but a form of professional begging, the author suggests, continuing:

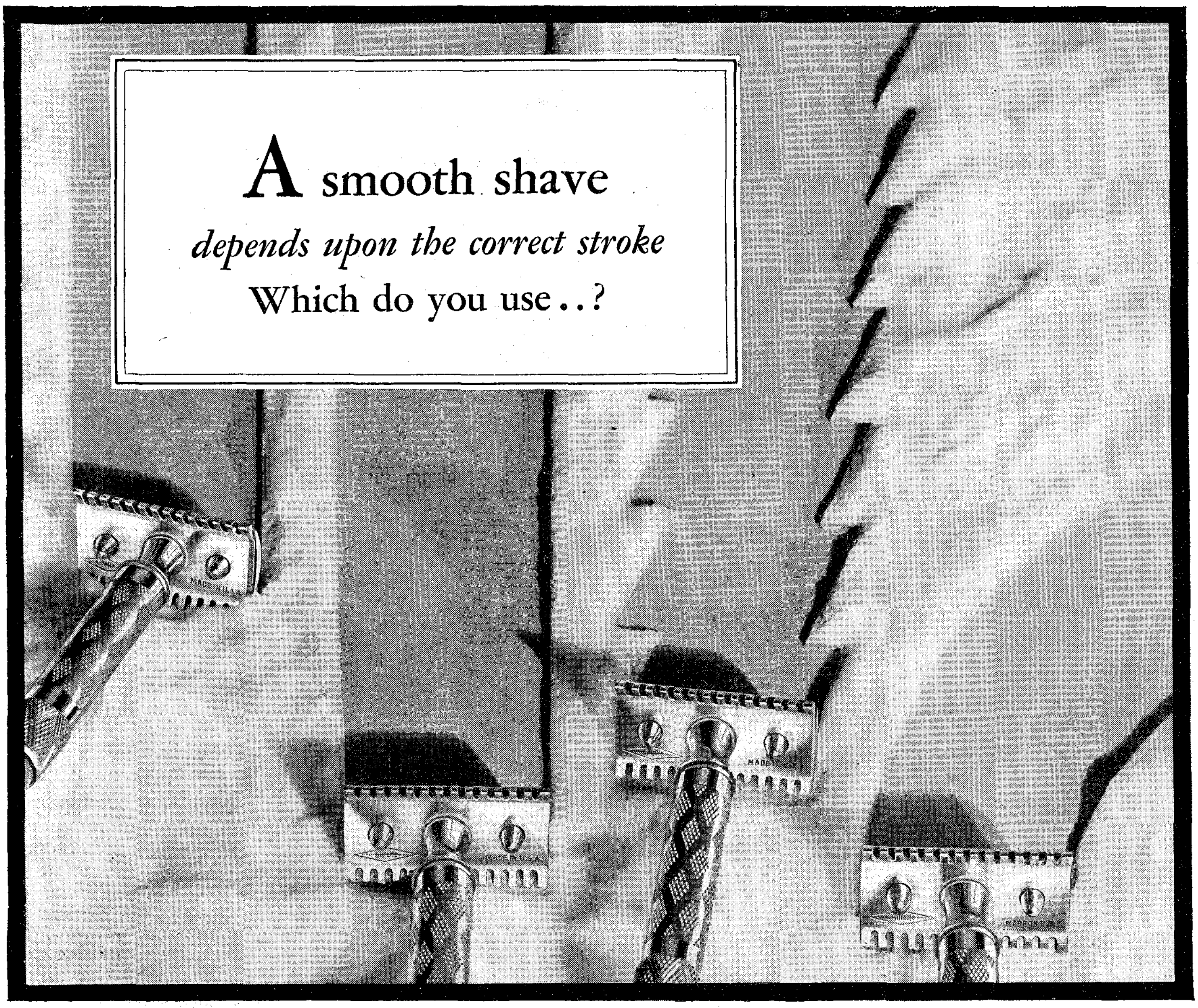


MASARYK SUGGESTS AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

The President of Czechoslovakia is almost eighty, and has an American wife.

But it is as highly organized as a business should be. And it is bread and butter—or, to use local terms, fish and *poi*—to those who ply the trade.

Time was when the sons of many of Honolulu's prominent families slipt away from home to earn a little extra money by diving for it. But whether that practise



A smooth shave

depends upon the correct stroke

Which do you use..?

EIGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave on its face value, and they find the value *there*, in every Gillette Blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there—designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested $12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

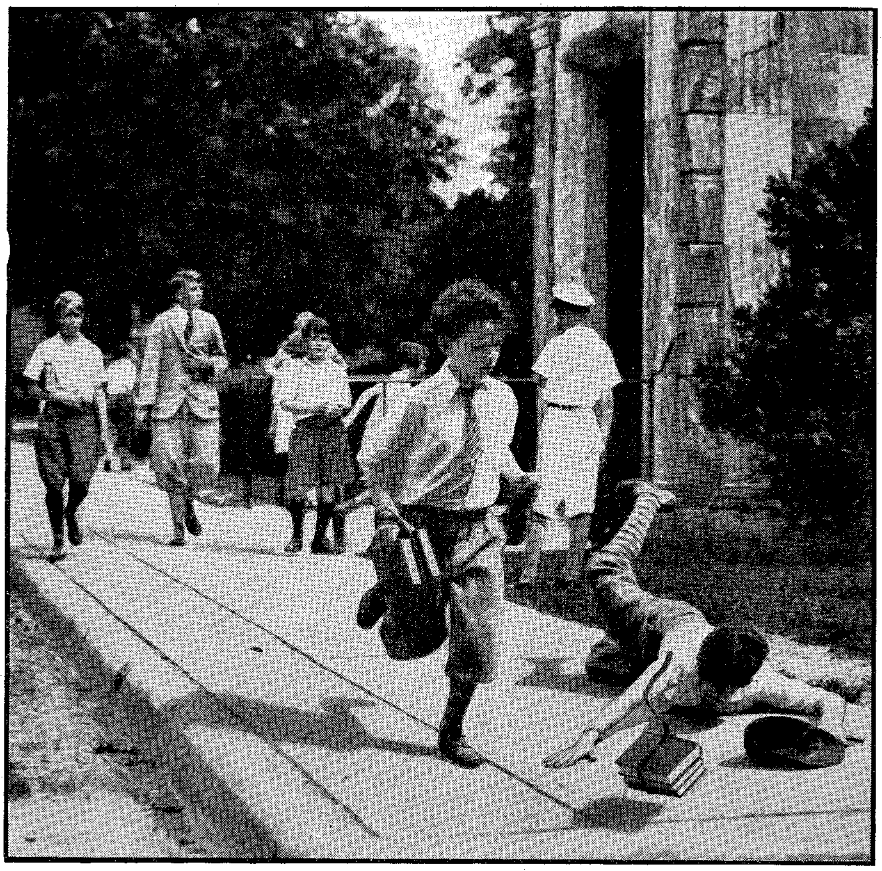
Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette.

This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette



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lurks in childhood hurts

—keep Absorbine, Jr. handy

MOTHERS have learned the danger of neglecting playtime hurts or considering them trivial. Today, they protect the children with Absorbine, Jr., kept within easy reach. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. Use it full strength to eliminate the danger of infection in a bruise or cut. Absorbine, Jr. is always safe and reliable to use. It will not harm tender tissue or skin. When little bodies become lame and stiff after a fall, Absorbine, Jr. will bring quick relief from pain and soreness. Keep a bottle in the medicine cabinet.

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For Sprains and Bruises

Rub Absorbine, Jr. on full strength to reduce swelling and relieve pain.

Relieves Sore Muscles

Painful muscular aches disappear like magic when rubbed with Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> was stopt by the prominent families, or by those who took it upon themselves to professionalize the sport, it is no longer carried on. The diving boys belong to very definite gangs, and in the harbor waters it is distinctly understood that non-members had better swim elsewhere. Unwritten rules limit strictly the territory in which the two main gangs may work. Boys from Kakaako district meet the ships as they come in, and follow them as far as Pier Ten. Boys from Palama district dive for coins *ewa*, or west, of Pier Ten, altho they may carry baggage—a side-line of many of the diving boys—as far *waikiki*, or east, as Pier Eight. Enforcement of these rules by the boys has led to a decrease in the number of Palama divers, to accord with changes in the berthing of the bigger passenger ships on the Kakaako side of Pier Ten. Altho the harbor is not now divided evenly, as it was when the rules were first formulated, the Palama boys have made no effort to go to the new piers, which are out of their territory.
>
> One boy is the "boss" of each group. Queries concerning just how he is chosen and what he does, yield little more than a smile and a shrug from the diving boys; for their rules are guarded from outsiders. It is generally believed, however, that he settles quarrels between the groups and among his own boys, directs and regulates activities, and sees that all goes well. The divers share their proceeds with him.
>
> They all look like young boys when seen splashing so merrily in the harbor; yet an investigation made not very long ago by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, welfare workers, steamship officials, and harbor authorities revealed the fact that some of these "boys" had been in the business fifteen years or more. When they "retire," as they call it, most of them follow the sea; if they do not work on a ship, at least they frequent the water-front as stevedores or dock employees.

Just as, in the old-time gild system, the business was passed from father to son, so the business of diving for coins is passed from older brother to younger, we are told by the writer, who adds that there "has always been a Pung in the water, it is said." Reading on:

> The Pungs, belonging to a family of no small athletic fame in Honolulu, desert the water-front as soon as they approach manhood, but there is always another little Pung coming along.
>
> A record day will bring each boy five or six dollars, but there is often a lapse of several days when there are no profits at all. When the divers were permitted to go out to quarantine to meet the ships, they sometimes made as much as ten dollars, as a result of the longer period around the vessel. Only a few boys—those most in need of money—will turn out for the sailing of an interisland vessel, whose passengers will be mostly business men going to another island for a stay of a few days. Little money is forthcoming from these boats. The ships from the Orient and Australia also net little. Ships from the mainland of the United States, especially de luxe liners, attract on each trip a good proportion of the boys.
>
> These boys become experts in their

work, just as an engineer, or any other specialist becomes expert, we discover as the story runs on:

"Do you ever miss any coins?" The question brings a pitying look from a diving boy. That is his business—to leap from the water like a flying-fish in order to catch a coin in his mouth, or to follow the money downward through the water before it is buried in the mud at the bottom. Does a captain ever miss Honolulu and let his ship go on to Japan? There is a knack to every trade, and the diving boys know the knack of catching coins. Clever boys, these divers. Cleverer than you are, when it comes to the business of diving for coins. They are almost amphibious—as much at home in the water as on land. They are swift in starting, stopping, and turning, and are adept at all strokes; they can swim full speed ahead while keeping one eye on the ship's deck far above or on a coin flung toward them. They can dive from great heights and remain under water for long periods.

The boys tell some remarkable stories of their own prowess and that of their associates. They will venture far out into the open water, with no fear of sharks. They will dive from the topmost mast of the biggest ships. But the greatest feat of all, in their own opinion, is swimming under ships. One Japanese diver claims to have swum under the *Taiyo Maru*, one of the larger transpacific ships, which has a beam of considerably more than fifty feet, and which draws some twenty feet of water. Since the stunt required more than a minute of underwater swimming, with no possible opportunity to come up for air, the diver may well be proud of it. Altho the crews of twin-screw ships have been in constant fear that swimmers would be drawn under by the propellers, there has never been a serious accident among the diving boys. They pride themselves on knowing their business. They hang on to the port-holes of ships easing into the harbor, and "ride," in tandem formation, on the bows. They are entirely unafraid.

Many of the diving boys have become well known for their ability. Organized athletics and vaudeville claim some of them when their prowess catches the eyes of those in power. For example:

One of the numerous members of the Pung clan is Charlie Pung, ex-diving boy, who made a name for himself in the Olympic swimming meet of 1924. Two other former diving boys, Pua and Warren Kealoha, have also become Olympic champions, both back-stroke stars. Another, whose feat of turning two and a half somersaults in a dive from the bridge of a ship caused a vaudeville producer's eyes to bulge, is now touring the United States as a vaudeville performer at a salary of several hundred dollars a week.

There are plenty of excellent swimmers left in the harbor. At least two, and possibly three, boys who are diving for coins to-day have some chance of being present at the Olympic trials in 1932, and there are others whose record time in competition comes near to the world records. Most promising is Henry Souza, who, at the world's championship outdoor swimming meet held in Honolulu last year, showed himself to be the best breast-stroke swimmer among the younger boys of the islands. He swam closely behind the well-known American swimmers, Walter Lauffer and "Buster" Crabbe. Manuela Kalili and his younger brother also show

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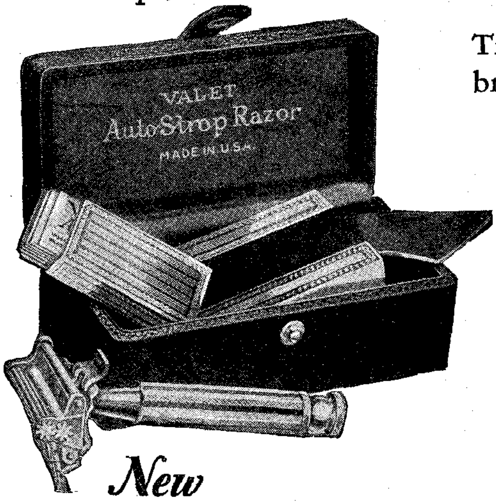

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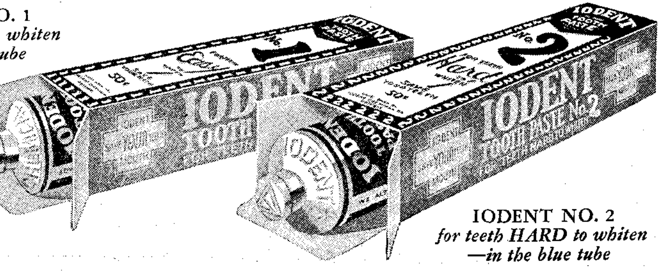

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promise. Their performance at the meet rated them as the second and third best distance swimmers in the islands. They caused swimming "fans" to take notice when their time for the back-stroke was only slightly higher than the record set by free-style swimmers for the same distance.

Prospective diving champions are not so numerous among the diving boys, despite their name. The reason is that diving requires too careful training and too much scientific accuracy. The boys go in for high, but not for fancy, diving. Their ability to catch coins depends more on swift and agile swimming than on exhibition diving.

Like many other Hawaiian businesses, diving is changing its racial character. At one time the profession was almost entirely Hawaiian. Now, when there are occasional changes in the ranks, when outsiders are allowed to take vacant places, it is nearly always the Hawaiian leaving and the Japanese or Chinese coming in. The Hawaiian may have the better build for a swimmer, and greater natural ability in the water, but the Chinese and Japanese are more willing to train and to study their opportunities. Boys of all three races therefore make a success of the diving. All view their work seriously, despite their sportive air. They are as proud of their ability to inveigle a large coin from a passenger, and then catch it gracefully, as an automobile salesman is of persuading his prospect to sign on the dotted line.

RAISING CHOP-SUEY ON LONG ISLAND

A WHITE stucco house with a mysterious air stands beside the Jericho Turnpike, on Long Island, inviting speculation. No one goes into it, no one comes out. Every noon and every evening a stream of smoke ascends from the chimney; and late at night lighted candles are seen to move eerily through the rooms. In this strange flickering light shadowy forms may be glimpsed, moving stealthily, as if evil were afoot. And then the candles are extinguished and silence, just as mysterious, folds itself about the premises. Here are all the elements for something sombre and dire, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, adding that it seems a shame not to use them. But the dénouement reveals an actuality so harmless that it verges on the comic. Here, we learn, are no conspirators, but a group of Chinese coolies raising exotic vegetables to feed the tourists who frequent chop-suey restaurants in New York's Chinatown. The only mystery connected with the affair is how these Oriental farmers manage to raise anything in the soil at their disposal, the *Sun* writer tells us, continuing:

> The soil in the flat acres that stretch back of the house is particularly hard and full of rocks. Tall, bristling weeds used to thrive in the field, and a few wild-cherry trees somehow held roots and branches together. But the little brown men of the Sun Hop Company have made it blooming and green, even in parching,

dry summer, with two or three crops of whatever it is, besides chicken and pork, that they put in chop suey.

They say that the owner of the ground was dickering with a courageous potato farmer, who threw up his horny hands at the forty dollars an acre the owner asked for the lease. Then along came Sun Hop, and paid eighty-three dollars an acre without batting an eyelash. He got the whole plot—some twenty-three acres—for three years, and an option. The white stucco house, and a combined barn and garage were put up on the road, and the Chinese moved in.

The coolies started to work under old Sam Wong, a wrinkled Chinese of indeterminate age and a pair of sharp eyes. Neighboring farmers were distrest and amused. Their apprehension ceased, however, when they learned that the saffron hands of Sun Hop and Sam Wong were not counting on growing potatoes, and such, to interfere with their markets. They were planting weird things no white huckster ever heard of, and that was all right. Besides it wouldn't grow anyway in that so-and-so soil.

And that, we may judge, settled the practical side of the matter. Nevertheless, the narrative runs on:

The neighbors kept an eye out, and the strain was terrific the first weeks of last spring. The Chinese were up and out at the first crack of dawn, and into their fields before the white men had breakfast. They worked until nightfall, and then kept right on at it with candles and lanterns. The surprizing thing was that they had no system. They didn't start at one end and work straight down the field, but every man seemed on his own.

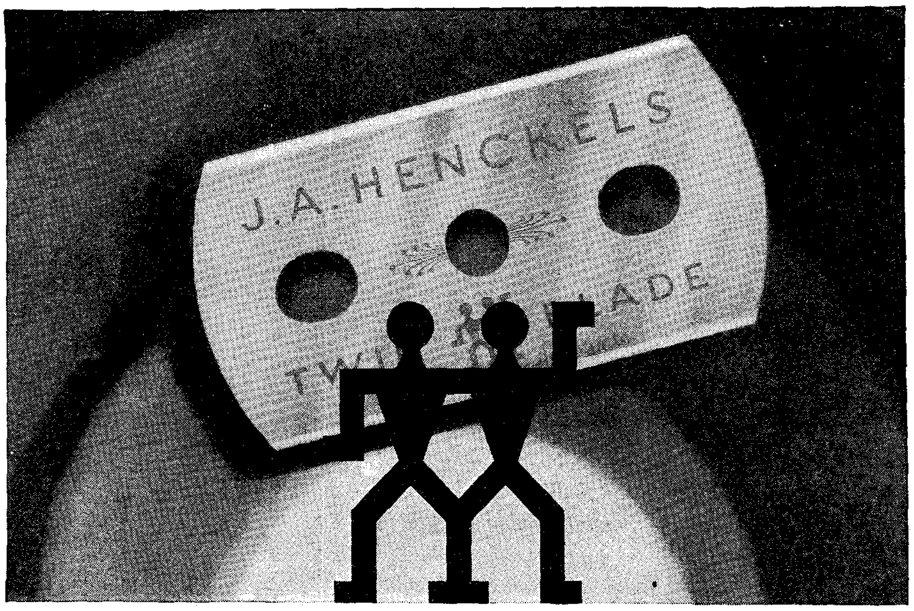
And they only plowed once over the whole twenty acres that they started out with. Then every one of the lot, old Sam Wong included, took a three-pronged hook that looked like a hoe, and started to work. Carefully, laboriously, day after day, they "hooked over" that ground until it looked like a garden. A big truck arrived piled high with wooden vats. These they set up in the field and filled them with water. Pipe lines were laid, and sprinklers installed. Ditches were dug for irrigation.

Every foot of the first plots was heavily fertilized, then watered and weeded. Twelve, fourteen hours in the sun little men worked, bent double over the rows, or sitting hunched up on tiny wooden stools while they patiently picked rocks and weeds. They got brown as walnuts.

By the middle of June they had their first crop ready. They sent back to Chinatown for Sun Hop's truck to carry the greenstuffs to market. The truck came out and then suddenly died. A garage man came and got it. Sam Wong told him, with all the power of his ten words of English, to hurry it back—the crops were all ready to take into town.

The garage man, imprest, went after the job. First he took the engine all apart to see what was the matter. That took three or four days. It took him that long to put it back together. And then the thing wouldn't run. Not a kick or a cough. He hitched the truck on back of a car and towed it around, trying to revive the engine. Then his conscience began to hurt him and he turned it over to another repair man.

Ten days elapsed, and Sam Wong still had no truck. The chop-suey vegetables were beginning to wilt. Old Sam must have prayed to every joss on the list, but



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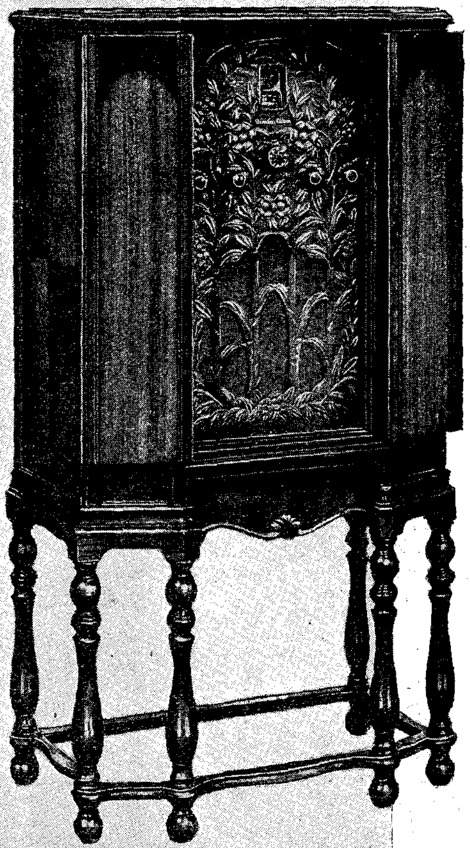

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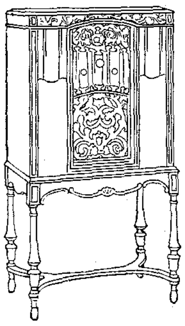

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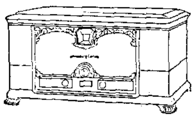

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

they could not prevail over a small-town mechanic. In the midst of Sam's grief along came a salesman for a motor-truck firm. He needn't have wasted all his slick talk, for all Sam wanted to know was that a new truck would run. The salesman swore that it would, and took a check on Sun Hop. What the slick salesman had failed to explain was that, while the new truck undoubtedly would run, it might be several days before it got there. It was ten more days before it arrived, and in the meantime, the distraught boss Chinese had invoked the aid of every ancestor back to Confucius, and was looking for more. The day that the new truck finally did come in, here came the second garage man, proud as a rooster, driving the miraculously resuscitated old truck into Sam Wong's back yard.

A good half of the first crop of vegetables had curled up and died, but old Sam took his loss standing up. There was much singsong Cantonese far into the night, in the two big rooms where the tired coolies slept. Sam got them up earlier, and worked them later to try to make up.

"Then the dry spell set in. Sam," we read, "filled the big vats full of water, and let it sit in the sun. After it had been properly softened the coolies came with huge sprinkling cans, one on each shoulder, slung from a yoke. They filled the cans full of water and, bent in a curve, went up and down the rows of parching sprouts, and watered them down. Sam prayed for rain." Proceeding:

On went the days, cloudless and hot. Millions of weeds shot up through the rocks. From dawn until dark the coolies plowed and hoed, weeded and watered. Hour after hour they sat hunched in the sun, their heads protected by wide conical straw hats that Sun Hop sent out from a Chinatown store.

Sam got another crop out, and off to the market in not one truck, but two. Then he put his brown boys to work on the pumpkins, and parsnips, and cucumber plants that are now in the field. They dug a deep trench around the plants and filled it with fertilizer. Then they covered the ground, except for the plant, beneath a thick blanket of salt hay, brought up from the marshes and meadows of the Sound. The plants shot out tendrils and these grew to be vines. The coolies handled them like kittens. They cut forked sticks from the locust grove across the tracks of the railroad branch that runs to Wading River. Across the tips of the tines they wired a smooth, flat strip of bamboo, and with this instrument they carefully raised the tender vines while they weeded among them. Some of the more timorous sprouts they set out in big boxes, and covered them over with "cold frames"—big opaque windows which truck gardeners used to cover their tender plants on frosty mornings.

These Oriental farm hands have many virtues from the employer's point of view. They "don't go to the village on Saturday night. They have to work on Sundays and then, besides, they don't stir off the

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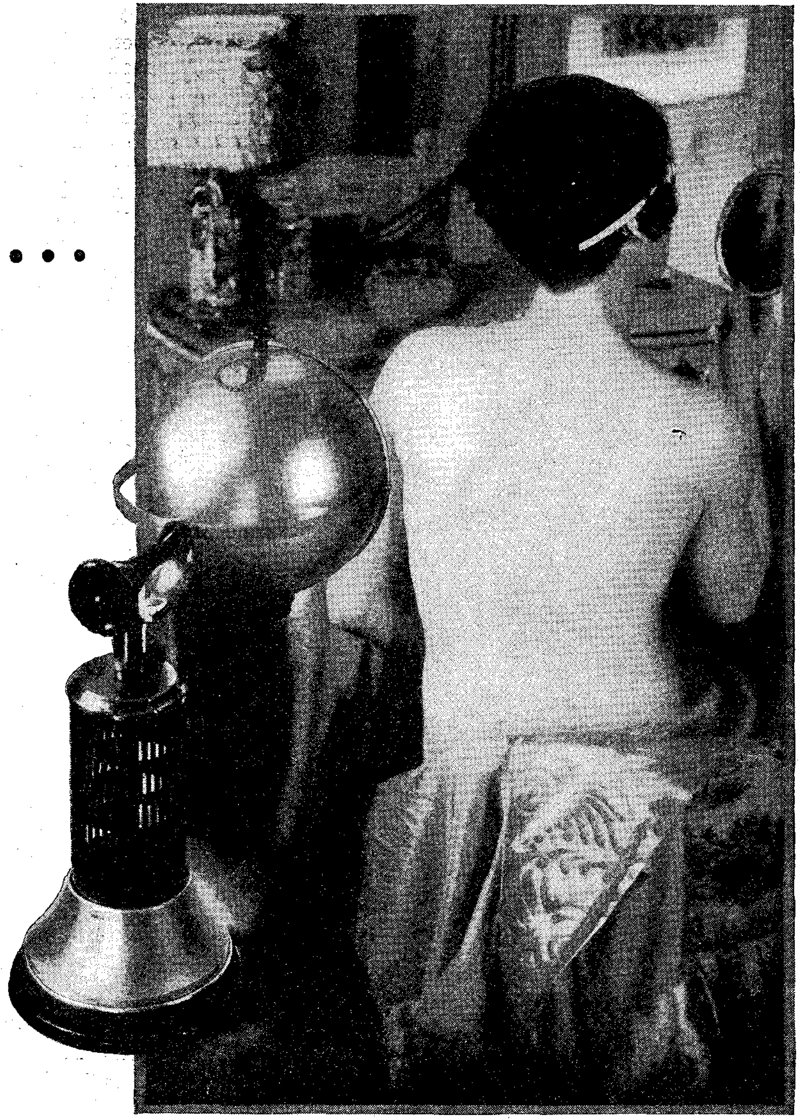

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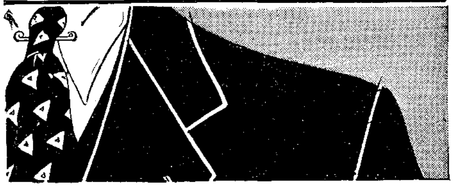

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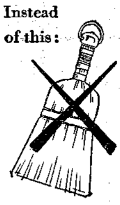

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

place." As for other details of their lives:

They sleep on cots in the two big front rooms of the white stucco house, and eat in the basement, where the cook has his stove. Sam is feeding them rice and pork, and oily dried fish, washed down at night with a kettle of tea. For half an hour after the noon meal has been eaten he lets them stretch out on the wide front porch for a bit of a rest. Then they go back to the fields and work until dark, and then keep right on working with lanterns or candles.

The vegetables they raise look natural enough until one examines them closely. The agricultural nomenclature must be left to the experts. It's all exotic stuff, which old Sam, in explaining, calls Chinese squash, Chinese cabbage, Chinese onion, and so on. There are some specimens, supposedly cucumbers, that are ridged and warted like no cucumber should be. The onions, in bloom, look like gilly flowers. The pumpkins have a strange sort of pallor, and some things that Sam said would be Chinese parsnips would seem to be ragweed, tended, and watered. There was a whole field of a luxuriously growing green plant that Sam said he would get twenty cents a pound for, from the chop-suey houses.

THE REPORTERS WHO TRAVEL WITH PRESIDENTS AND PRINCES

THE Prince of Wales was vastly amused at the resourceful American reporter's feat. And the reporter, who had stowed away on the train carrying the Prince from Canada to Chicago during an American tour, was permitted to remain on board, and got the exclusive interview he had started for. His device was simple, Paul R. Leach explains in *The Youth's Companion.* At Duluth, where the special had stopt for Minnesota notables to greet the royal tourist, the reporter had donned a "gates ajar" collar. This and the derby hat he wore gave him the general appearance of being in formal day dress—if one did not notice his tan shoes and tweed trousers. To hide these sartorial discrepancies, John Gunther, of the Chicago *Daily News*, buried himself in the midst of the reception committee. He boarded the train with the greeters, and concealed himself in an empty stateroom. The train had gone on before he was discovered, and then the Prince's sense of humor saved the day for him. Mr. Gunther was then a novice. Now he is a well-known foreign correspondent. Mr. Leach describes in his article the life of some of America's best-known newspaper men, whose names are often seen signed to important dispatches, and who are often quoted in THE DIGEST. For example, there is the story of how Edward Price Bell, one of the most widely known, was snatched from a Sunday-afternoon rest by a telephone call from his editor, and assigned to cover the good-will tour of South America made by President

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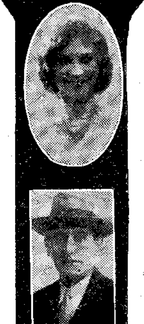
These are not exceptional cases, since we have people who earn from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, but any



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AT ALL DRUGGISTS
THE 60 ANNIVERSARY

Hoover before his inauguration. As we read:

"Been trying to get you since last evening," said the editor. "Hoover is leaving Palo Alto Thursday for South America. We want you to join him on the *Maryland*. Sorry we couldn't get you when the cashier's office was open. You have just about time to catch the Overland Limited this evening. Have you money enough for a ticket?"

"Why—well, I guess I can scrape up enough," Bell answered, even then kicking off his carpet-slippers.

"I'll establish a letter of credit for you in San Francisco by telegraph to-morrow. Good luck. Hope you have a nice time."

And so, within four hours, Mr. Bell, who for twenty-five years was the London representative of the Chicago *Daily News* foreign service, and is to-day the dean of American news writers, and a great student of international affairs, had packed his clothes for a sixty-day trip, borrowed all the ready cash the neighbors could rake up, and was on his way. And that was only the start of his adventure.

Drest in the lightest of tropical clothes, and bareheaded, Mr. Bell and two younger members of the journalistic party went ashore at Antofagasta, during the course of Mr. Hoover's good-will tour, to satisfy the eternal curiosity which keeps newspaper men young. They wanted to learn what Chile looked like. Mr. Hoover and the rest of the party remained aboard the *Maryland*, receiving official visitors from shore. The ship was to sail in a few hours.

"It can't go until I say so," a port official told the Three Musketeers.

So, being anxious to see the town and to accept what promised to be a delightful luncheon invitation ashore, they set out, believing that this man could keep an American battle-ship where it did not want to be kept when it was ready to go somewhere else.

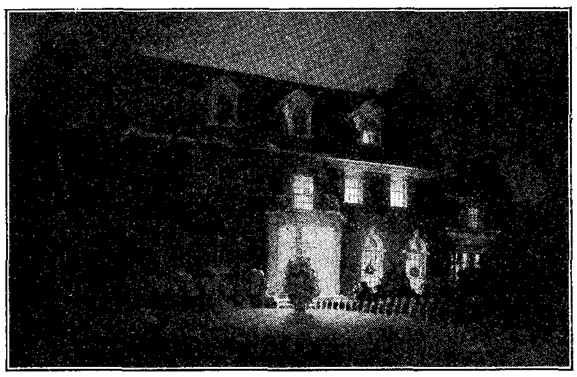
They were left behind. The *Maryland* rolled majestically down the South Pacific.

But their host was resourceful. He provided a hamper of food, as big as a washbasket, and motored them sixty miles to a train that carried them overnight to a place where a motorized hand-car carried on until late afternoon. And then they were loaded into airplanes and taken six hundred miles over the snow-crested Andes, most of the time at an altitude of about fifteen thousand feet—in tropical pongees and without hats—and on to Santiago. There, with a few hours to spare, they rejoined the Hoover party on its overland trip to the east coast and Buenos Aires.

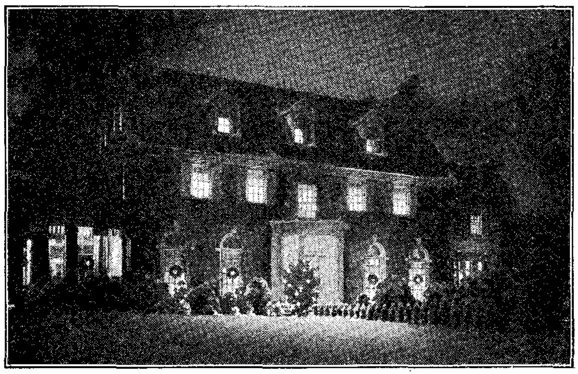
The most minutely organized steam expedition ever to set forth across this country was the one which carried former Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York on his Democratic Presidential campaign, says the writer, as he proceeds to incidents of this and other tours:

Every member of the special-train party, including the reporters, had half a compartment on the train and an automobile number assigned to him. He kept the same number throughout the trip. When the train arrived at a town where a twenty-four-hour stop was to be made, bags would be packed and identified with tags. The writers would leave the train, find their numbered automobiles, be driven to the hotels, where rooms would be reserved for them. And within half an hour their baggage would follow.

It was a great train, all paid for by the



Did you live in *half* of your house last winter?



It is unnecessary to close up rooms to keep others warm

YOU spend money for coal, oil or gas. You burn this fuel in a heating plant. You generate heat easily, quickly, economically. Yet this heat is useful only when it reaches the radiators and spreads its warmth out through your rooms. Was all of your house warm last winter? Or were there parts that were uncomfortable?

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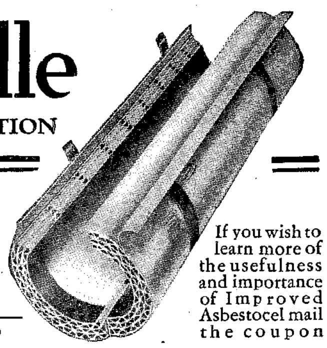

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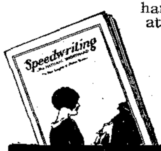

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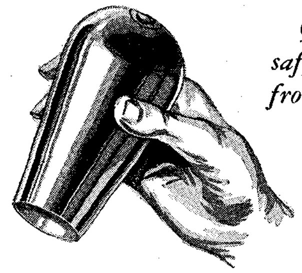

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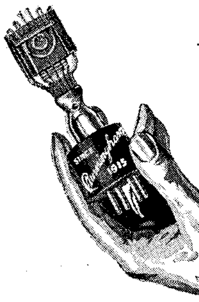

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It is the accuracy with which the parts are precisely manufactured and tested that gives Cunningham Radio Tubes their remarkable outstanding quality and long life.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Democratic National Committee, except for the accommodations enjoyed by the reporters. They paid their own way, but paid it to the treasurer of the National Committee. It was quite a shock to some old-time political reporters, used to watching Democratic candidates traveling in the helter-skelter fashion, once enforced by party poverty, to see that train. As it pulled into the Albany train-shed to take the Governor and his party aboard for the first trip, one of these old-timers walked along the cars in growing amazement, until he came to the name of the private car in which Governor Smith was to live. The car was named the *St. Nicholas.*

"Who says there is no Santa Claus!" he bellowed.

Junius B. Wood was with Governor Smith on all his trips after the first westward swing. Mr. Wood was keeping himself busy on a four-month vacation by reestablishing contact with American politics, after four years in Moscow. He has traveled the wide world, and is truly one of the Olympians of the press. He likes to smoke corn-cob pipes filled with a Russian tobacco substitute called *mahorka.* This is hard on his companions. He buys his shirts in Paris, and is not averse to one with bright green stripes, or brilliant pink, with collar and scarf to match. He shaves his head in warm weather for comfort.

Mr. Wood drew an open touring-car in the parade from station to hotel with Governor Smith in a Virginia city. Three others assigned to ride with him had skipt the parade, and Wood had the back seat of the open car all to himself. So, sitting grandly with his hat off, and smoking his favorite pipe, he rode through the closely packed crowd. He was a bit startled to hear a woman's strident voice saying, "There goes one of those Tammany hoodlums now!" Mr. Wood turned to see her pointing her finger at him.

Traveling with Presidents provides variety, we are told. For instance, President Roosevelt was "a stickler for formality, asking that the reporters with him wear formal day and evening clothes." Such details "seldom concerned President Taft." As for others:

President Wilson seemed seldom to be aware that there were newspaper men on his trains at all, so far as contact with them was concerned. President Harding was closer to the writers on his trips than any of the recent Presidents, and less formal, too. He grieved more than any of the others when, on his tragic Alaskan trip, two reporters were killed in automobile accidents in Colorado.

Mr. Coolidge was always quite well aware of the reporters on his trains, and when he had anything of importance to transmit to them, they were quickly made aware of it. Mr. Coolidge loves punctuality. It was arranged that a train on which he traveled for one of his short jaunts from Washington was to run on the schedule of a regular passenger-train. The general passenger agent, who accompanied the party, did a little figuring, and found that, since the special would make fewer stops, the Presidential train could be brought to its destination thirty minutes ahead of the time that had been announced.

"The train will come in at 9:30 instead of 10 o'clock," the railroad man proudly told the President.

"We are due to arrive at 10 o'clock," Mr. Coolidge said in his precisely clipt words. The train arrived at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Hoover, realizing well the value of close contact with the news-writers in the formulation of public opinion, began, early in his campaign, to invite two or three reporters to break bread with Mrs. Hoover and himself. They kept up the practise, whether they were en route, at home, on the South American trip, or in Florida. While he said little at these luncheons or dinners—or sometimes breakfasts—he had an opportunity to size up the reporters and form his own opinions about their abilities.

Campaigning with Brig.-Gen. Charles G. Dawes when he was running for Vice-President in 1924 was "an informal delight," says Mr. Leach, continuing:

Only five reporters were with him all the way. General Dawes, Mrs. Dawes, and their immediate party traveled in a private car at the end of the special train. The writers and members of the staff were in the next car. Some of the writers were invited almost every day into the private car for luncheon or dinner. Long evenings en route would find all five of them in the lounge, or General Dawes in one of the press compartments, telling stories of the World War. And how he could tell them!

But the time came when General Dawes had to be placed on trial.

One of the five reporters drew up an indictment. It contained many counts—murder of infinitives by splitting, kidnaping of defenseless politicians (they actually couldn't get in to see him, altho often they would ride clear across their State on his train), and similar crimes were charged to him. The whole party left the train for a picnic on an island in a river near the Ozarks. And there, after luncheon *al fresco,* E. Ross Bartley—of the Associated Press, and later to be the General's secretary—as sheriff, arrested Dawes, and Walter H. Wilson, an old personal friend of the General's, was his judge. There was a prosecutor, a bailiff, a sheriff—everything but defense counsel.

"As an American citizen I am entitled to an attorney, am I not?" General Dawes demanded. We did not want to give him an attorney, but we had to admit that he was right—that he had such a privilege.

So he chose the colored dining-car galley helper, who to this day probably does not know who General Dawes is.

When the trial began the defendant told his attorney what to say. The trial immediately broke up, and the charges were never proved or disproved, or even nolprossed. Once more aboard the train, Mr. Wilson hunted up the galley boy and chased him back to the private car, where he asked for audience—on Wilson's minutely outlined instructions—with the General.

"You acted as a man's lawyer," Wilson told the colored boy, "and you haven't collected your fee. You go and tell the General I sent you to get your fee."

Not knowing what it was all about, but somewhat awed by Wilson's serious demeanor, the boy got his audience and told Dawes what Wilson had coached him to say.

He got a fresh new $10 bill when the General was able to stop laughing. But Wilson failed to see much fun in his joke when the boy showed him the $10.

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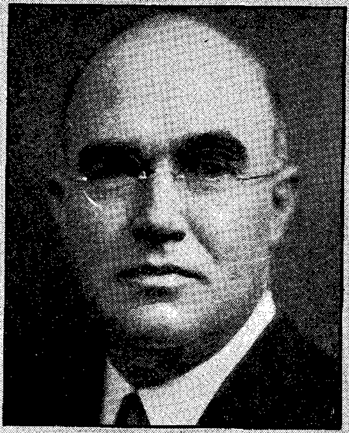


AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT

WE are often asked if the tires on the Silver Fleet are regular stock Silvertowns. In answer to this question, Mr. J. D. Tew, President of The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, has permitted the release of the following statement:

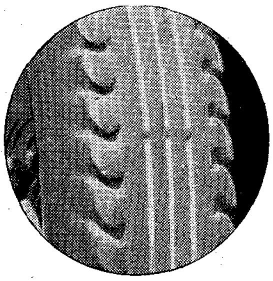
"The tires on the Goodrich Silver Fleet are definitely *stock* tires . . . selected at random from the warehouse for this great demonstration run.

"There is nothing special about them . . . they are *exactly* the same tires that every motorist can buy from any of our 30,000 Goodrich dealers all over the country."

J. D. Tew

PRESIDENT

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company



STILL SHARP and CLEAN! This tire had traveled 23,987 miles when photo was taken.

Superlative Staying Power of Stock Silvertowns Revealed in Facts and Figures of Demonstration Tour

Here are the facts . . . .

Boiled down for quick reading

Speedometers show over	24,000 miles
Total tire mileage to date	1,440,000
Unpunctured tires to date	30
Tires not off the rim	21
Tire failures	NONE
Average tread wear determined by depth gauge	60%

Road conditions so far encountered

Smooth pavement	49%
Gravel, rock and sand	39%
Detours, clay, mud, ruts	12%

STUDY these figures . . . translate them into terms of your own experience. For here, in the record of the Silver Fleet's tires up to the moment this page goes to press, is a record of tire performance that has never been equaled.

This is not the performance story of a single tire! Not the achievement of one carefully groomed set of four casings!

But the record of sixty stock Silvertowns . . . taken directly from warehouse stores . . . for this great nation-wide demonstration run.

Hold in mind the purpose of the Silver Fleet . . .

In January it started out . . . 15 stock cars equipped with stock Silvertowns . . . to demonstrate Silvertown quality to the tire buyers of the country.

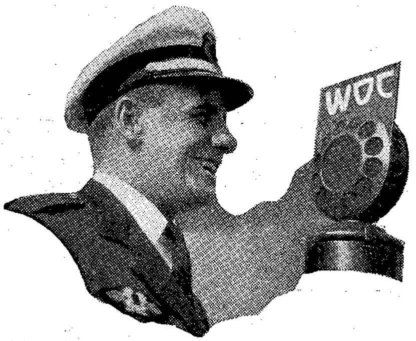
From the figures in the box . . . specific figures, and therefore trustworthy . . . you see what you can honestly expect in the way of mileage.

From the fact that there are 15 cars in the Fleet . . . light cars and heavy, open cars and closed, fours, sixes, eights . . . you can see that Silvertowns mean value regardless of the car you drive.

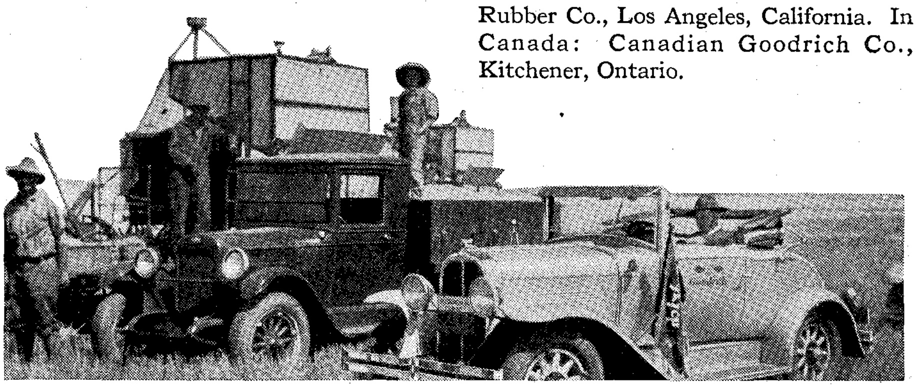
And from the fact that these tires have been tended only by their drivers . . . given only the care that you can give your own tires . . . you can see that only normal attention is needed to give you this unsurpassed service from the Silvertowns you buy!

Remember . . . you can get tires exactly like the Silvertowns on the Fleet from your local Goodrich dealer!

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario.



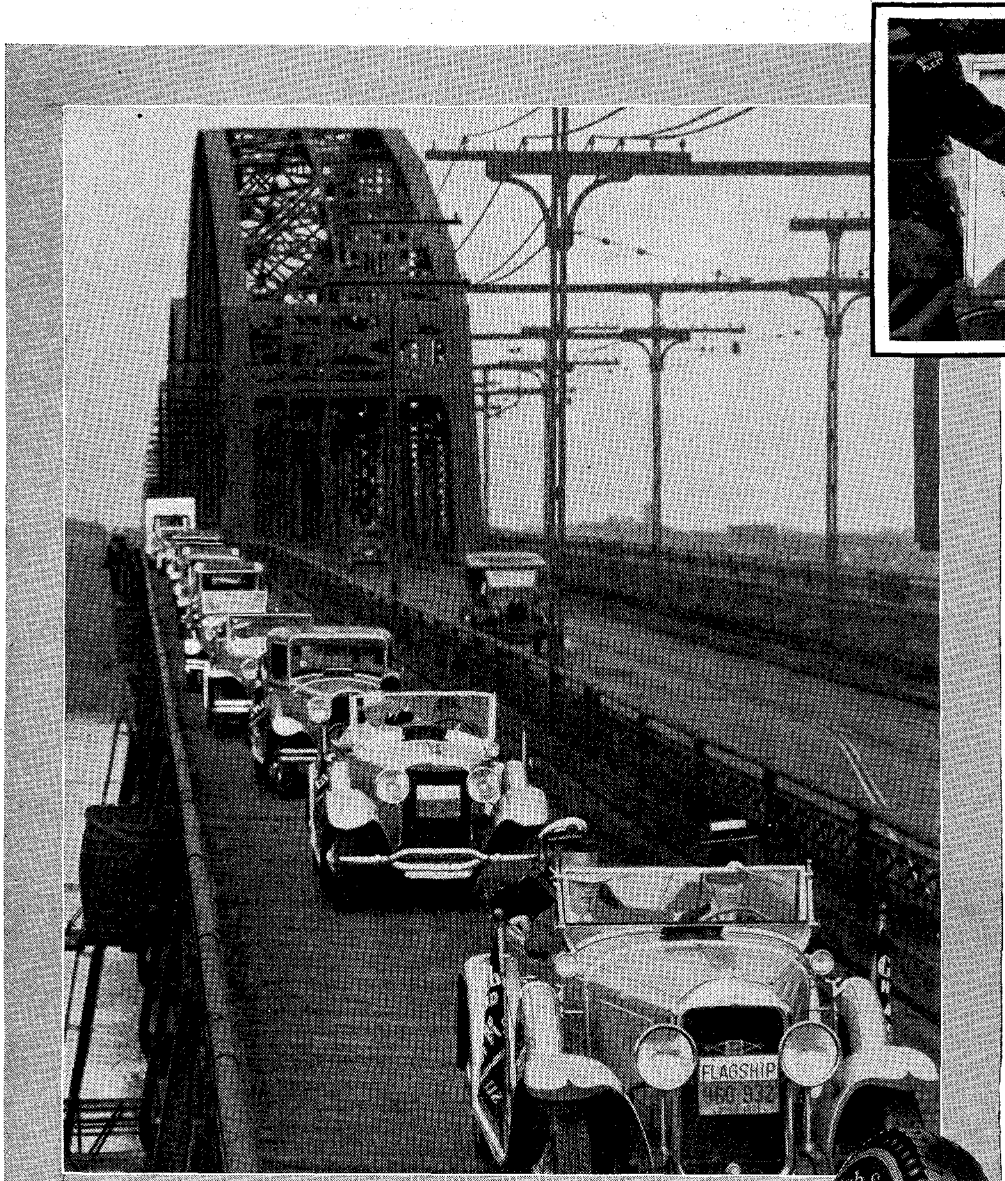
THE FLEET COMMANDER telling the story of the Silver Fleet over a radio station along the route.

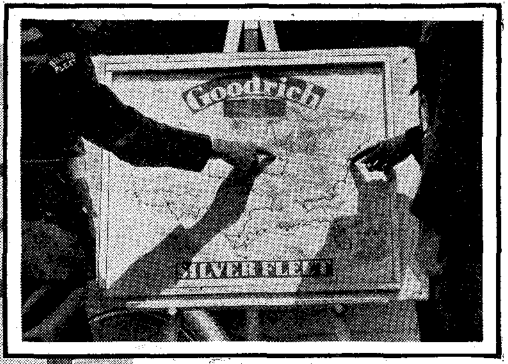


THROUGH GOLDEN FIELDS. Here's one of the cars of the Silver Fleet pulled up in a Western wheat field to give harvesters a view of its record-breaking tires. More than 35,000,000 people have viewed the Silver Fleet on its tour of the country.

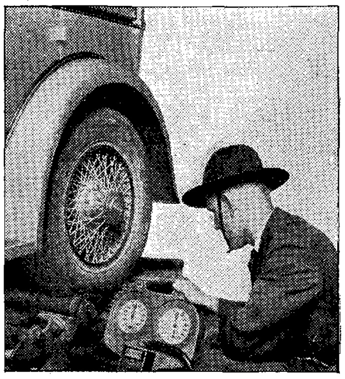
Record Smashed

STOCK TIRES *on the* SILVER FLEET





THE LONG, LONG TRAIL! That heavy line curling all over the map shows where the Silver Fleet has been since it left New York.



BRAKE TESTER TELLS TALE. Pilot reads brake tester to gauge Silvertown traction after 23,000 punishing miles.

ABOVE, Silver Fleet crossing the Mississippi at St. Louis. AT RIGHT, three Goodrich Tires you should know. From left to right, the SILVERTOWN DE LUXE.... superlative style and service, a tire that outlasts your car; the famous SILVERTOWN, standard of tire values everywhere; the GOODRICH CAVALIER, a new tire, representing high quality at low prices.

Goodrich Silvertown

Goodrich Silvertowns

Develop Technique

Just as much depends upon it in Business as in Art or Sport

Technique in Business is that skilled and refined procedure which harmonizes mind with method and motion. Business that has it—individuals that have it—accomplish more, and do better work with less effort, less time and less waste.

Not long ago Business shied at the use of a term, or a practice, which had anything to do with Art—or even Sport. Not so now.

Modern Accountancy has shown not only that Modern Business *is an art,* but that its great advance is due to its recognition, and its application, of exactly the same factors and methods which have produced great Art—and made Sport so universal and so interesting.

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OUR STANDARD OF LIVING GOING HIGHER

WHAT is the American standard of living? Is it as high as we have been led to believe? Is it going higher? These questions, and others, are discust by Prof. William T. Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, in a New York *Times* article. Henry Ford's plan to introduce in his European factories a wage that is expected to bring to the laborer there the American standard of living, together with telephones, phonographs, radios, and automobiles, is the "peg" on which the *Times* article is hung. Briefly, the Ford plan, explains Professor Ogburn, is to increase the market for manufactured goods by increasing wages. We read on:

The theory that higher wages increase the market and that higher wages can be paid by methods of greater efficiency has a firm basis in sound economics. Inventions make greater utilization of nature's materials; that is, they make possible an even greater creation of wealth. It is this movement that has been changing even the American standard of living, making it even higher than it was before. For, according to Prof. Paul H. Douglas's careful indices of wages, the wages of American urban workers, in terms of what these wages will buy, had increased in 1928 a little more than one-quarter over what the real wages were in 1914. Ford's announcement, tho addrest to Europe, was really news to America, also since it reaffirmed the doctrine that the employers are realizing that higher wages are good business because they mean greater buying power. It strongly suggests that, with the increasing inventions, the standard of living itself may be raised even more in America.

These reflections on wage levels and standards of living make desirable a number of corrections of errors, and also certain possible interpretations. In the first place, American workers do not all have automobiles, nor are they living in paradise, yet. The average weekly earning in manufacturing as a whole in the United States in 1928 was $25.50. It is not known how many weeks during a year these factory employees worked. But if they were so fortunate as to have worked fifty weeks, then the average total annual earnings would have been $1,275 a year. And out of this $4.25 a day must come food for three meals, as well as clothing, rent, and miscellaneous expenses.

The truth is that there is no single American standard of living. The United States is almost as big as Europe. The standard of living is different in the mountains of the South from what it is on the Pacific coast. It is not the same in Kansas City as it is in New York City. It is quite different in the small town and in the open country. Then, too, the plane of living differs among negroes and whites, among men and women workers.

The American standard of living in Europe, thinks this authority on sociology, "ought to mean fewer deaths and better health." For—

The rising standard of living means more money expended on health. It also means fewer deaths of babies, for, as Dr. Woodbury has shown, the infant death-rate falls very rapidly as the income goes up. With higher wages the distinctive cultural entity of the European working class will tend to be broken down.

Other effects will be similar to the results of raising wages here in America. The American standard means a smaller proportion of the income spent for food. In the United States the workingman spends 30 or 40 per cent. of his total income for food. In Europe he spends from 40 to 60 per cent. for food. As the income is raised a smaller percentage of income is spent for rent, but a larger percentage is spent for clothing. The percentage of the increase spent on furniture increases also as the income goes up, until fairly high incomes are reached. Raised standards of living also mean larger percentages of the income spent on recreation, education, and religion among the working classes.

Almost certainly raised standards of living in Europe will mean, as in America, more automobiles, more radios, and more telephones. Of all the radio receiving sets, nearly 50 per cent. are in the United States, 60 per cent. of the telephones are here, and 80 per cent. of all known automobiles bear United States licenses. There is one radio receiving set to every fifteen persons in the United States, one telephone to every seven persons, and one automobile to every six persons.

There are two forces at work to produce a rising standard of living, particularly in the United States. These are, first, the ever-increasing number of inventions that make new forms of wealth; and second, the declining rates of increase in population. The restriction of immigration has raised the plane of living for the negro, and it has surely been a factor in the maintenance of high wages in the United States. But it is the growing spread of birth control to the rural population and among the lower economic groups in the cities that will keep the population down to a ratio to the natural resources that will enable the new inventions to bring a rising standard of living.

According to Professor Ogburn:

The standard of living is more than plenty of food. Most primitive people had plenty of food most of the time. We demand more and more of the ever-increasing good things of life. The luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of to-day.

It was not so long ago that underwear was not in general use. And it has only been a few years that we have all been wearing nightgowns and pajamas. There was a time when the fork was unknown, and we have been using the match only about a century. Now we must all have tooth-brushes. We must keep the various medical specialists and dentists on our payroll. Typewriters, fountain-pens, metal pencils, newspapers, barbers, street-cars, washing-machines, and insurance are necessities.

Our plane of living enables the equivalent of the whole population of the United States to pay the admission price to a moving-picture theater every ten days.

We must have an automobile, however humble it may be, and a radio with a loud-speaker. We have, by the way, been able to acquire so many of these, among the middle classes, by economizing on household servants, as the budget histories of many families show. While the population increased 14 per cent. between the last two United States censuses, the number of servants declined by a like percentage. On the other hand, the higher classes of services such as those of doctors, dentists, architects, musicians, teachers, lawyers, interior decorators, and athletic trainers have greatly increased during these two census periods.

My prediction is that the successful family of the future will have an even greater number of machines, which will gradually become necessities. There will be electric manufacturing machines in the homes, machines for producing infra-red and ultra-violet rays, television sets, an assortment of physical-exercise 'equipment, electric cleaning devices, refrigerating machines, house-cooling plants. Indeed, we have all these now. But who could have predicted them even twenty-five years ago?

SMALLER $1 BILLS MOST POPULAR

PREDICTIONS that the new little $1 bills will put the old dollar bills out of sight before Christmas may be taken with a grain of salt, according to officials concerned with substituting the new paper currency for old all down the line. Naturally the movement is most rapid in big cities like New York, and in about five weeks the New York Federal Reserve Bank had circulated 30,000,000 out of the then total issue of 169,808,000 of the small-sized dollar bills. Here experience shows a much slower rate of exchanging bills of the larger denominations—$100, $1,000, and $5,000—and indicates that the United States Treasury Department will probably have to call in the old bills of those denominations before they become worn out. Between July 11 and August 21 the Treasury Department put out almost a billion and three-quarters of dollars in new currency notes of various denominations. Officials anticipate a rising tide of the complaints coming in from people irritated by having to carry two sizes of bank-notes, but they remind us that Secretary Mellon asked the public to have patience while the change is taking place. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* observes:

> The work of replacing the old with the new is going on steadily. The task is a great one, and we must possess our souls in peace until it has been completed. It is predicted that by Christmas very few of the old dollar bills will be in the hands of the public. And we may add that after Christmas very few of either the old or the new kind will be in possession of the average head of a family.
>
> In the meantime surprize has been exprest in some quarters at the large amount of fresh bills of the old size which still appear. This is explained by the statement that some banks had large quantities of fresh money on hand when the smaller notes were issued by the Treasury. They will have to be used until they are worn out. Your Uncle Samuel is a thrifty old gentleman, and he is not disposed to throw perfectly good money into the discard.

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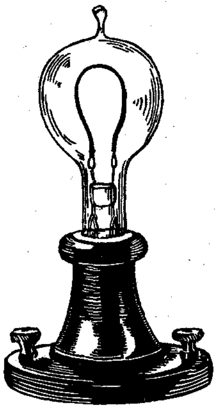

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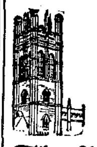

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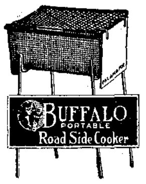

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

But of one thing we may be sure—none of the old bills will be sent to the laundry.

Light upon the large-sized problem of substitution throughout the whole country comes from the New York *Herald Tribune's* summary of an interview with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Bond:

> Mr. Bond's detailed figures showed that Federal Reserve notes constituted the bulk of the $1,732,659,000 so far shipped to Federal Reserve Banks and branches and national banks and delivered to the Treasurer of the United States. A total of $1,400,920,000 has been sent out from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Federal Reserve notes. They were divided in this manner: $370,400,000 in fives, $479,840,000 in tens, $470,480,000 in twenties, and $80,200,000 in fifties.
>
> The $1 bill has its place at the head of the numerical list, and according to figures 169,808,000 of that type of silver certificates have been issued. United States notes aggregating $78,160,000 have been shipped out. These embrace $22,520,000 in twos and $55,640,000 in fives. Tens and twenties of the gold-back type have been issued in the amount of $69,720,000. There were $33,880,000 in tens and $35,840,000 in twenties in the list already shipped, the compilation showed.
>
> But as to the national bank-notes, only $14,051,000 of this type of currency has been issued. The banks are clamoring for the new bills to replace those of the out-of-date type now worn out.

THE NEW NITROGEN FERTILIZER "TRUST"

MUSCLE SHOALS will attain greater importance and significance in the next Congress than it has ever enjoyed before, it is predicted, as a result of the news from London and Berlin that German, British, and Chilean nitrate interests have joined hands in an international cartel, or combine, to control production and distribution of the natural and synthetic product. For it is generally agreed that the Muscle Shoals plant, once in operation, with its profits limited, would hold fertilizer prices in check, even tho the Alabama plant could supply only a part of the quantity needed in the United States. As O. M. Kile points out in his Washington dispatches on agricultural subjects:

> Usually a cartel either apportions territory or gives each constituent company a sales quota in the various markets. Usually a scale of prices is agreed upon. Oftentimes the program includes agreements to limit production. Just what the new nitrogen cartel agreement includes is not known, but it may be safely assumed that the object is to get for nitrogen producers the greatest possible total profit out of the world market. The tendency is to give to producers rather than users of nitrogen the benefits of reduced costs arising from the newer scientific developments.

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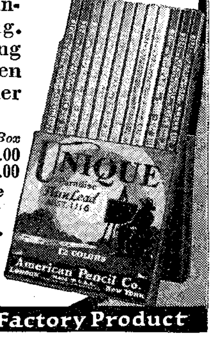

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producers now supply approximately 80 per cent. of the world demand, says a New York *Herald Tribune* article. Continues this paper:

> Those interested in the nitrate industry here, believe the newly launched international cartel—which combines Chilean producers of the natural nitrate and European manufacturers of the synthetic material—has organized for two main objects:
>
> First, the protection of European markets from future encroachment through the development of a formidable American production.
>
> Second, further invasion of the United States market, the most lucrative field for nitrate sales in the world.
>
> The agreement, which has been in process of negotiation for some time, was negotiated by the Chilean Finance Minister, Pablo Ramirez, in conjunction with executives of the I. G. Farbenindustrie of Germany and the Imperial Chemical Industries of Great Britain. France is expected to participate indirectly, and the I. G. Farbenindustrie-controlled Norsk Hydro, or Norwegian nitrates group, will be included, according to cable advices. According to these, German and British chemical trusts have agreed to a price reduction on synthetic and natural nitrogen of approximately 6 per cent. Officials announcing the price agreement, however, say it does not apply to the United States. The lowering of the level of prices in world markets, it is said, however, would probably react on prices in the United States, and possibly injure producing interests in this country through increased imports.

Another motive for the recent combine is supplied by the Providence *Journal*, which says:

> For a hundred years Chile has dominated the nitrate industry with her natural product. As recently as 1927 she was still in a position to disregard the growing competition of the synthetic commodity. But the rapid forward strides of the German and allied producers last year, caused the Chileans to adopt a different attitude. While Chile's natural production is still ahead of Europe's synthetic output, the gap between the two is fast closing.
>
> The United States naturally has a deep interest in whatever plans are afoot for creating a world combine of natural and synthetic nitrate producers. We imported more than a million tons of nitrates in 1927. Last year our importations reached almost a million and a half tons. We can not regard with unconcern, therefore, this fresh move toward a foreign combination that will vitally affect our economic interests. Both from the agricultural and from the industrial standpoint, it must be regarded, if consummated, as an unfavorable development.
>
> Whether we can immediately oppose it as successfully as we resisted the efforts of the British rubber interests, fortified by the Stephenson Act to control exports, is doubtful. The opposition of Mr. Hoover while he was Secretary of Commerce had much to do with the failure of the Stephenson Act for rubber control. It is unlikely, therefore, that he would permit a foreign nitrate monopoly to be unresisted during his Administration, particularly when its operation might have a very serious adverse effect upon American agriculture at a time when a special attempt is being made to aid it.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 27.—The international reparations conference agrees, subject to Germany's acceptance, to put the Young plan into effect. Under the arrangement Great Britain receives from the German annuities 96,000,000 gold marks ($22,848,000) unconditionally.

British troops restore order in Jerusalem, but rioting continues in the smaller villages and Jewish settlements.

August 28.—Sporadic outbursts of disorder and destruction continue throughout Palestine, and a serious outbreak costs four lives at Haifa.

August 29.—Germany joins in the debt accord reached at The Hague, and a general agreement is made that evacuation of the Rhineland will be begun by all Powers within two weeks.

British troops take the initiative in quelling outbursts among tribesmen in Palestine, and General Dobbie informs a deputation of Jews that there are enough British troops to protect all Jewish colonies.

August 30.—Moslem Arabs are reported to have massacred twenty-two Jews in the city of Safed on August 29. Moslem outbreaks against Jews begin in Galilee.

The Russian Soviet Government accepts China's proposals for a mutual settlement of all questions growing out of the dispute over the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria.

The fifty-sixth session of the League of Nations Council opens in Geneva.

August 31.—Jewish colonies in the north of Galilee repulse Arab attacks unaided. Arabs are reported gathering throughout the Jordan valley, while all important centers from Safed in the north to Beersheba in the south, are declared officially to be in control of the British forces.

The Mexican Supreme Court declares that the Yucatan divorce laws are unconstitutional.

September 1.—Bedouins attack nearly a dozen Jewish colonies in northern Galilee, pillaging their houses and destroying the crops.

September 2.—Arab attacks on two Jewish colonies in the Tiberias district are repulsed. British troops arrest all the citizens of the Arabian villages of Klonieh and Lifta.

September 3.—Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain informs the League of Nations Assembly that the Anglo-American naval conversations have reached the point where only about three of the twenty or so questions discust are not yet agreed upon, and declares that the British Government "declines absolutely" to build up its Navy against the United States.

The British Government announces the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry to investigate the Arab-Jewish rioting. With the exception of two small areas in the north, the general situation in Palestine is reported quieter.

DOMESTIC

August 27.—E. J. Devereaux, air pilot, his wife, and Edward Reiss, mechanic, are killed when the monoplane piloted by Mr. Devereaux crashes near Boston, in the first leg of the Philadelphia-Cleveland air derby.

August 28.—For the first time in the history of aviation a passenger is transferred from a dirigible to an airplane while both are in flight, when Lieut. C. M. Bolster steps off the *Los Angeles* into a plane which is hooked to the dirigible over the municipal airport at Cleveland.

August 30.—Sixty-eight of her passengers and crew are reported lost when the San Francisco-Los Angeles liner *San Juan* collides with the tanker *S. C. T. Dodge* off the coast of Santa Cruz County, California.

September 1.—The *Graf Zeppelin* leaves Lakehurst, New Jersey, on her return trip to Friedrichshafen, with twenty-two passengers aboard.

September 2.—The tariff bill, as revised by the Republican members of the Finance Committee, which is expected to produce about $605,000,000 in revenue, is made public.

Henry J. Brown, Cleveland air-mail pilot, is awarded the $5,000 first prize for winning the non-stop Los Angeles to Cleveland air race, made in 13 hours and 18 minutes.

In an address in Baltimore, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, says the chief objective of labor during the ensuing year will be the establishment of the five-day work week in all industries.

William E. Brock of Chattanooga is appointed by Gov. Henry A. Horton to fill the unexpired term of the late Lawrence D. Tyson, United States Senator from Tennessee.

September 3.—William E. Dever, Mayor of Chicago from 1923 to 1927, dies. He was sixty-seven.

Sat on a Hot Stove?—A diplomatic attaché found his work piling up in neglect, due to his endless social engagements. Finally he resolved to cut them all out until he was cleared up. That very day a French lady of great charm insisted that he attend her small dinner that night.

"No, madame, I am very sorry, I can have no more social engagements. I have burned my bridges behind me."

"Ah, monsieur, I am so sorry! But I could lend you a pair of Henri's, no?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Brain Work.—The mill foreman came upon two darkies walking slowly up the road, single file.

"Say, you, why ain't you worthless niggers working?"

"We'se working, boss, sho' nuff. We'se carrying this plank up to the mill."

"What plank? I don't see any plank."

"Well, fo' de lawd's sake, Abe! Ef we ain't gone an' forgot de plank!"—*Masonic Craftsman.*

Call Bridget.—The stately old aristocrat was approached somewhat cockily by a rich and vulgar young man, who announced:

"I say, sir, I am thinking of marrying one of your girls. Have I your permission?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Which one interests you? The maid or the cook?"—*Boston Transcript.*

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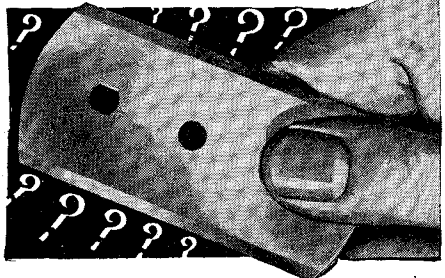

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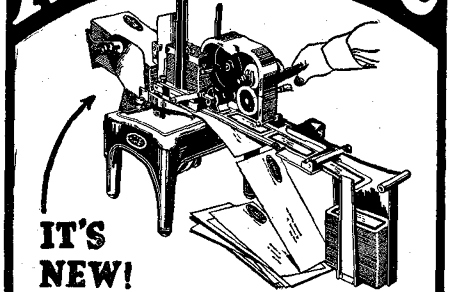

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Front-Line Trench.—Buggs—"Where, in Chicago, do you live?"

Muggs—"Only a bomb's throw from the loop!"—*The Pathfinder.*

Getting the Low-Down.—Love-sick Nephew—"Uncle, what's the best way of finding out what she thinks of me?"

Bachelor Uncle—"Marry her, my boy."—*Manchester News.*

Savage Reprisals.—"Bobby, why are you so unkind to nurse? Don't you like her?"

"No, I hate her. I'd like to pinch her cheeks like daddy does."

—*London Opinion.*

Wholesale Obsequies.—"Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?"

"Here's thirty dollars; bury six of 'em."—*Our Paper.*

Hit-and-Run Flyer.—"Oh, Gerald, I've been stung by a wasp!"

"Quick, put some ammonia on it."

"I can't, it's gone."—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Repartee in Oklahoma.—An Oklahoma City paper boastfully said Monday that their Robinson Street was only a cow-path forty years ago.

Many things can and do happen in forty years—what was then a cow-path is now a very popular parade ground for all manner of jackasses and a roosting place for half-drest chickens.—*Poteau* (*Okla.*) *News.*

Tapping Nature's Power.—An ant can lift four times its weight in raw meat or cake.—*Scientific Journal.*

And a wasp can lift a man three feet in the air without the least trouble.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Enthusiastic Encore.—Rescuer—"I'm glad to have been of some assistance. Can't we meet again somewhere?"

The Girl—"Yes, rather. Save me here to-morrow about the same time!"—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Jolly Vacation Days.—The wheat having been harvested, the corn "laid by," and the hay "made," the farmers have little to do just now but fall plowing, chop the winter's wood, repair the fences, and paint the barns.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Every Feller's Dumb Friend.—A Chanute ice-cream manufacturer advertised that he would give a cone free to every boy who called at the plant and brought along his dog.

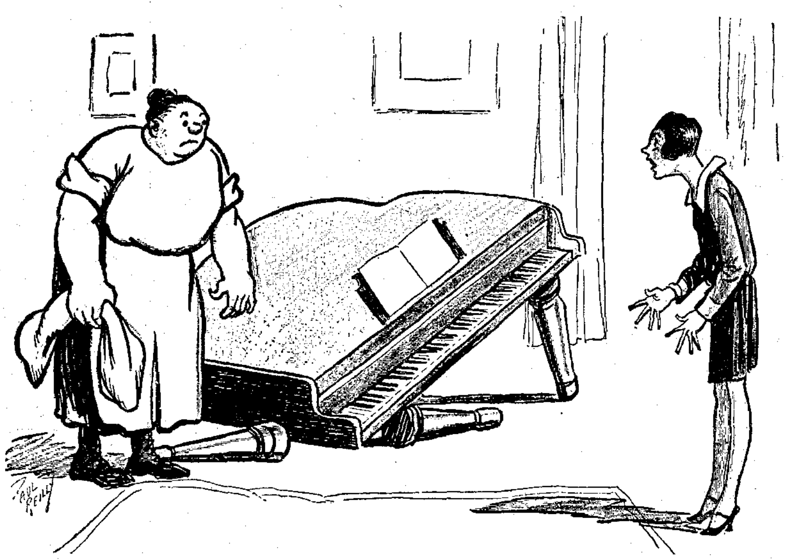
One dog was reported near collapse after assisting all the boys in one neighborhood to obtain their cones.—*Topeka Journal.*

Synthetic Whoopee.—Modern Mother—"Did you have a good time at the playground this afternoon, darling?"

Modern Child—"No, Mother, the new supervisor was trying to instil a spirit of gaiety."—*Our Children.*

Invites Exploration.—"According to the fashion news from Paris, women's belts are now at the normal waist line. Where's that?"—Ed Pointer, in the Boston *Globe.*

Somewhere between the ankles and the neck, Ed.—*Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*



Mistress: "Whatever is the matter, Huldah?"
"I'm sorry, Mrs., I wipe the legs off the piano."

—*Judge.*

Pathetic Dumb-Bell.—Even in these callous, selfish days, there is no man so heartless as not to think occasionally of the poor devil who bought the car from him.—*Montreal Star.*

Pacifist's Alibi.—"You're scared to fight."

"I ain't; but me mother'll lick me."

"An' how'll she know?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."—*Washington Star.*

Getting It in the Neck.—

The rain is raining all around;
It rains on roads and streets,
On highways and on boulevards,
And those in rumble seats.

—*Judge.*

Get Your Speckled Beauties.—A new means of taking trout from the San Jacinto Mountain streams has been discovered.

It appears that two local fishermen were having poor luck whipping Strawberry Creek, when one suggested that the bait be soaked in some of the bootleg one of them happened to have brought along. This was tried, and at the first cast the rod bent nearly double, and it took the combined efforts of the two sportsmen to reel in the prize.

Then it was discovered that the worm had seized a big fish by the throat and was choking it.—*Hemet* (*Calif.*) *News.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

'Tis Ever Thus.—Lester and Miss Charlotte were married last Friday. The destiny of the honeymoon is unknown at present.—*New Hampshire paper.*

Spread of Athletics.—

NEW FISH TRAINS TO
RUN NEXT WEEK

—*Head-lines in the Providence Journal.*

Aquatic Cerebration.—It was said that the presence of mind of many small boats in the vicinity prevented greater loss of life.—*Regina* (*Can.*) *Star.*

Hot Time.—Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the home and contents of Mr. and Mrs. Blank.—*Corona* (*Cal.*) *paper.*

Fairy Bath-tub.—One every two or three hours when suffering in half-teaspoonful of water.—*Directions with medicine compounded by a Dallas druggist.*

Altar Addicts.—In addition, many Louisiana couples, who formerly went into Texas to be married in order to escape the strict Louisiana law, are now coming to Texarkana, Arkansas.—*Texarkana dispatch in the Galveston Daily News.*

Where the Virtues Flourish.—Humility: maximum 36.24 per cent., minimum 15.10 per cent.—*Weather summary in a Tucson monthly.*

Pass the Swatter.—

WOMAN'S CITY CLUB TO
HEAR FRUIT FLY TALK

—*Santa Barbara paper.*

Strong Medicine.—

FLEMING BETTER
AFTER SHOOTING

—*Head-lines in the Toledo Blade.*

Wider, Please.—W. A. Knapp and Rev. Solomon motored into Pecos Tuesday, to interview a dentist that has been giving Bro. Solomon trouble since his arrival in the valley.—*Balmorhea* (*Tex.*) *paper.*

Height of Whoopee.—Texas Guinan has brought her "big hand" from Broadway to Market Street, and can be seen doing ETAOINSHRDLU Night Clubs," at Night Slubs" at the Marion Davies Theater.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

When the Mouth Waters.—

WITHOUT A DIME
You can get a sample copy
BUT FOR ONE DOLLAR
turkey and . . . . cmfwypvbgkqjgkq

—*Ad in the Utah Farmer.*